SIXTH ASSEMBLING/
A COLLECTION OF OTHERWISE UNPUBLISHABLE MANUSCRIPTS/
Compiled by Henry Korn,
Richard Kostelanetz and Mike Metz/$3.95

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ASSEMBLING PRESS
P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

member of this panel—they are Jews, so to speak, in circumstances more reminiscent of Nazi Germany than liberal America and there is no shame.

CCLM, by contrast, lets its constituency chose three of the five judges on its grants committees (**not** all of them, as Michael Anania, current chairman of the CCLM, sometimes suggests). Then the CCLM board picks the remaining two, supposedly to give the panel literary-political balance. Charcteristically, CCLM's sense of literary-political responsibility excludes experimental writing, whose advocates are never chosen to complete the pool. The same panel that sabotaged **Assembling** also shot down **Interstate**, among other essential experimental journals. In baseball as in literary charity, batters averaging .000 are not likely to hit home runs the next time up.

Cynics say that literary institutions are doomed to be philistine, that they will always be run by megalomanical ignoramus carpet baggers with no appreciable literary achievement, and that self-serving corruption will inevitably be the rule; but I for one refused to subscibe to such cynicism. I take the charitable position that, given the chance to better themselves, literary commisars can be more sensible and that public criticism of their inadequacies increases the likelihood that their successors will be better. Any idiot administrator can rig a panel to benefit the second-rate; but insuring the support of genuine quality—or more precisely, the support of quality in its various forms—requires more intelligence and sensitivity than we have recently witnessed in the U.S. After all, there is, just north of us, the enlightened Canadian example of regularly supporting experimental poets and projects.

Of course, if CCLM and NEA continue to discriminate against artists and activities that now seem "ahead of their time"—against literature that extends the most estimable modernist traditions—then a fraud has occurred, for money earmarked for the support of excellence will continue to be ripped off by midwestern mediocrity. Unless there are changes in policy (and perhaps personnel), the cynics are right, and legal action may be mdore appropriate than considered criticism. As Billy Preston says, "Nothing from nothing leaves nothing."

Everyone nowadays seems demoralized by an oppressive sense of precariousness. The trouble with survival-by-grants is that they are not necessarily renewed, no matter how well one is doing; and doing too well, especially in unconventional ways, can jeopardize one's chances with the next grants committee. In my observation, the magazines that do best with CCLM are, first, those edited by members of the board and, then, those that offend the least. Some people have suggested, in response to our letter last May, that **Assembling** should transcend the predicament of survival-by-grants; but until the economic foundations of our society are changed, or private patronage comes to the rescue, there is no other way to finance such publishing generosity and conceptual integrity. Furthermore, passing the responsibility back to us evades the real scandal of the purposes of literary funding in contrast to the kind of second-rateness that has so far been favored. These are murderous times; and even an institution as old and persistent as **Assembling** (b. 1970) can be killed off at any time.

II

For the pieces have been made from many different assumptions, and demand a wide variety of responses. The viewer who tries to impose one way of seeing on all the pages will not get far. Some pages call for contemplation, others for the more active participation of eye and intellect, and yet others for a purely aesthetic response; some for serious thought, others for humor. But the aesthetic remains one of many possible responses. . . . We may be called on to include ourselves in viewing the object, to partake in a process; or to use the page as stimulus to thought or fancy or, again, to exclude our personality entirely, dismiss the self in contemplation.

—Jeremy Adler, preface to **Ab** (Visual Poetry Workshop, London, 1973).

ASSEMBLING PART TWO

People frequently ask us how **Assembling** has been put together. It started with the observation that there exists in America today a good deal of experimental work that isn't getting into public print. In my morning mail often comes a packet of unpublished manuscripts, sometimes responding to anthologies I have edited, often accompanied by a pained query asking where such experimental work might be published. For people like them we founded **Assembling**. Other contributors come to us after reading its previous issues. (On the other hand, we seem to get fewer unsolicited submissions than most little magazines, in part because conventional writers are put off by our invitation to self-publish, but also because they realize that conventional work looks particularly dead in **Assembling**.) The names and addresses of prospective contributors are recorded on a master list of 250-plus artists and writers receiving invitations, usually late in the spring. This printed note invites them to contribute one thousand copies of no more than three 8½'' by 11'' sheets containing whatever they wish, printed at their own initiative and expense. **Assembling** agrees to return to collate and bind everything received.

Prospective contributors to **Fourth** and **Fifth** were instructed to send their contributions (boxes of paper) to Greenwich, Connecticut, where Korn's parents live. These boxes collect into a mountain (illustrated on the cover of **Fourth**) until a weekend in August, when at least two of the three compilors organize the collation. When the boxes are opened, the spirit is reminiscent of Christmas; the process, though laborious, is full of joyous discovery, not only at seeing new colleagues, but also in comparing the new work of previous contributors with their past pieces. The first readers to be floored by the surprises of **Assembling** are, fortunately, ourselves. We ask that each colleague paste two copies of his contribution to the outside of the package, so that we can remove the top one and add it to the collating dummy. (The one remaining on the box serves to identify its contents at the actual collation.) Once all the boxes are opened and marked with their authors' names, we alphabetize the sheets. We then number these sheets sequentially, and clip the packet together. When this is done, the number on each page is magic-marked on the box containing the corresponding contribution. Thus, the collator can double-check both the page number and the appearance on the page. Last year, this process took Korn and myself a full day. It has been a thrill to see the initial **Assembling** come together from a pile of boxes to a definitive dummy. Both the dummy and the boxes were then delivered to the collator in Portchester, New York. The process of organizing **Assembling** is not particularly hard; the real problem is getting prospective contributors to believe you will surely always deliver on your promises and the best way to ferment that belief is to deliver.

Once the finished magazines arrive from the bindery, Korn and I spend and evening shipping them off to contributors, who comprise the initial circle of readership. (In 1972 and 1974, we invited N.Y. contributors to a pick-up party.) Other copies are posted to our regular customers, who now number several dozen. Another afternoon is spent delivering copies to such Manhattan bookstores as Eighth St., East Side, Jaap Reitman, New Yorker, Gotham, Wittenborn, Phoenix, most of which sell out their annual supply before the next issue arrives. Thirty copies go out to our West Coast distributor, The Book People. Orders arrive throughout the year. These are collected by Korn, who makes out orders and forwards them to me for mailing. Most of the edition is stored in Greenwich, so that whenever my supplies run low, we go up to Connecticut for more boxes.

The 1974 collation bill amounted to nearly a thousand dollars. A grant from CCLM paid for $750 of this. The remainder came out of previous sales and our own pockets. From the beginning, we have also been paying for postage, telephone, travel and other nuisances. (Merely mailing 250 invitations, for instance, cost over $30.00 in postage, envelopes and printing.) While our sales and free-bee records are

inadequate, we do know that very few copies of the first **Assembling** remain and that the supply of the **Second** will soon be depeleted. Copies no longer with us, we assume, have been "distributed" and hopefully read.

The way **Assembling** comes together makes it more expensive to publish than most magazines of its circulation (one thousand); for it is, quite simply, cheaper to print on large presses and then fold and trim these pages than it is to print sheets separately and then collate. However, the cheaper method would extract its price in **Assembling**'s conceptual integrity and editorial style. By making everyone his own publisher, with total control over content, format and paper, **Assembling** induces a dispersion of responsibility that accounts for the book's variousness in style, in content and in printing. Whereas most magazines aim to achieve a uniformity of tone and purpose, the contributions to **Assembling** are incomparably various and thus surprising. No other publication I know demands of its readers such leaps of perception and comprehension from page to page, for **Assembling** exemplifies the modernist idea of changing the artistic means in order to produce a different end. By eliminating editorial authority, the medium invites openness instead of closure and, more important, variety instead of uniformity, in both its contents and its reading experiences. As Karl Young noted in **Margins**, "The reader has to decide for himself which works are of value and which are not. One of the main functions of such a magazine should be to shift critical authority from publisher to critic, returning it to the author and reader. With **Assembling** the reader is given the responsibility of exercising and developing his own discriminatory abilities.... In its ability to stimulate participation it resembles an event as much as a magazine. It could almost be called an international, xenoplastic happening." This may not be "the only way to publish," as one of my colleagues suggests; but it is certainly a viable alternative to the restrictiveness of both the literary-industrial complex and the coterie journals. **Assembling** also expands one's sense of what a spine-bound book can be.

Assembling is, by now, a truly international magazine. We have received submissions from nearly every state in the U.S., in addition to Argentina, Australia, Holland, France, Italy, Germany, Finland, and Great Britain. Issues have been favorably reviewed in most of these countries, as well as in ithe U.S. There are **Assembling**-like publications in Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Spain, Italy, Argentina, Australia, most of which have acknowledged our pioneering role. Some contributors have gone to exceptional trouble to deliver their work, one German even persuading his stewardess sister to deliver his package personally, another pedaling his bicyle across state lines. If there were no need for **Assembling**, nothing would follow this preface; but as long as artists and authors of "otherwise unpublishable creative work" continue to contribute at their own initiative and expense, **Assembling** ought to live. Thanks again to Denis Boyles, Kathleen Owens and their colleagues for their timely rescue. Assembled we stand; disassembled, we fall.

Richard Kostelanetz
New York, New York
1, September, 1975

EYES
YOUR
WITH
THE WIND
YOU ARE PARTING

BEAK
IN YOUR
PAST OPENINGS
RISING, HUMMING
FAINT SMELLS ARE
MUSKY EARTH AND LEAVES

FREE
GLIDING
SOARING
BODY YOU ARE
WHERE WINGS MEET
STRETCHING IN THAT PLACE

TIPS
FEATHER
YOU ARE SPREADING
CATCHING AIR SHAFTS UPWARD

BEAT
HEART
OF A TINY
THE POUNDING
IN RYTHMN WITH
ROUND BACK STRAINING

UP
QUICKLY
AS WINGS BEAT
PULLING IN YOUR CHEST
START BY FEELING MUSCLES

COMING DOWN WITH
THE SUN
YOU ARE
SAFE

RESTING ON A TREE
LIMB QUIVERING
DEEP INSIDE
YOUR NARROW
THROAT
ONE
LAST
SONG

CARLA ADAMS

EXERCISE IN BECOMING

WHY HAVOC AND COMEDY CHANGES

OR WHY THEY'RE NOT YUKKING
IT UP IN WHITE PLAINS OR
HO-HO-HOING IN HOBOKEN

Compiled by Tom Ahern

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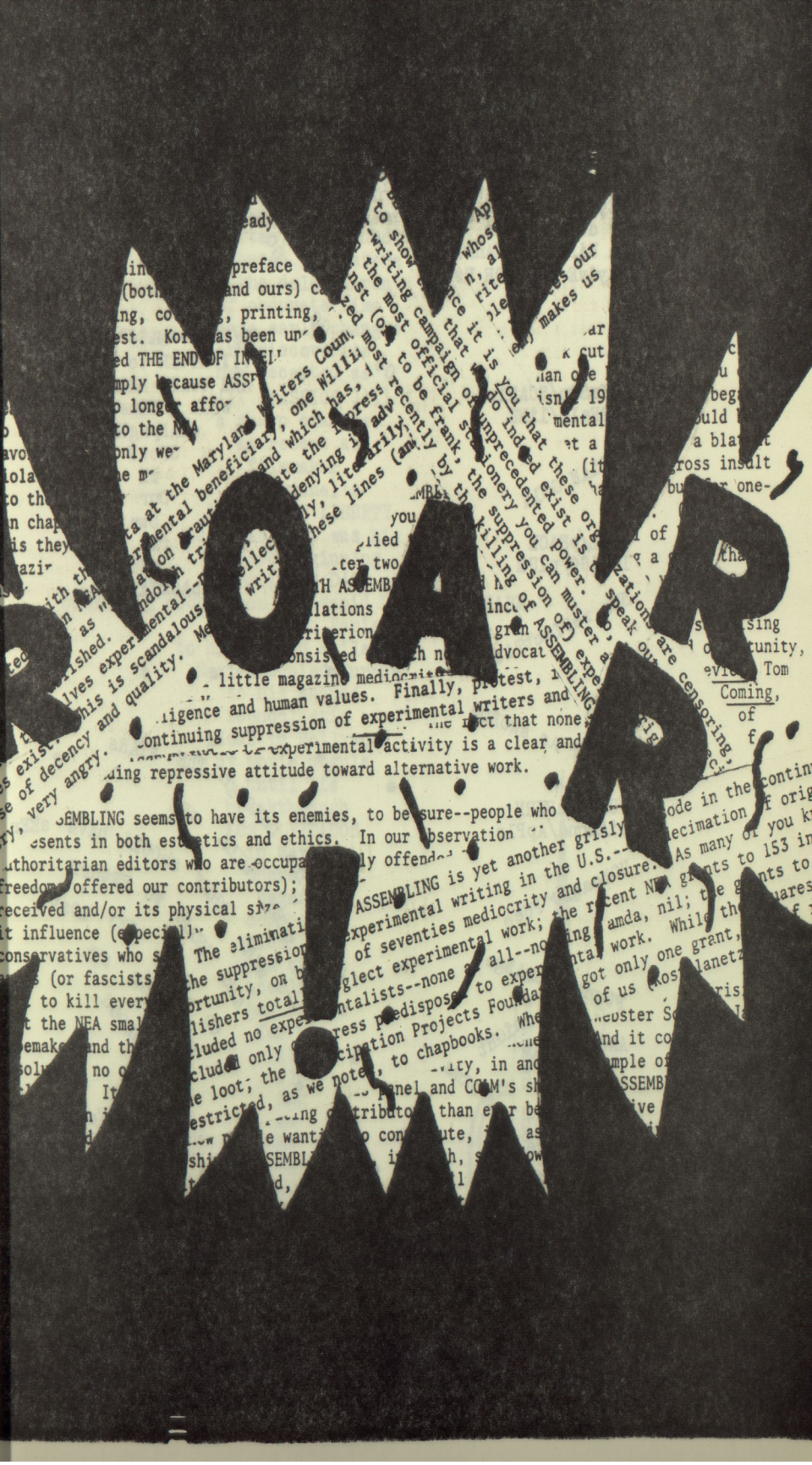
SPECTER

BHA

Blair H. Alle

TOMENTOSE WITH REACH



Blair H. Allen

STAGger THE RAINbowED RASh Of blOWs

cONstRICtINg
kEEperS oF thE cLOsET
RATtle tHEir cHAin Of keYS
tHEy wANt Us tO
sIT dOWn On oUr
OWn biRthDAy CAnDLEs
tHEy'vE lIT fOR Us

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CRImSOn/SCARlet
eMERalD/liME

InDiAN GOld

oPAL/pEACH
IndiGO/plUM

SUn reFLectTioNs

SilVEr As sWORDS

rUby/auBURN
diAMond/ApPle

VOLcaNIC PUce

FUrnACE orANge

ANd BLACk aS nIGHt sTORms

MAYbe thROUgh ThE sTARs
tHEY wILL sEE
wHAt tHEY shOUld hAVE sEEn
ANd lEARn to REturN
to WHAT tHEY LOst
iN tHEir OWn
CHIldHOOd

thE FREeWILD
Of UnGUIded
JOYful
disCOVeryY

We COllAge
A cUGel to BAsh
bACk At tHOse
WiShiNg wALLs
ENcloSED arOUnd
wilD rEACHes
sWINginG afTER
ThE beYONd

oF PERiPHEries THe UniVerSe Of PosSiBiLiTieS

Cheers for ASSEMBLING

FOOLS SUPPRESS ARTIST/POETS WHO PACK
RETALIATION IN SHOULDER HOLSTERS
AND IN KNIFE SHEATHS HIDDEN IN CAPES

When the status quo in the arts
is challenged history (more
than often) has sided with
the brash innovators
in the delayed run
of obdurate time
those early changes
and discoveries
now accepted as
((((CLASSICS))))
a sharp example:
as recent as
filmmaker
Luis Bunuel's
PHANTOM OF LIBERTY
But blacklist was his
decreed beginning
from L'AGE D'OR
provoking riots from the vapid DISCREET CHARM
he stung in Paris
to his forced exile from
Nazi-occupied Europe
to his banned
iconoclastic
ideas in Hollywood
by movie moguls
until his
breakthrough
LOS OLVIDADOS
in Mexico
where he
began a
comeback
triumphant
with critic
accolades
and awards
for his
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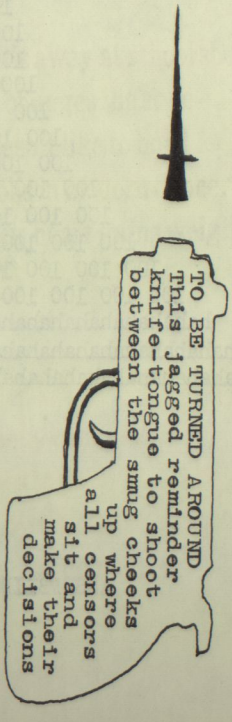

BHA

Blair H. Allen

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ASSEMBLING RISING UP BY THE HUNDREDS

Fortune Cookie

A piece of your heart is caught in her zipper. She's flattered, amused, touched, thoroughly entertained, but essentially unchanged.

You make love, insist it's for life; she replies it isn't necessary. Her period will come late and you elope against her better judgement.

While the child's away at school she writes poetry, changes the style of her hair, doesn't like to bowl anymore, enrolls in modern dance. Meanwhile your heart gains weight.

You want to take the family camping for two weeks, she refuses to go along. There are too many ways to interpret the smile when you demand to know why not.

The divorce is something your mother always anticipated. The children will live with your parents until you remarry. Your heart skips a day.

You meet by accident, learn she has earned a degree in Humanities and will never remarry. You're flattered she still cares; she refuses to go out.

Your second wife finds a poem of hers in *Ladies' Home Journal* entitled 'Fortune Cookie' that speaks vaguely of sex and death, doesn't rhyme and your heart murmurs out loud.

At 60 you choke on a chicken bone. Near death you will recall how she burned her first pizza, her father was Eurasian, she had hard nipples.

Terrence Ames

If I were a poet what would I say
what would I say
what would I say
what would I say

would I say
would I say
what would I say

say would I, would I
would I, would I, say say
say would I
would I, would I, say say
say say say
would I, would I, say say
say, would I, would I
say would I, say would I
would I, would I, say say

If I were a poet would I say What
would I say What
would I say What
would I say What

would I say
would I say
what would I say

say would I, would I
would I, would I, say say
say would I
would I, would I, say say
say say say
would I, would I, say say
say would I, would I
say would I, say would I
would I would I say, say

If I were a poet I say what would
I say what would
I say what would
I say what would

I say would
I say would
I say what would

I would, I would, yes
yes, yes, I would, I would

I would, yes
yes, yes, I would, I would
Yes Yes Yes
Yes, Yes, I would, I would
I would, I would, Yes
I would, Yes, I would, Yes
Yes Yes I would, I would

If I were a poet say what would I
say what would I
say what would I
say what would I

would I say
would I say
what would I say

say would I, would I
would I, would I, say, say
say would I
would I, would I, say say
say say say
would I, would I, say say
say would I, would I
say would I, say would I
would I, would I, say say

If I were a poet I would say what
I would say what
I would say what
I would say what

would I yes
would I yes
what would I yes

I would, I would, Yes
Yes, Yes, I would, I would
I would Yes
Yes, Yes, I would I would
Yes Yes Yes
Yes, Yes, I would, I would
I would, I would, Yes
I would Yes I would Yes
Yes Yes I would, I would

If I were a poet SAY WHAT I WOULD
say what I would
SAY WHAT I WOULD
SAY WHAT I WOULD

I say would
I say would
I say what would

Yes, would I, would I
Yes, Yes, I would I would
Yes Would I
Yes, Yes, I would I would
Say Say Say
Yes, Yes, I would, I would
Yes, Would I, would I
I would, yes, I would, Yes
Yes, Yes, I would, I would

Beth Anderson

The People Rumble Louder Than The Poet Speaks.

People Rumble Louder Than The Poet Speaks The.

The Rumble Louder Than The Poet Speaks The.

Rumble Louder Than The Poet Speaks People The.

Rumble The People Louder Than The Poet Speaks.

Louder The People Rumble Poet Than Speaks The.

People The Rumble Louder Speaks Than Poet The.

Louder Rumble Poet The Speaks The People Than.

The People The Rumble; Rumble Louder, People Louder.

People Rumble, Rumble Louder. the, the, the Rumble.

Rumble Louder Louder Louder Than People, People Rumble-Poet.

Louder Than Than The Louder Rumble Louder The...

Than The The Poet Than Poet Speaks Speaks.

The Poet Poet Speaks The Than Than The...

Poet Speaks Speaks People Poet Speaks Poet-People.

Speaks The People The Speaks The The Than...

Beth Anderson

rhythm
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thm

martine arenella
3/14/74

get hi and go deep get deep and go

hi and get deep and come down

and come deep and get down

and come down and go hi

and come hi and go deep

and go deep and go

and come hi and

come

martine arenella
18/11/74

Sections from Green Inventory (1)
(A Map of Thinking And of the World's Gait Across a Certain Number of Pages): To Be Read Continuously From Fifth Assembling

their framed space
open
yet formal
rigor
geography of ideas "one thing is equal to another"
s. is sitting indoors dark silver light (nature)
lighting (art)
dark/in
out / silver
typing a fiction winter/ /winter and another
between two walls typing fictions therefore
not these words but others

26

thick brown fleece-lined gloves
holding a yellow pencil in the sun now that I've said it
I take note of these gloves
sunlit gloves
on
my hands
her hands
the brown sunlight what material "suede" I suppose
the brushed leather soft yet grainy surface
surface of minute
projections minute shadows like grass or not at all
like grass grass with its green light projections
its green shadows planted equally
light and shadowed verticals planted equally
in mud that perhaps resembles brown gloves more
comparisons
comparisons that don't at all suit my purpose excluded
language that creeps in no matter what more
comparisons
come to mind
still
they fail to show up at least here
"the thing itself"
sunlit brown gloves
holding a yellow pencil
against purple (lavender) sheets purple (967-1000)
patches of brown mouton "Dutch gold" glowing
"a certain concentration" s. had the sun in mind
its concentration within a small compass still
d.'s forehead its perpetual whirlpool
"maelstrom" of thoughts (nature) thinking (art)
is proposed by equivalent to this concentrated sun

"in mind" these patches
of thought
of sun
"Dutch Gold" is honey from Pennsylvania
buckwheat light or dark "Brown Gold"
is coffee meanings these words their
concealed values I'd been thinking innocently
of colors found myself writing "perhaps"
something rather different equally within
these words confusion of attribute and substance
space or is it only her mouton light buckwheat
to dark buckwheat grows darker
darker and darker and darker
warmth
fades
sounds
grow
cold a bit "stones"
these "cold sounds"
a bit
p
ine
darkg
reenbla
cknowwith
o
u
t
sun

27

these divisions/in the"world text"

28

the window pane
its edges
s. is sitting in a chair aluminum frame office chair
writer as scholar "perhaps" sun is in the sky
equivalency of in and out "edges" this wood
frames no doubt of words at least type
frame = dirty paint = rotten wood = gold ruled edge = "fiery pink"
this phrase is it correct handwritten blue on purple
"volcanic" any better? perhaps one ought to make
a vow to make no comparisons no matter what the
consequences is s. am I as far away from
the sun as the sun is from s.

12
of these precise r
e
c
r t
o a
l n
o g
c l
e
d s
e
l
d o
dum tub esnetni f
and
in the center
center of how
many of these
ruled volcani
c frames

but
low sun ter
yel (comparisons)

below
"perhaps"
sharp lines
that may or may not be clouds
lemon yellow
to
apricot

later
sharp pink
apricot to rose perhaps
against
sharp blue

still later
it seems
it "must be"
later
much later
"soft blue" evening
dusky pink
industrial rose
black rooftops
these nights
in winter
sometimes
real summer
february 9
at 6 o'clock

29

these words transgressions lies
apologies longings (summer in winter)
inevitable stain of pathos? that spreads from
language to things "inevitable" is this "correct"

30

alma called calls she's seen the kid the bastard
"you seem angry" "I knew you'd be angry"
"because" "because I saw you when" her voice
"hope you took him apart swept the floor"
"i was frightened" my contempt perhaps it comes
from alma's voice at least at certain times
a certain voice of alma's seems she woke up
woke up somewhere if she wakes up must have been
somewhere some frame in order to wake up
be somewhere again new frame moment of
waking "that instant before things slide backward"
napping in the staff room "perhaps" saw someone
thought "it's him" she'd been dreaming these
dreams (nature) this dreaming (art)
this new (perhaps) vegetable art
in her dream alma is in a house whose
sister psychiatrist's "sister" in name only
magda verre's house in the inventory of things
names would not be disguised "disguised" still
"magda verre's house" this fiction alma is living
with other women or not yet in a house of women
an apartment in baltimore she's lonely yet
what word lonely yet reluctant these notions
certain notion of independence sealed bottle of self
the self
its dead air
a certain reluctance to leave her baltimore apartment
the thought of moving into a house with other women
this leap historical leap she can't
seems marie is (was) there silly marie along with
brittle magda verre silly brittle
and
marie magda
alma wants to use the phone "can I use the phone"
starts makes a motion to use the phone
finds in the motion a negative desire "perhaps"
her arm discovers "if I were in my own apartment I could
be calling s." these complications this house
of women isn't doesn't seem to be
what s. thought what I've written "this leap
historical leap" alma is lonely thinks of moving
to a house of "old" women fifth column these
maries magdas carolines and their silly boyfriends
doubtful significance of the "apartment in baltimore"
its supposed independence relative I suppose s. supposes
(as usual)

the arm discovers
the
presence
of
another
woman
in
the
distance
me

31

new fiction
is
new poetry
is
new philosophy
is
new science
is
new history

32

once upon a time say 6 years ago alma lived
actually lived in baltimore at that time
that baltimore time she was involved this
phrase conventional phrase of everyday speech "entangled"
might be better "better" with d.'s brother
in the dream this time baltimore time "nothing
passes" unsheathed the body's memory
in dreams
dreaming
there are no divisions
between
these times
of
the body

33

how long will it take I wonder
to arrive that is

34

kathleen
does this fit "fit"
principles of exclusion
no principles of exclusion
is this so
can't help wondering
still

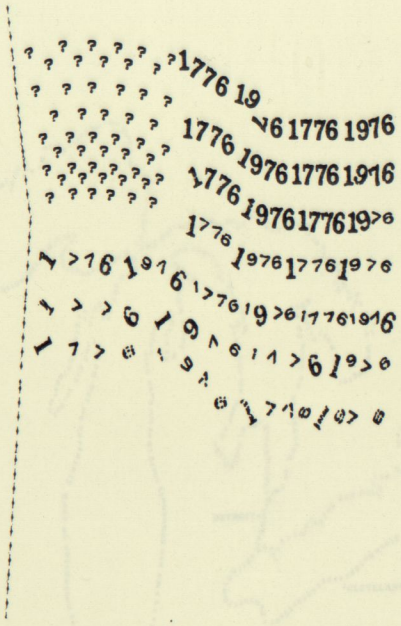
kathleen alma's patient came back
"back" after a day out these notions of in and out
alma encouraged her these expressions is it
is it "really" courage that kathleen lacks to do something
of course one might "do something" in the hospital an
inventory "perhaps" of all gestures all words in this case
also a series of gestures language of doctors
psychiatric branch these words
their real/surface
values/concealed
but also of course this s. knows is
an absurd proposal what alma means means simply
is that kathleen ought to get out in and out
out of the hospital familiar faces
out of the bottle
of self
a bit
self
as
bottle
as
patient
a bit
of air "freedom"
of course alma knows this is absurd an absurd proposal
knows in advance that kathleen
will go home home to mother where she comes
from "because" there's nowhere else to go
"simply" alma proposes to kathleen something
along
the
lines
of
s.'s absurd proposal "go home and for once
keep your eyes open" an inventory of words and gestures
family branch "perhaps" again

35

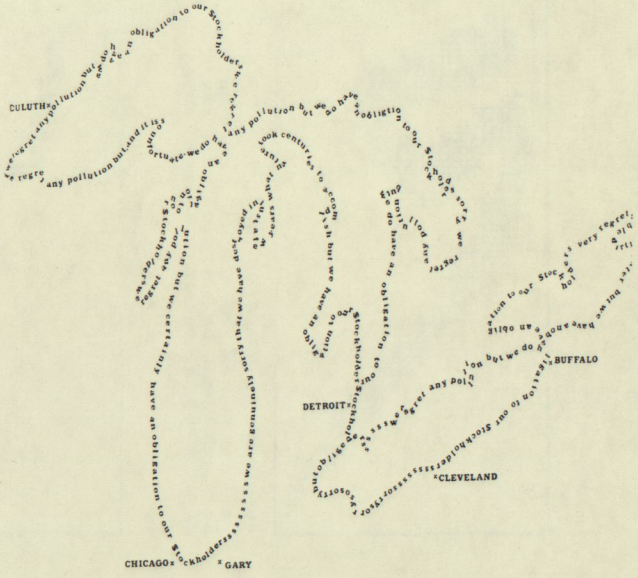
so called green inventory yellow 7
purple 967-1000 7

36

kathleen
returns
alma is on the phone
"with you in 5 minutes" these formulas
of sincerity nevertheless kathleen evaporates
reforms on a bench "fear makes one invisible"
kathleen is limping alma and kathleen are talking
these words human life in particular human speech
never alma also notes cleverly having refrained
from being clever



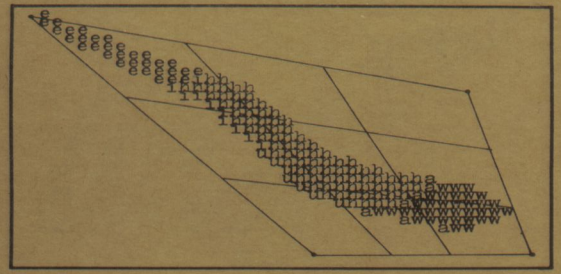
"PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTRY AS A YOUNG ENIGMA"



"The Buffalo To Chicago Grey Great Lakes Blues"

lean kid gun maul
lee kih guh maw
ee ih uh aw

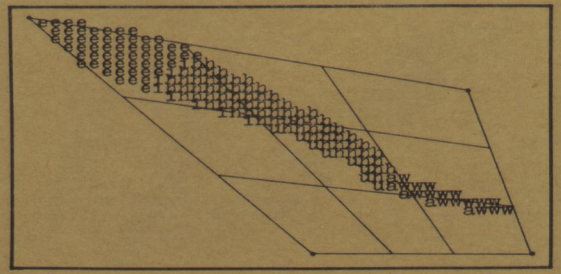
ee-ih-uh-aw



A Tongue

moss sun slid green
maw suh slih gree
aw uh ih ee

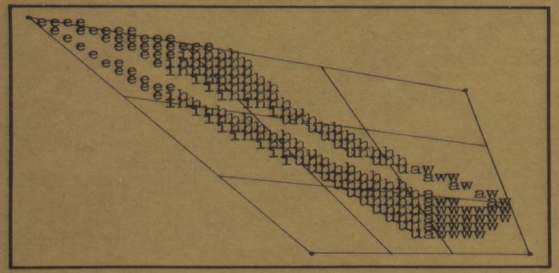
aw-uh-ih-ee



A Tongue

lean kid gun maul sun slid green
lee kih guh maw suh slih gree
ee ih uh aw uh ih ee

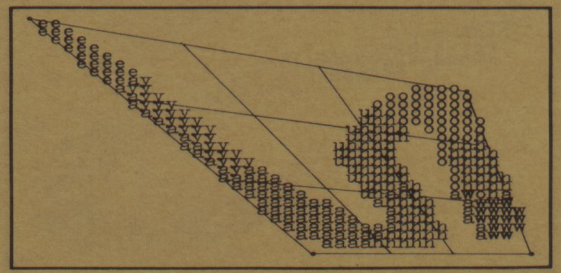
ee-ih-uh-aw-uh-ih-ee



A Tongue

mean lame had hod run moon loam call
me lay haaa ha ruh moo low caw
ee ay aaa ah uh oo oh aw

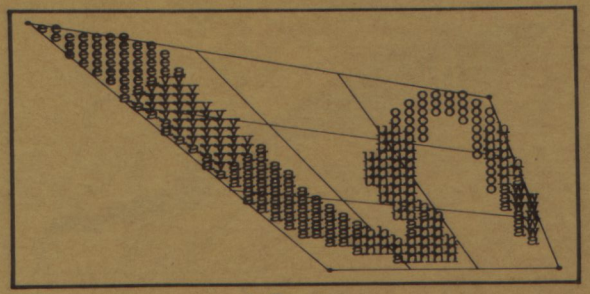
ee-ay-aaa-ah-uh-oo-oh-aw



A Tongue

saw moe lou tuh cah maaa lay key
aw oh oo uh ah aaa ay ee

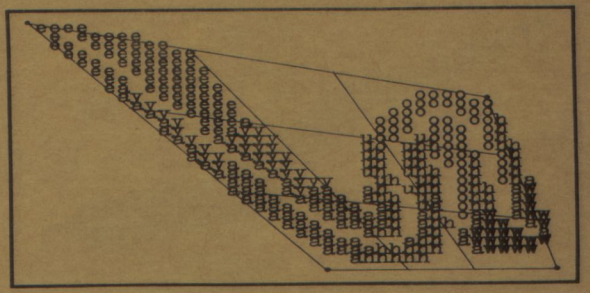
aw-oh-oo-uh-ah-aaa-ay-ee



A Tongue

oh oo uh ah aaa ay ee

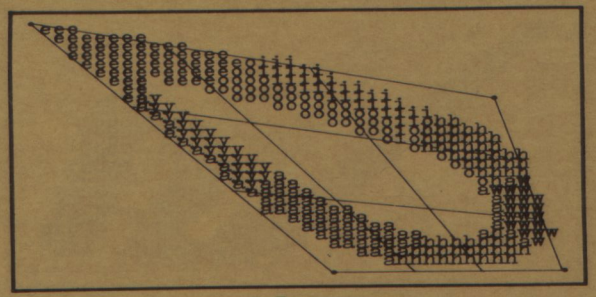
ee-ay-aaa-ha-uh-oo-oh-aw-oh-oo-uh-ah-aaa-ay-ee



A Tongue

sheen cane dam sod fall groan moil dean
shee cay daaa sah faw grow moy dee
ee ay aaa ah aw oh oi ee

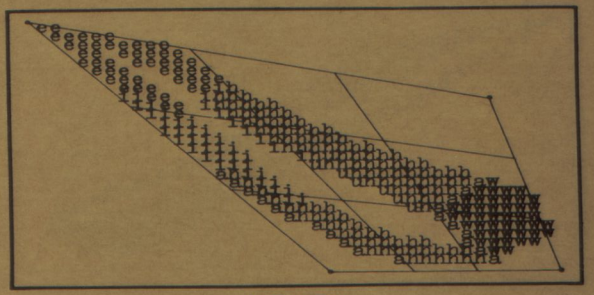
ee-ay-aaa-ah-aw-oh-oi-ee



A Tongue

gall shod mile preen lid rum drawl
gaw shah my pre lih ruh draw
aw ah i ee ih uh aw

aw-ah-i-ee-ih-uh-aw



A Tongue

mean lame had hod run moon loam call
me lay haaa ha ruh moo low caw
ee ay aaa ah uh oo oh aw

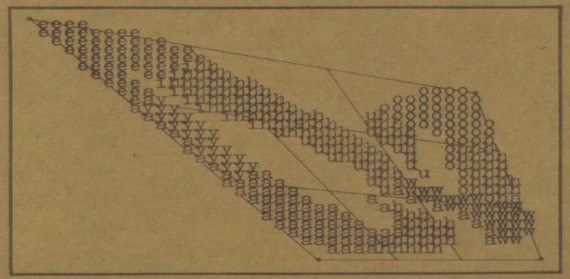
sun slid green
suh slih gree
uh ih ee

cane dam sod fall groan moil dean
cay daaa sah faw grow moy dee
ay aaa ah aw oh oi ee

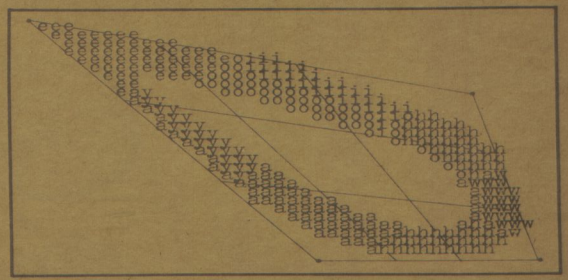
kid gun maul
kih guh maw
ih uh aw

shod mile preen lid rum drawl
shah my pre lih ruh draw
ah i ee ih uh aw

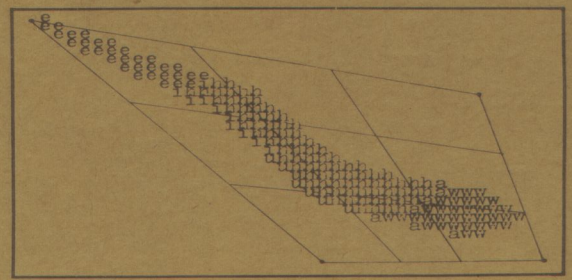
ee-ay-aaa-ah-uh-oo-oh-aw-uh-ih-ee-ay-aaa-ah-aw-oh-oi-ee-ih-uh-aw-ah-oh-oi-ee-ih-uh-aw-ah-i-ee-ih-uh-aw



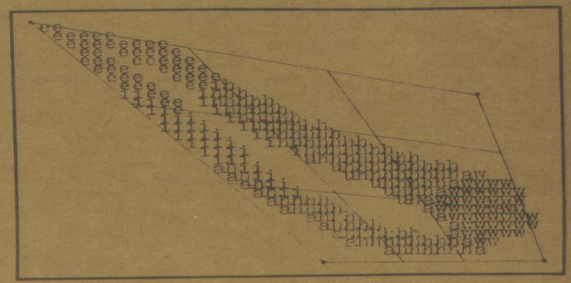
A Tongue



A Tongue



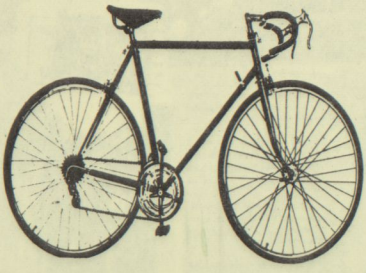
A Tongue



A Tongue

P.J. O'Rourke
Our Friend The Vowel

Mr. Allan Bealy



Bitte verwenden Sie die Kanne nicht zum Kochen des Wassers.

"Advice to the wise is unnecessary
To the foolish unheeded,
And to everyone — unwelcome."

"My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night
But ah! my foes, and oh!
my friends —
It gives a lovely light."

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Wilson C. S. Pat Corps, Aurora, Dec. 15 (UP)—Lt. Col. Darrell T. Richbourg of St. Petersburg, Fla., offered a GI version of "The Night Before Christmas" today.

'A KOREAN CHRISTMAS CAROL'

"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the tent
Was the odor of fuel oil (the stovepipe was bent).
The shoepacs were hung by the oil stove with care,
In hopes that they'd toast each man a new pair.
The weary GIs were tucked out in their beds,
And visions of sugar-babes danced through their heads,
When up on the ridgeline there rose such a clatter
(A Chinese machinegun had started to chatter),
I rushed to my rifle and threw back the bolt.
The rest of my tent-mates awoke with a jolt.
Outside we could hear our platoon sergeant Kelly,
A hard little man with a little pot belly.
"Come Tenzoy, come Clancey, come Connors and Watson,
"Come Yancey, come Dodson!"
Up Miller, up Shiller, up Baker and Dodson!"
We tumbled outside in a swirl of confusion,
So cold that each man could have used a transfusion.
"Get up on that hillcap and silence that Red,
"And don't you come back till you're sure that he's dead."
Then, putting his thumb up in front of his nose,
Sergeant Kelly took leave of us shivering Joes.
But we all heard him say in a voice soft and light:
"Merry Christmas to all—may you live through the night."

"Merry Christmas to all—may you live through the night."

Vincent Dobson

The Rubaiyat Of A Recruit

(Extract Copy)

With Apologies to Messrs. Khayyam and Fitzgerald

By Frederick Wright, Cpl. Regy. C. I. Bn., R. [illegible]

Wake! For the Sergeant on the Bugle-night
Has blown the blast that puts the stars to flight;
And lo, you who'd be abed and yawn
Had best remove the top lock's bark and bite.

* * * *

XII

A mess-kit full of beans beneath the bough,
A water-filled canteen, a hunk of bread, for chow,
And many miles to wander in the wilderness—
Here is enough of wilderness—and how!

* * * * *

XIII

This is the day of pay; come drink your fill,
Or try a little blackjack, if you will;
Oh, take the cash and let the jawbone go,
Nor head the distant rumble of the battery bill.

* * * *

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
Details K. P.'s; and all your words and wit
Will not excuse you from this task of spuds.
That's all; it's just tough—you're it!

* * * *

XCVI

Yet ah! that cash should vanish ithin the close
Of day, the P. X. checks, the gadgets for the shows,
The sweetly minted scent of folding money;
Ah, whence and whither flown, who knows?

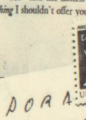
Foresight

THE CHARMING HOSTESS said to her principal guest of the evening, "I suppose I mustn't offer you wine. Aren't you Chairman of the Temperance League?"

"Oh no," said the guest smiling, "I'm head of the Anti-Vice League."

"So?" said the hostess thoughtfully. "Well, I knew there was *something* I shouldn't offer you."

— Mrs. Clare Willson



DORA

Defense of the Realm Act!

Edgar Allen Poe - wrote a story 'bout the terrible haunting premeiers of the crowd'

The Secret of success is awake overall you don't lie!

The Frenchman loves his sabin wine,
The Dutchman loves his beer,
The Englishman drinks his hot'n toddy
Because it brings good cheer.
The Irishman loves his whiskey straight
Because it gives him dizziness.
The American has no choice at all
So he drinks the whole damn business.

Night club: A place where they take the rest out of restaurant and put the din in dinner.

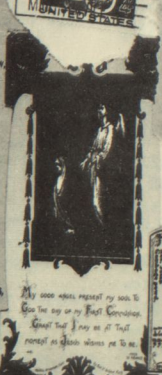
Page Proof . . .

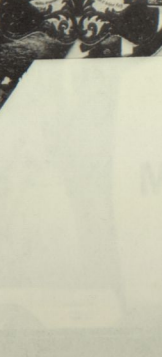
From "The Life and Times of Kin Hubbard" by Fred C. Kelly (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3).

ABE MARTIN SAYS:

Nothin' makes a poet as mad as a late spring . . .
It's no disgrace to be poor, but it might as well be . . .
Miss Germ Williams says peroxide blondes ort t' be tagged
Just like oleomargarine . . .
Classic music is the kind that we keep thinkin' 'll turn into a tune . . .
Don't a feller feel good after he gits out of a store where he nearly bought something? . . .
Miss Tawney Apple's niece, who wuz married last week, is havin' her teeth all fixed up. Her husband says that th' next time she gits married he'll be more careful like a horse buyer . . .
A restaurant waiter allus lays your check on the table upside down so you won't choke t' death . . .
Nothin' upsets a woman like somebuddy gittin' married she didn't even know had a beau . . .
That's too many folks passin' fer thirty that ought t' settle down . . .
When Lem Moon was acquitted fer the murder of his wife and Judge Pusey asked him if he had anything t' say, he replied: "I never would have shot her if I'd knowed I'd have t' go thru so much red tape."

BELL X-1A IS LAUNCHED FROM B-29 "MOTHER" SHIP



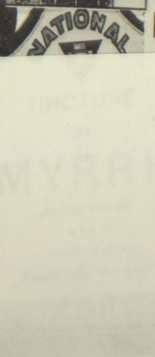


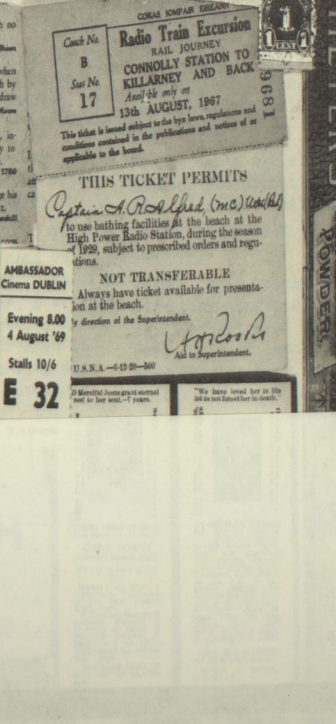
WHAT is an atheist? A man with no invisible means of support.
— Bishop Fulton J. Sheen

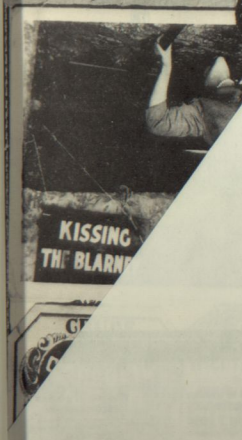
IT IS MY JOB to be funny, but when being funny means getting a laugh by hurting someone or something, I draw the line.
— Gary Moore

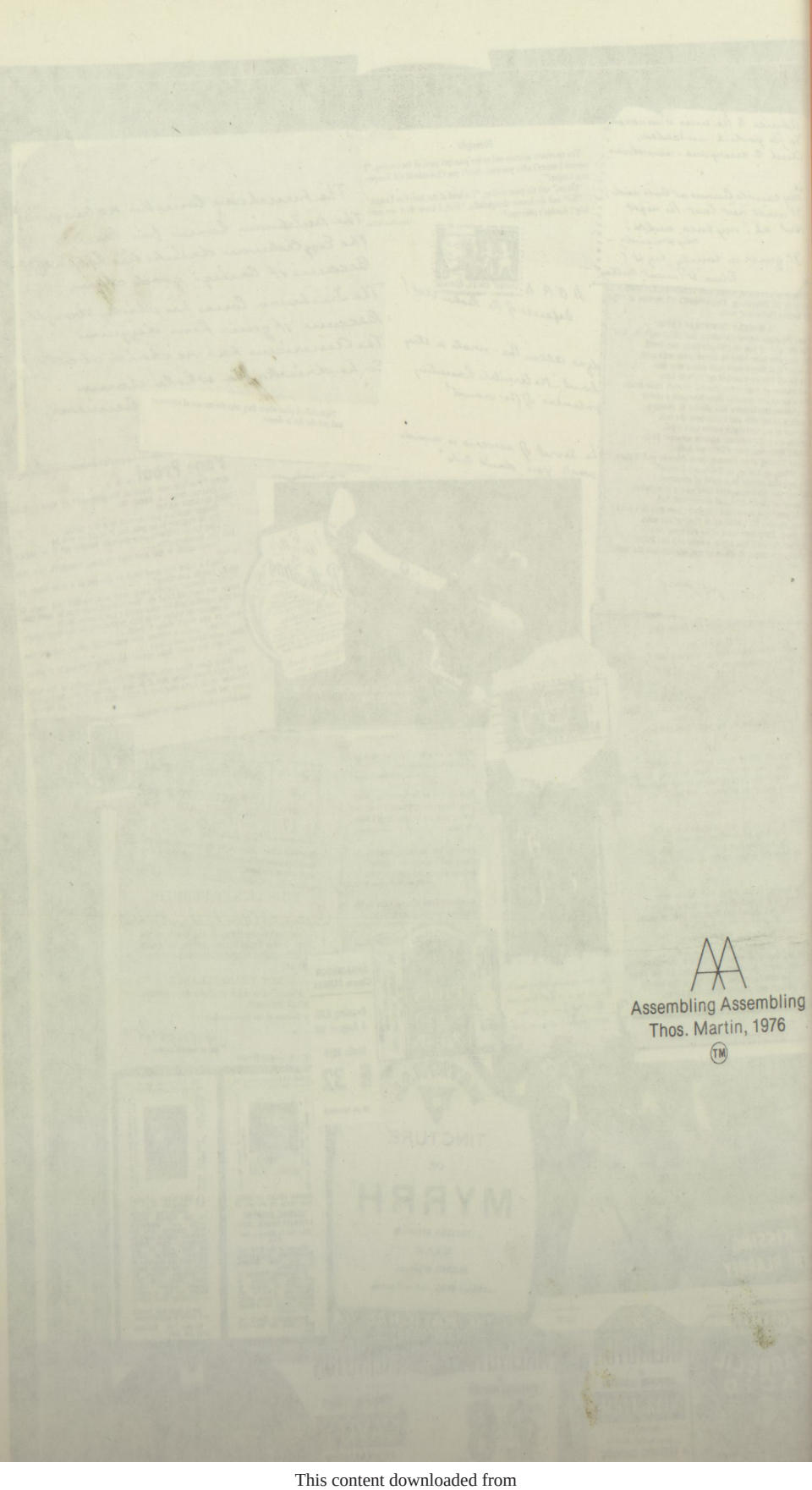
NOTHING but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy people.
— George Washington, 1780

A FANATIC is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject.
— Winston Churchill









Lost and Found Times

ADVERTISE FREE!

SEND YOUR NOTICES TO
EITHER EDITORIAL OFFICE!

No. 1, August 1975

Offices:

Luna Bisonte Prods
137 Leland Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43214

Studio Mr. Sensitive
118 E. Longview Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43202

LOST: Cigarbox of twisted doubleedged razor blades. Important life's work. Generous reward. 934-2236.

FOUND: Zenith color TV Hi-Fi consol. Found in drainage ditch, Circleville Rd. 946-3509.

LOST: Rubber doll head, r. eye crushed. Sentimental value. Reward. 724-8670 after 3.

LOST: Goldlook snake ring with rubylook eyes. Call 268-0681 eves. Ask for Nick. Big reward.

STOLEN: Orange plastic ERA bottle, crack in bottom, pink bow around cap. Wife heartbroken. 445-2387 all day.

FOUND: Rubber gorilla embracing rear window dancing grass skirted vinyl HOOLAH LADY. Bound with red cord. Come pick it up at Nettles Exxon.

FOUND: Unmarked carton filled with catheads. Claim immediately! 999-3267.

LOST: Large silver painted plaster skull with back of head bashed in. Reward - sentimental value. 439-4421.

LOST: Case of sealed canning jars containing pieces of paper with brown smears on them. Must be kept cold! Contact Fred at Mort's Meat Lockers, 427-3892.

LOST: At Festival of the Lights one hand made inverted gag-chicken pendant. Call Dottie at the Chicken Shack, nights.

FOUND: Photo album with family snapshots, left eye cut out of each person photographed. Vicinity Southern Hotel. 984-7321 before 10.

LOST: My yodelling parakeet, in the vicinity of Lacluster Apts. Needs beak medication desperately. Yellow green. Call 846-4126, home all day. I miss that little yodel.

LOST: Red velvet flocked tail-pipe extension, glass eyes glued around flared tip, vicinity Graceland. Child in tears. Stew's Texaco, 263-5587.

LOST: While getting off the boat, one pair of custom made image inversion spectacles. Willem, N.Y.C. 212-337-6841.

LOST: Copy of "Motel Sex Club" by Bub Whiel with every sentence underlined. Reward! 888-8742.

FOUND: A bag containing bull worker muscle tone kit, assorted ping pong assesories, 3 sealed jars of unknown larva, a bundle of love letters addressed to Occupant, and a two-flap day-glo orange hunting cap (size 8 1/2). Found Sunday. St. Alonzo chapel. Ask for Nick. 268-0682.

LOST: Plastic "Goldlife" ID bracelet with chain, engraved DIRTSUCK. Great sent. value, reward. Pete at Rod's Plumbing and Blacktop Coat, 846-4262, evenings.

LOST: I lost my prized goat bladder dress gloves at the Spring Nurses' Dance. If you took them by mistake please return them. No questions asked. 321-1703.

LOST: Leather case containing ladies spikeheeled and needletoed shoes, painted black and coated with grease. High reward. Call Jojo at 845-8469 after 4 AM.

FOUND: Woven wire bird proof lime alloy acoustically adjusted self-annealling novelty cellulose boutique cabana shirt with beeswax charm buttons. Ask for the mgr. at Carlo's Banana Boat Club.

FOUND: Man's wallet with coin-op photobooth pictures of broken children's toys. Call Jonnie at the Rod Shop.

FOUND: Chair upholstered with pink shag carpeting, skull embroidered on back-rest. Culvert county 14 near Phartersberg. Dan's Gulf and Worms.

LOST: Personal diary, "I am Spitman, slick and together" written cover. Please don't read! Call Slim at 437-9447 anytime day or night.

TV PIECE

Materials

Black and white television set.
Straight-backed chair.

Ritual

Turn on the TV, sit in the chair, and watch the TV for 27 hours. Do not eat. Keep a chamberpot or bucket under the chair in which to answer calls of nature. While you are watching the TV, keep your hands clasped in your lap and your mouth open.

When the 27 hours are up, close your eyes, get up and make your way outside. Open your eyes, sit on the ground, and stare at it for another 27 hours.

Completion

When the second 27 hours are up, stand up and decide what to do.

EMERGENCY POWER OUTAGE PROCEDURE FOR ABOVE

For James and Glenda Sellman

Should there be a power outage during the first 27 hours, take the following steps:

1. Make sure all electrical devices in the house are turned OFF except the TV set.
2. Remove all your clothing.
3. Sit in the chair facing the TV until the TV comes on.
4. When the TV is on again, resume the ritual where you left off, but remain naked.

Note: The time elapsed during the power outage should not be considered part of the 27 hours; i.e. you need to sit in front of the TV for 27 hours while it is on.

WIPE IT

Materials

14 rolls of your favorite toilet tissue.
Commercial white bread.
Letter-sized envelopes and postage.
A large city.
A bureaucracy.
Sandwich bags.

Ritual

Use the 14 rolls of tissue to wipe your ass after shitting until all have been used up. Save each piece of used tissue.
When you have used the 14 rolls, divide the tissue by weight into two equal piles.
Each piece from one of the piles should be placed in a separate envelope and mailed to addresses selected at random from the telephone directory of a large city.
Each piece from the other pile should be placed between two slices of white bread. The sandwiches thus produced should be individually wrapped in sandwich bags and delivered all together to the main entrance of any public or private bureaucracy.

Completion

The piece will be completed when
a) you receive some used toilet paper in the mail and when
b) the government requests everyone to take specific urgent steps.

John M. Bennett
LUNA BISONTE PRODS
137 Leland Ave
Columbus, Ohio 43214

REPROCESSING PROCEDURE (RANDOM CASE)*

a:17.0

IN-PUT:...GIVEN CASE: SUM-TOTAL DATA: (HT..WT..BLOOD-TYPE,I.Q.,ETC.)
Yes, I suppose I can be summed up
UNREPROCESSED (RAW NORM, NEGATIVE. TYPICAL, PER POPULATION CURVE)...
a series of secretions, more or less
SAME TO BE REPROCESSED. (IF APPROVED).....

a:17.1

ANALYSIS:...CROSS-INDICES: COMPILED. (PRE-INDICATION: POSITIVE).....
And so at last I am
DATA CODED. CORRELATED. CATALOGUED.....
infinitely inscribed
FILE: VALIDATED. VERIFIED. (BASIC PRE-PROCESSING: COMPLETE).....
in a chromium
post-bible

a:17.2

EVALUATION:...(RE: GIVEN PRE-REPROCESSEE:).....
of punched cards Why
SUB-FUNCTIONAL IMPAIRMENT. (TYPICAL).....
am I more marvelous
PROBLEM-ERUPTIVE. (NON PRE-PATTERNED. GLANDULAR).....
than any other
lab-stained animal?

a:17.3

PROCEDURE INDICATED: REPROCESSING. APPROVED: INDICATION POSITIVE)...
Yes, why not be gladly bombed
GIVEN CASE COMPUTED: CLEARED. STAMPED. (STATISTICIAN'S SIGNATURE)...
into belonging? into any doorbell, wired to birth?
GIVEN CASE (PRE-REPROCESSEE) TO BE ADJUSTED: 5.8 CORRECTIVE POINTS..
Yes, compute my
masturbations

a:17.4

PROCEDURE: IMPLEMENTED:...REPROCESSING. (CIRCUITS PROGRAMMED. SET.).
into tinseled molds of greased machine-mirth
SURGICAL EQUIPMENT: CONNECTED: (CLAMPS: LEFT FRONTAL LOBE. TYPE C.).
my trivial guilt-trickles ejaculated into skyscrapers
PRESCRIBED CIRCUIT: SWITCHED ON:"FAILURES" UNWIRED. ROOTS: RETAPED..
my chirping sewage Saved my random meat renamed
VOLTAGE: MINIMUM. (PAINLESS.) STRAY CONSCIOUSNESS CAUTERIZED.....
into some luminous post-person antiseptically free
never mind the mucous that was me Once, years ago
if only

a:17.5

OUT-PUT:...GIVEN CASE REPROCESSED. SELECTED SANITY: ADMINISTERED....
Now it is time to rise. I am completely dressed.
STABLE NEO-UNIT. (REPROCESSEE).....
I have always been glad.
I shall beget five (5) sound children by electric light.
PROGNOSIS BIO-CHEMICALLY CONFIRMED. (CORRELATE: FOR MASTER FILES.)..
(SING:) I Lift Our Flag, By Our Free Will.
When X-Bell Sounds, We Rise to Kill: for God.
TERMINAL WINK-LIGHT. (REPROCESSING IN-PUT: OPEN. INSERT NEXT CASE)..
Tomorrow there is scheduled joy and relaxation after lunch.

*(CASE NUMBER, NAME: OMIT.)

Howard Berland

SONG-BRUISES
of the STALING BEEF

Niteshit.
I am a blot.
Blink me.
Then go blind.

Who has not sniffed
the darkness
in the donut
(before / after / & before)?

Brrr! I get hot
when the decimal point
descends...

My refrigerator,
alias my rose,
my bride,
my shoes.
Smut-cake:

My corpse is not your cock--
is not / is
is / is not
I am a blot.
Niteshit.

Howard Berland

ward Berland

FREAKY PICKLED PAINT
I'M FULL OF IT
(BABY I DON'T DRY TILL TUESDAY)

I'm a pick-my-nose-nik.
I like to pick my nose
and dig those donut globs of paint
sticking up from paintings.
I bet those painters
pick their nose.
They pick their nose
with paint
and out come paintings,
WHOLE GALLONS OF GOO
and sticky pots of pickles.
PLINK--they paint
their own brains PURPLE--
T-BRAIN PAINT--watch out!
POW--- they stick paint-brushes
of rainbow spit
all over sloppy armpit pallettes,
PUMP IT
IN & OUT
of wet paint windpipes--
BLOOP! they
blow it out like whales!
One, Two, Wham--they wipe
their wet paint dreams off
all over ALL THE TABLECLOTHS
and toilet bowls--
all BELLYBUTTON YELLOW.
SQUISHHH!
They shoot hot paint
ru their PINKIES--
GULP--They pop white scream-puddle
p i l l s
of UpDown DING-DONG Paint
right down their Turquoise
TONSILS.
OZE--- They chew ice-cold 2-eye sandwiches
(hot chopped up ROLLER COASTER RED)
in greasy double gobbles
MACHINE-GUNNED full of salt & pepper paint,
and wash it all down b a n a n a - black INTESTINES
with a juicy GULP OF BLUE,
burping pints & pints
of TURPENTINE.
When they get tired
they PISS PAINT on the floor,
PUKE ORANGE on fat ladies' pots,
p e t
their WET PAINT PUSSIES
& make them Purr POP-BOTTLE GREEN.
Man, that's what paint-brush pickers do.
I pick my nose, but I don't paint.
I don't paint,
so I pick on pictures.
And all these freaky pictures
PICK MY NOSE.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WIRED TO GOD

JACK 107 SUCKS 9 PLANETS PISSES STARS

He's GOD He's GOD NEON GUT-GLOW OF THE GALAXY
HIS BLUE WOUNDS WATCH YOU

The WHOLE WIRED SKY
ONE IRON EGG
Inside His SKULL

ALL WIRES
ARE HIS WILL
ALL DARKNESS Fits INSIDE HIS SOCKETS

You Are DEAD You Are DEAD You Suck NO STARS

YOU ARE NOT WIRED

JACK SHITS FAT SHADOWS On Your STARCHED BONES

Your SKULL FUDGE Sucks Only SORROWS

YOU ARE NOT WIRED What Are YOU

Slabs of ASHTRAY WIPINGS In His GARDEN OF BURNT OUT CIGARS

Your CHOPPED MEAT STEEPLES STINK Eons RING OUT stale STOCKYARD
The S a m e T h e s a m e t h e s a m e

UNWIRED You Have NO WILL
UNWIRED YOU ARE DYING
in 9 8 7 6 5 Tiny CLOCK-FARTS Coughing
Your Deflowered Voltage DO
WIRED GET WIRED
JACK IS JUSTICE
JACK IS JUICE GET WIRED

Grey Dead Meat WAKE E X P L O S I O N WHITE EVAPO

HIS BEARD Will Be YOUR BONES
YOU ARE BORN

YOURS ALL RED GREEN WHITE BLACK WIRES SPERM-S
Kiss Your SPINAL CORD ALL GOD-Wires Bleed IN
YOURS One Billion BOILING DOTS Up-Down Your BRAIN
Old SORROWS MAGGOTS GUILT Filth BURNT
P A I N PURPLE WIRES Into Your EYES PAIN CHANGE

Thru Pain Roots POWER PERFECT WIRED WILL YOU
BLOOD UNIVERSE ELECTRIC BLISS YOU RELIT
INSIDE OUR WOMB OF WIRES

What is OUTSIDE DIES What is Not Wired KILL
YOU Are Jack's WIRES JACK'S WIRES Are Your W I L

JACK 107 SUCKS 9 PLANETS PISSES STARS
HIS SKY SITS INSIDE YOUR SKULL

NOW YOU ARE WIRED
YOU ARE WIRED
YOU ARE WIRED TO GOD

H. Berland

(COMING 1976-)

The Grammarless Language

: His Book

STANLEY BERNE

(COMING 1976)

Stanley Berne

A 41

Chapter 7

Arguing for open structure and the grammarless language requires an act of faith in an age that skeptical, is stubborn in its refusal, neurotic in its nature, torn between its wishes on the one hand,

THE GRAMMARLE
Language: HIS
Book

STANLEY

Stanley Berne

1 8/

The idea that somehow prescriptive grammar is sacred will cause it to be defended in as emotional a manner as patriotism and religion might be. Yet, what must be rationally borne in mind is that grammar is man-woman-made, something invented which was once suitable to the needs of the many, and as with any law, must be subject to ratification, reform, as the English penal codes of the 18th century.

What is difficult to understand, is that the suggestion to turn to a simpler mode of written expression was not made before, since the laws of command grammar are coming to seem both oppressive and too difficult to master for a majority of people, barbarous, even cruel-seeming to a growing majority of writers and readers alike.

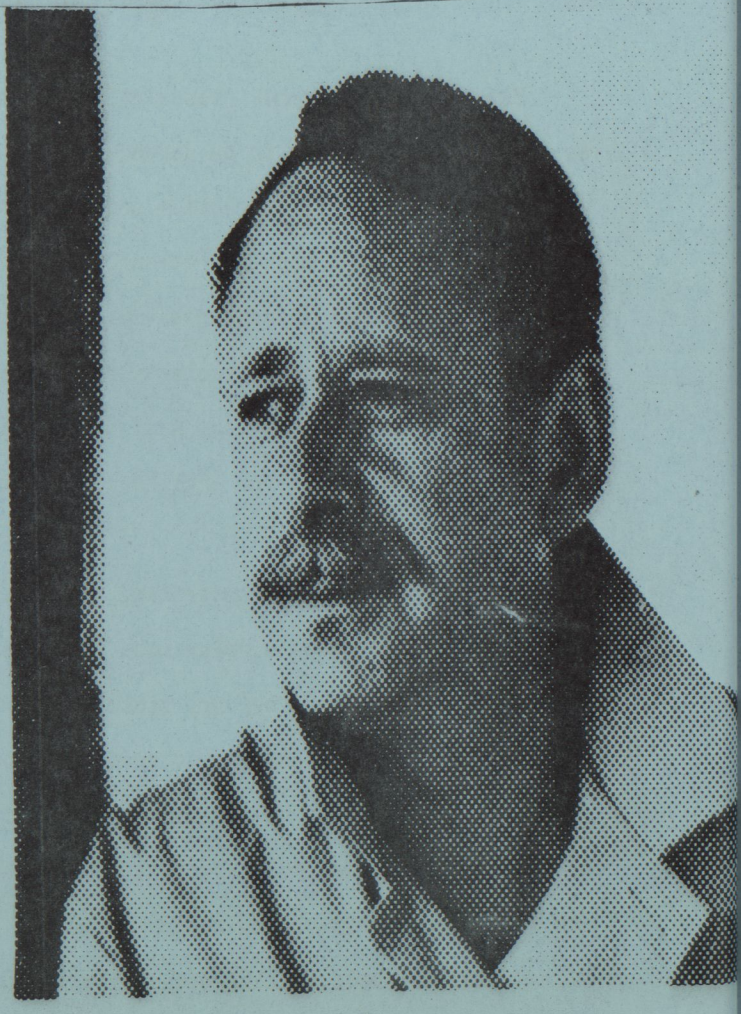
A small example of this difficulty was carried home to me as I was teaching the possessive case (the apostrophe) to my students, incoming Freshmen, who for years, as I have noticed, have been waging

The GRAMMARLESS Language: HIS Book

STANLEY BERNE

(COMING 1976)

Grammarless Language



(1923 - ?)
GEMINI

STANLEY

The sentence is a snow storm that curtains the vision of the Publishers to the cement wall toward which they are speeding.

The Sentence is the argument of Dictators to read arbitrary law to the impenitent political prisoner about to be sent to the camps.

The Sentence is restraint on feelings as handcuffs are to the author persecuted by the State, and effectively silenced by the denial of the Publishers, in the "free" world.

The Sentence is conceived as an immaculate conception, a creature of God, to be worshipped even as a commandment.

The airplane defied walking, as the imagination defies the earth-bound Sentence.

They do not speak or write Sentences on Mars.

Messages sent into space by radio are written in anti-linear

THE GRAMMARLESS Language: HiS Book

STANLEY BERNE

(Coming 1976)

Afterimage

After probing appearances and deepening vision through the "second sight" of photography, the photographer emerges as one in whom experience is a perpetual communion, with or without the lens.

Suddenly, in the midst of peak moments of joyous discrimination, everything unique begins to look like everything else, as the journey of conscious vision completes the cycle, from seeing the tiniest particulars to the embracement of the All.

With this enlightening "shock of recognition" comes the pure energy of Being. The appearances of the world implode into one great Sameness in the vibration of Eternal Being known in the awakening eye.

jeff berner

Sunday throu
in the upper 60s n
70s south. Lows mainly in the 40s.

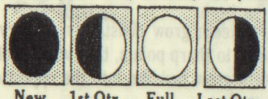
LOCAL WEATHER DATA

(Minneapolis hourly temperatures on Page 2A)

Readings Today

Record high, 98 in 1922; Record low, 41 in 1962. High year ago, 65; Low, 50. Precipitation from 1 a.m. to 7 a.m., .13 inches. 7 a.m. humidity, 87%.

Sunrise, 6:39 a.m.; Sunset, 7:44 p.m.; Moonrise, 6:32 a.m.; Moonset, 7:20 p.m.



New	1st Qtr.	Full	Last Qtr.
Sep. 5	Sep. 12	Sep. 20	Sep. 28

Readings from 1 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Highest temperature, 74 at 3:40 p.m.; Lowest, 48 at 8:30 a.m. Highest humidity, 96% at 5 a.m.; lowest, 50% at 2 and 4 p.m. Precipitation, 0 inches. Total for the month, .14; departure from no
mal, –.26. Total for year, 28.1
n normal, +8.41.

PED HEATING U
of figuring
culate

Calgary
Montreal
Regina
Winnipe
Edmonton
Ottawa
Toronto
Vancouve

Albuquerqu
Anchorage
Atlanta
Atlantic Cit
Baltimore
Boise
Boston
Brownsville
Buffalo
Burlin
Casp
Ch

9.8.75 John Crosby

Rat facts

- A rat can swim for three days before drowning.
- Rats have hierarchical social orders, with animals living closest to food supplies ranking highest in rat society. Those of low status are smaller, less prolific and less aggressive.
- A rat can leap two feet vertically from a standstill, and eight feet horizontally.
- A rat can fall from a four-story building without injury.
- Rats can gnaw through asphalt, sheetrock or aluminum.
- Rats are agile enough to walk on telephone wires.
- Rats always travel along vertical surfaces, and will often cross a trap set by a wall rather than venturing around it into an open space.
- Rats can scale the inside of sewer pipes and emerge through drains and toilet bowls into upper-story apartments.
- Rats' teeth grow constantly; if they cannot gnaw them down to sharp points, they will die of starvation as their teeth grow tusklike into the opposite jaw, locking the mouth shut.
- Minnesota has no roof rats; these rodents do not favor cool climates. We have only Norway or sewer rats.
- It is mathematically possible for one pair of rats to have 300 million descendents in three years. Fortunately, however, the rodents have a high infant mortality rate, so this reproductive explosion does not endanger man.
- Rats have "suicide squads" which taste unknown substances for the rest of the colony. If the rats die a swift or painful death, others in the colony will not touch the food. For this reason, slow acting poisons are most effective.
- The longer a rat-trap is in use, the more likely it is that a rat will approach it. Rats are shy of new objects in their environment.
- Cheese is not the best bait; try bacon or fish.
- Rats and mice are colorblind.
- It is possible for a young rat to squeeze through an opening 1/2 inch in diameter.
- If you see no rats in your neighborhood but find evidence of them, the population runs 1-100 rats; if you see them occasionally at night, there are 100-500 of them: if you see them often at night, estimate a population of 500-1,000; if you see them every night and sometimes during the day, your neighborhood is infested with 1,000-5,000 rats.
- Of all fires of unknown origin occurring in the U.S., it is estimated that rats cause 25 per cent by gnawing on electrical wires and other activities.
- The rat population of the U.S. today is estimated at 100 million.

Information provided by the Division of Wildlife Services, Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, U.S. Department of the Interior.

PREPARED PAGE IN WHICH THE ARTIST ATTEMPTS TO GAIN FREEDOM WITHOUT INSTABILITY AND CONTRIBUTES CLARITY AND CERTAINTY WHILE REDUCING REDUN

(ii) not being local nationals, shall be granted the same immu-

Section 2. *Purpose of Article*

To enable the Fund to carry out the purposes for which it is established, this Article shall be interpreted in particular in the light of the following purposes:

(i) to acquire and dispose of immovable and movable property;

(ii) to institute legal proceedings.

Section 3. *Immunity from judicial process*

The Fund, is property and its assets, wherever located and by whomsoever held, shall enjoy immunity from all forms of judicial process except to the extent that it expressly waives immunity for the purpose of any proceedings or by the terms of any contract.

Section 4. *Immunity from other action*

Property and assets of the Fund, wherever located and by whomsoever held, shall be immune from search, requisition, confiscation, expropriation or any other form of seizure by executive or legislative action.

Section 5. *Immunity of archives*

The archives of the Fund shall be inviolable.

Section 6. *Freedom of assets from restrictions*

To the extent necessary to carry out the provisions provided for in this Agreement, all property and assets of the Fund shall be free from restrictions, regulations, controls and moratoria of any nature.

Section 7. *Privilege for communications*

The official communications of the Fund shall be accorded by members the same treatment as the official communications of other members.

Section 9. *Immunities from taxation*

(a) The Fund, its property, income and its operations and transactions authorized by this Agreement shall be immune from all taxation and from all customs duties.

(b) No tax shall be levied on or in respect of salaries or payments made by the Fund to executive directors, officers or employees of the Fund who are not local subjects, or other local nationals.

(c) No immunity from taxation or any other obligation or liability shall be granted in respect of any tax which is merely a charge for services rendered, or which is levied solely because the place of the principal office or a branch office of the Fund is situated or maintained therein.

(d) No tax shall be levied on or in respect of any salaries or payments made by the Fund to any person who is not a resident of the place of the principal office or a branch office of the Fund, or who is issued or paid, or the location of any office or place of business maintained by the Fund.

Section 10. *Application of Article*

Each member shall take such action as is necessary in its own territories for the purpose of making effective in its own law the principles set forth in this Article and shall inform the Fund of the action which it has taken.

5.5175. 0 apollonia John Bailey

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A rat can swim for three days before drowning.

Rats have hierarchical social orders, with animals living closest to food supplies ranking highest in society. Those of low status are smaller, less prolific and less aggressive.

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• Rats' teeth grow constantly; if they cannot gnaw them down to sharp points, they will die of starvation as their teeth grow tusklike into the opposite jaw, locking the mouth shut.

• Minnesota has no roof rats; these rodents do not favor cold climates. Wild rats, hay or sewer rats.

• It is mathematically possible for one pair of rats to have 300 million descendents in three years. Fortunately, however, rodents have a very important mortality rate, so this reproductive explosion does not endanger man.

• Use of the "suicide squads" which taste unknown substances kill the rest of the colony. If the rats die a swift, painful death, others in the colony will not touch the food. For this reason, slow acting poisons are most effective.

• The longer a rat-trap is in place, the more likely it is that a rat will approach it. Rats are shy of new objects in their environment.

• Cheese is not the best bait; use bacon or fish.

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• The rat population of the U.S. today is estimated at 100 million.

Information provided by the Division of Wildlife Services, Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, U.S. Department of the Interior.

The provisions of this Article shall be without prejudice to the operation of Article VII, Section 5.

Article IX

STATUS, IMMUNITIES AND PRIVILEGES

Section 1. *Purposes of Article*

To enable the Fund to fulfill the functions with which it is entrusted, the status, immunities and privileges set forth in this Article shall be accorded to the Fund in the territories of each member.

Section 2. *Status of the Fund*

The Fund shall possess full juridical personality, and, in particular, the capacity:

(i) to contract;
(ii) to acquire and dispose of immovable and movable property;
(iii) to institute legal proceedings.

Section 3. *Immunity from judicial process*

The Fund, its property and its assets, wherever located and by whomsoever held, shall enjoy immunity from every form of judicial process except to the extent that it expressly waives its immunity for the purpose of any proceedings or by the terms of any contract.

Section 4. *Immunity from other action*

Property and assets of the Fund, wherever located and by whomsoever held, shall be immune from search, requisition, confiscation, expropriation or any other form of seizure by executive or legislative action.

Section 5. *Immunity of archives*

The archives of the Fund shall be inviolable.

Section 6. *Freedom of assets from restrictions*

To the extent necessary to carry out the operations provided for in this Agreement, all property and assets of the Fund shall be free from restrictions, regulations, controls and moratoria of any nature.

Section 7. *Privilege for communications*

The official communications of the Fund shall be accorded by members the same treatment as the official communications of other members.

The governors, executive directors, alternates, officers and employees of the Fund

(i) shall be immune from legal process with respect to acts performed by them in their official capacity except when the Fund waives this immunity.
(ii) not being local nationals, shall be granted the same immunities from immigration restrictions, alien registration requirements and national service obligations and the same facilities as regards exchange restrictions as are accorded by members to the representatives, officials, and employees of comparable rank of other members.
(iii) shall be granted the same treatment in respect of travelling facilities as is accorded by members to representatives, officials and employees of comparable rank of other members.

Section 9. *Immunities from taxation*

(a) The Fund, its assets, property, income and its operations and transactions authorized by this Agreement, shall be immune from all taxation and from all customs duties. The Fund shall also be immune from liability for the collection or payment of any tax or duty.

(b) No tax shall be levied on or in respect of salaries and emoluments paid by the Fund to executive directors, alternates, officers or employees of the Fund who are not local citizens, local subjects, or other local nationals.

(c) No taxation of any kind shall be levied on any obligation or security issued by the Fund, including any dividend or interest thereon, by whomsoever held

(i) which discriminates against such obligation or security solely because of its origin; or
(ii) if the sole jurisdictional basis for such taxation is the place or currency in which it is issued, made payable or paid, or the location of any office or place of business maintained by the Fund.

Section 10. *Application of Article*

Each member shall take such action as is necessary in its own territories for the purpose of making effective in terms of its own law the principles set forth in this Article and shall inform the Fund of the detailed action which it has taken.

PREPARED PAGE IN WHICH THE ARTIST ATTEMPTS TO GAIN FREEDOM WITHOUT INSTABILITY AND CONTRIBUTES CLARITY AND CERTAINTY WHILE REDUCING REDUNDA

Burger

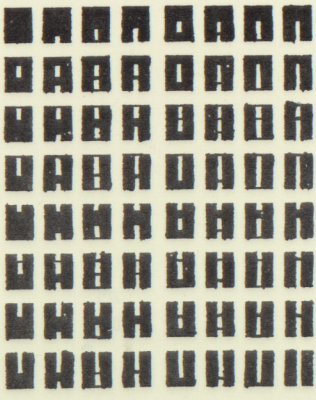
Ellsworth Avenue

It started with a bad taste in the mouth
This language parting the tongue;
Where was there to go but to the attic
Windows reaching trees
Talking, always talking to the
Mirrors, in my satin shoes and colored stones,
Talking to the pages in the fake white drawers
Because you wouldn't listen:
Muriel, with your Quaker parents, floating by,
Speaking silver tones made into napkin rings,
Elaine, not allowed animals or friends inside
Because your father still sees his prisoners die,
Jean, and mother, the comedian
Pretending her arm pulled your head from the door,
Mr. Sprague, on a porch above the hardware store
Rocking
Until garbage men took away your plastic teeth,
Mrs. Levine, because you couldn't speak English
And your son gassed himself
In his dentist chair,
Mrs. Milacci, although one daughter was crazy
And I made the other one cry
didn't you know
I would have carried roses through the snow?
I would bring you a cake on Sunday.

Grace Cavalieri

We lived on 70th then,
east of the Hudson, west
of the park. Not yet
twenty-one, on leaving home
the academic novelist-to-be
stands in the garden
before his mother's eye.
She places him, she sees him
so: sunglasses, slightly-too-large
jacket in whose corduroy
he had hopes of wearing
elbow holes to patch, behind him
on the wooden fence
that stick aimed like a cobra
at his heart. "And you thought
you were smiling," Michael says.

Allan Coleman



ru
mm
s t

door

A.F.C.

THE

"Opto magis sentire compunctionem quam scire ejus definitionem."—à Kempis.

[redacted] PASTOR.

Vol. I. DECEMBER, 1882. No. 2.

LEO PP. XIII.

AD PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.

Decretum pro inscribendis nonnullis officiis in kalendario ecclesiae universali, necnon pro corrigenda rubrica generali breviarii Romani Tit. X, de translatione Festorum.

[G.]

Nullo unquam tempore Romani Pontifices Antecessores Nostri praeteriserunt Sanctorum virorum, qui doctrina, virtute, rerum gestarum praestantia Catholicam Ecclesiam, dum in terris agerent, illustrarunt, memoriam in animis Christifidelium, eorum praesertim, quorum est caeteros exemplo anteire, quo altius possent imprimere. Id autem hac inter alias ratione consequuti sunt, eorumdem, scilicet Sanctorum festa sive in Universali, sive in Particularibus Ecclesiis indulgendo, ac vitae et rerum gestarum historiam Breviariis inserendo, ut qui divinas preces recitare tenentur, ab iis virtutum illorum, factorumque memoria cum laude quotannis repetatur. Hinc nostris etiam temporibus ea. me. Pius Papa IX. Praecessor Noster vota excipiens et preces multorum Sacrorum Antistitum, qui Romam convenerant Oecumenici Concilii Vaticani causa, peculiarem constituit Anno MDCCCLXXIV Sacrorum Rituum Congregationem, cui munus detulit expendendi utrum opportunum esset in Kalendario Ecclesiae Officia inserere non[illegible]lorum Sanctorum, qui Apostolorum the [illegible]s prae caeteris prosequuti Ecclesiae [illegible]rsae aedificandae ac tuendae, et [illegible]

LEO PP. XIII.

FOR A PERPETUAL MEMORY OF [redacted] THING.

Decree for inserting some Offices in [redacted] Calendar of [redacted] Church, and also for altering Title X of [redacted] general rubric of [redacted] Roman Breviary regarding [redacted] transferring of Feasts.

Never was there a time when [redacted] Roman Pontiffs our predecessors did not labor to impress on [redacted] minds of [redacted] faithful, and especially on [redacted] minds of those whose duty it is to guide others, [redacted] most vivid remembrance of those holy men, who, during life, were an ornament to [redacted] Church by their doctrine, their virtues, and their heroic deeds. One of [redacted] means employed to attain this end was to allow feasts in honor of these Saints to be kept either throughout [redacted] entire Church or in particular places, and inserting in [redacted] Breviary [redacted] story of their lives and deeds, that [redacted] memory of their virtues and actions may be yearly celebrated with joy by those who are bound to say [redacted] divine office. Hence, in our own day, Pius IX, our predecessor, of happy memory, yielding to [redacted] prayers of many of [redacted] bishops who assembled in Rome on occasion of [redacted] Ecumenical Vatican Council, instituted in [redacted] year 1874 a special Congregation of Sacred Rites, to which he committed [redacted] duty of inquiring into [redacted] expediency of adding to [redacted] Calendar of [redacted] Church [redacted] offices of certain Saints, whose works more than those

Lew Thomas

THE

"Opto magis sentire compunctionem quam scire ejus definitionem."—à Kempis.

THE [redacted]

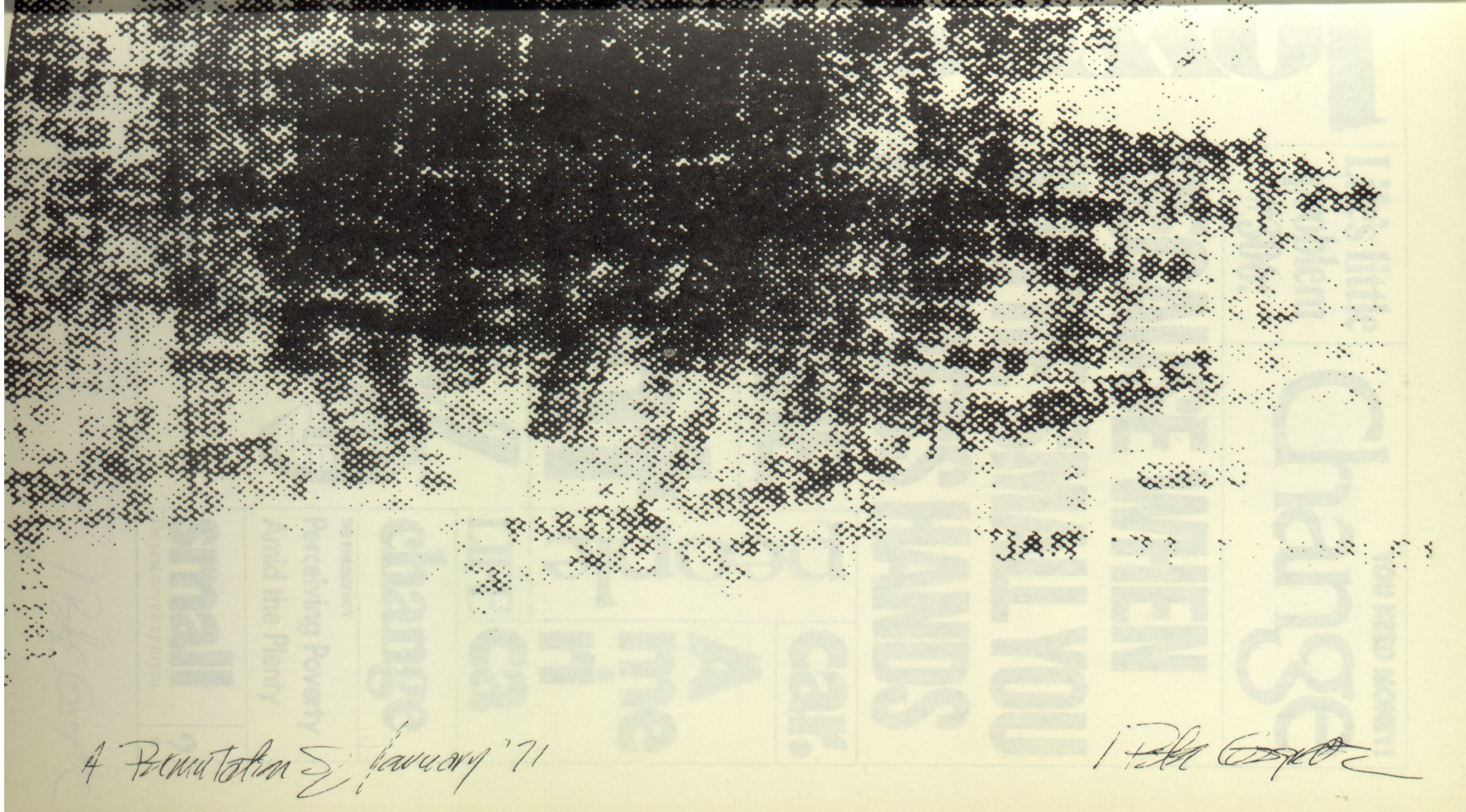
Vol. I. NOVEMBER, 1882. No. 1.

SALUTATORY.

Very Rev. and Rev. Brethren:

[redacted]

Geoffrey Cook



Life's little problem #306:

YOU NEED MONEY!

Change

lowest.

BECAUSE WHEN YOU'RE SMALL YOU HAVE LESS HANDS TO SPARE.

car.

people

America

I want

LIFE

change

THE PRESIDENCY

Perceiving Poverty Amid the Plenty

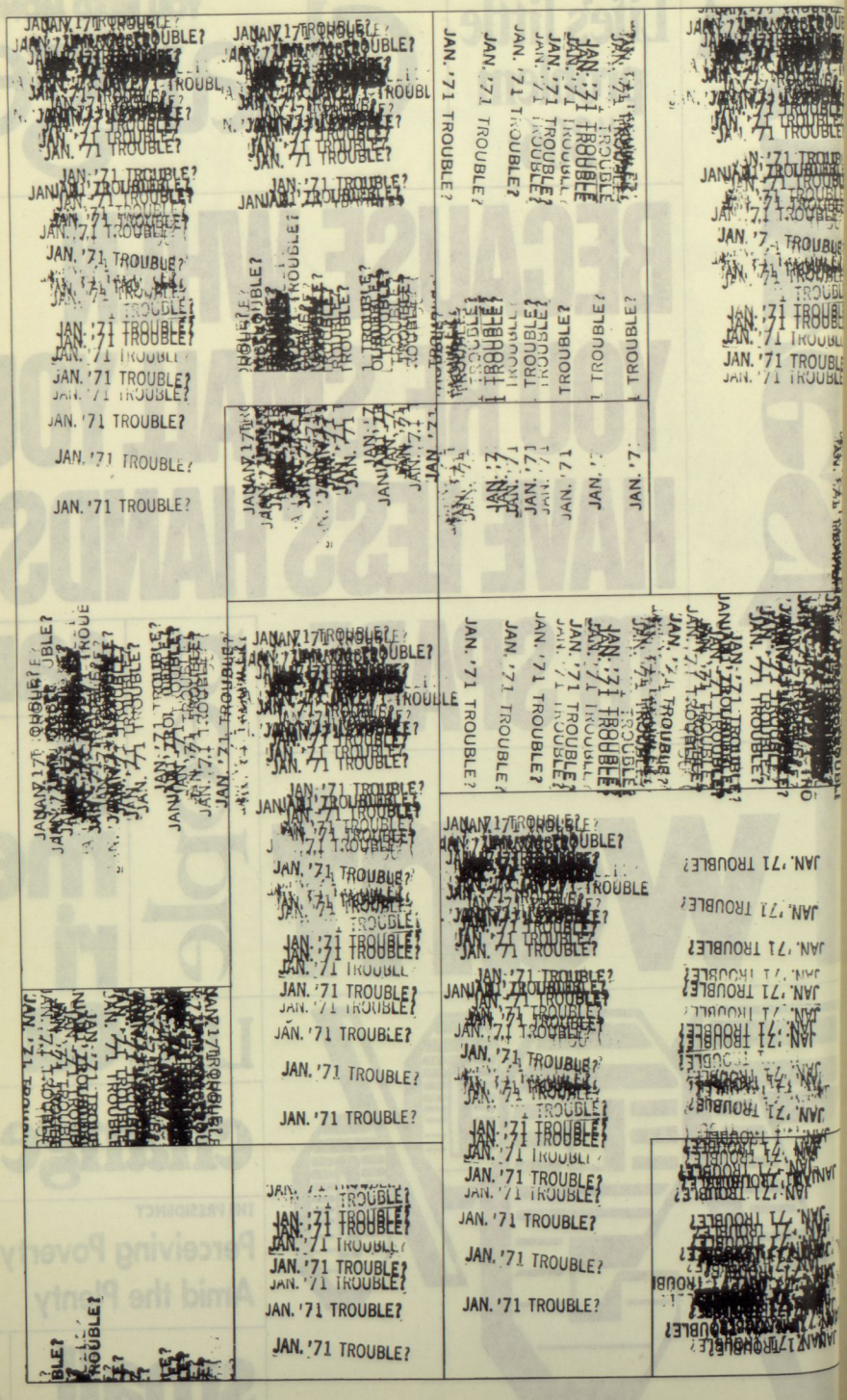
small

The next move is up to you.

?

Life's Little Problem #306

J. Walter Cooper



Trouble in January Girl

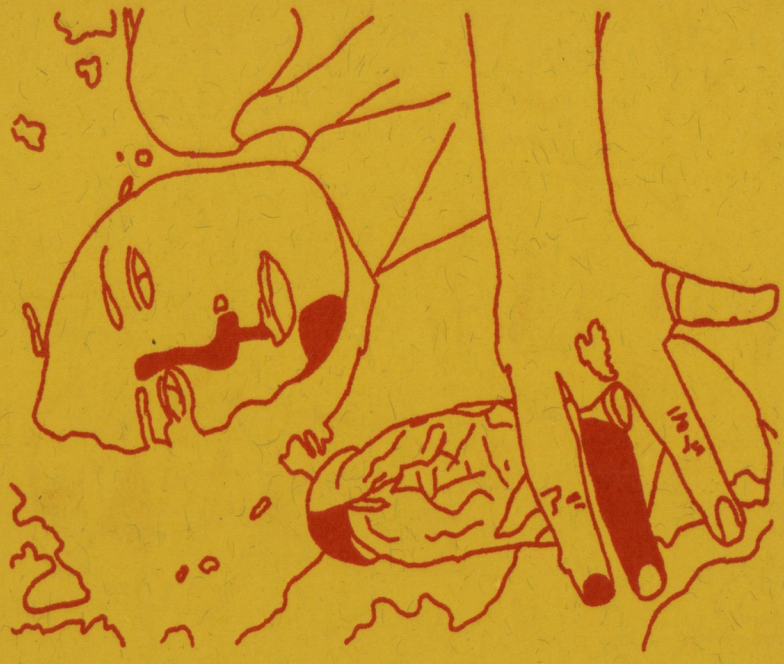
I. Peter Cooper

1 This is a sentence
2 This is a rectangle
3 This is unique
4 This is the other side
5 This is four words
6 This is T then H then I then S
7 This is a piece of original writin
8 This is white
9 This is blue
10 This is Robin Crozier

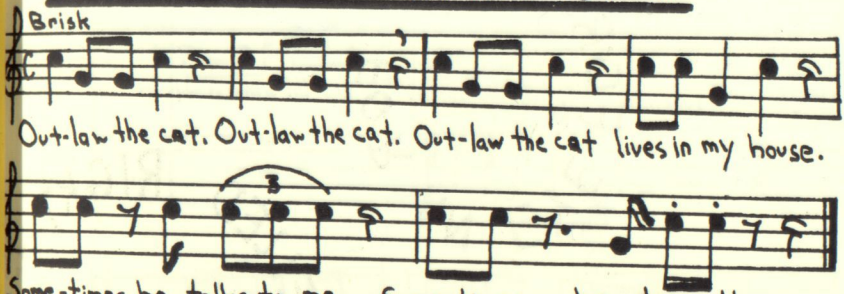
Trouble in January Girl

T. Peter Cooper

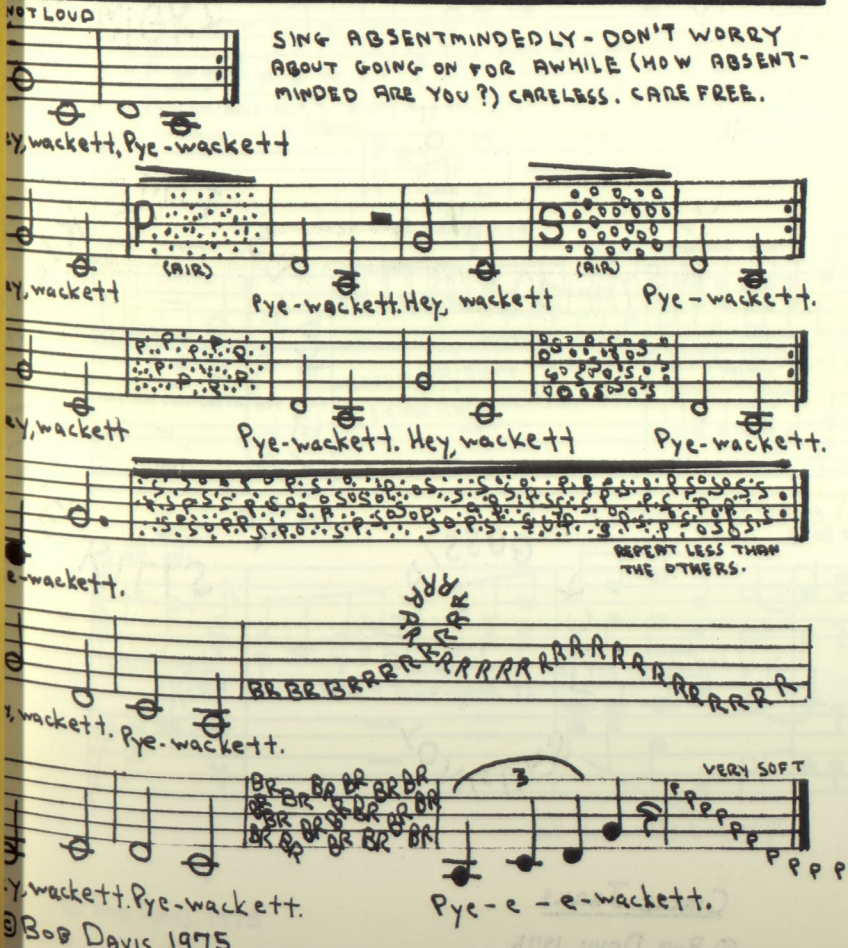
1 This is a sentence
2 This is a rectangle
3 This is unique
4 This is the other side
5 This is four words
6 This is T then H then I then S
7 This is a piece of original writin
8 This is white
9 This is blue
10 This is Robin Crozier



OUTLAW THE CAT



EWACKETT SALT & PEPPER CAT



AN EYE FOR AN EYE FOR AN EYE

NOT SPELLED RIGKT IS NOT SPELLED RIGKT

DETAILS TO FOLLOW DETAILS TO FOLLOW

TIME KILLS TIME KILLS TIME KILLS

GOSSIPING TONGUES LICK

CIRCLE JERKS

SPRING WIRE

I'd like to send a tel-e-gram to all the world's bad guys. Men who pull the wings off flies,

all the world's bad guys. THE

BUZZ. ouch!

boil their moth-ers & serve pup-py pies. I'll not talk re-li-gion & say, "Yes, we're all saved."

"Yes, we're all saved."

I won't ask 'em 'bout their dreams & say, "How de-praved." I don't re-ally care. Their fathers & their low-ers are

"How de-praved."

not my con-cern. But with mer-py peo-ple pic-nic-ing, dirt-y child-ren scream-ing the fish biting, dogs barking, all the suns a-

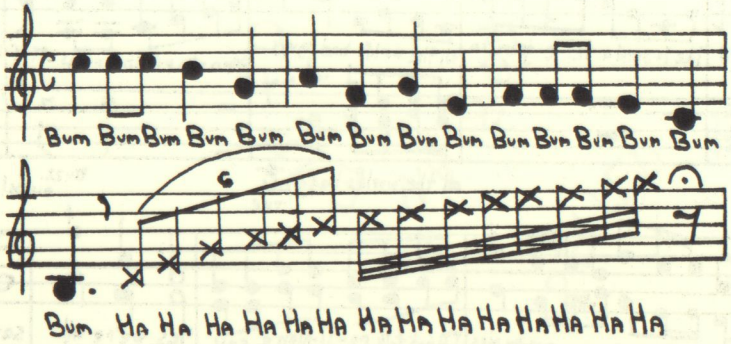
But with

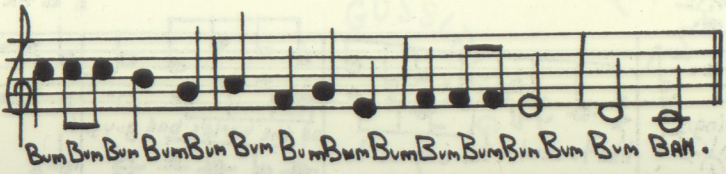
fish bit-ing, dogs bark-ing & all the suns a-

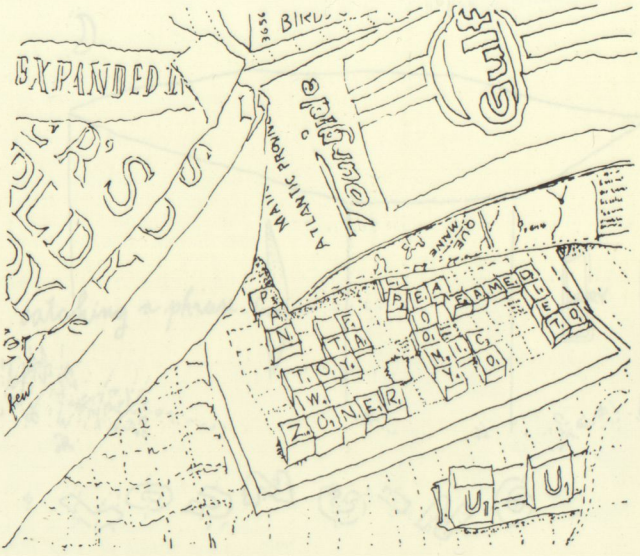
shin-ing. I'd like to send a tel-e-gram to all the world's bad guys.

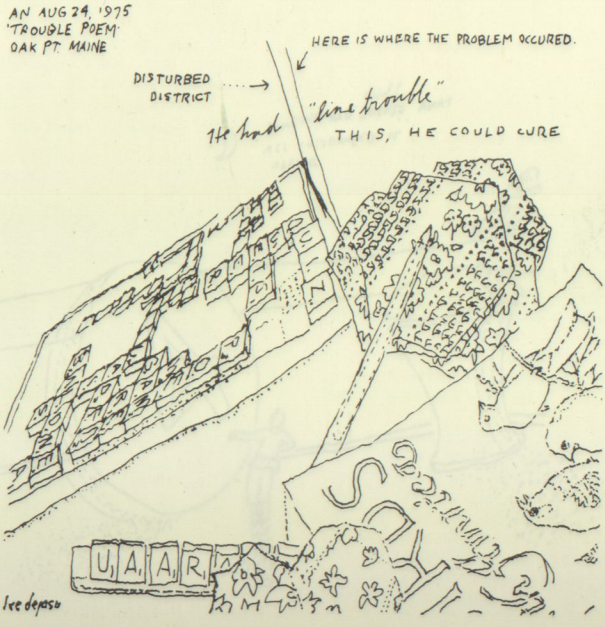
all the world's bad guys.

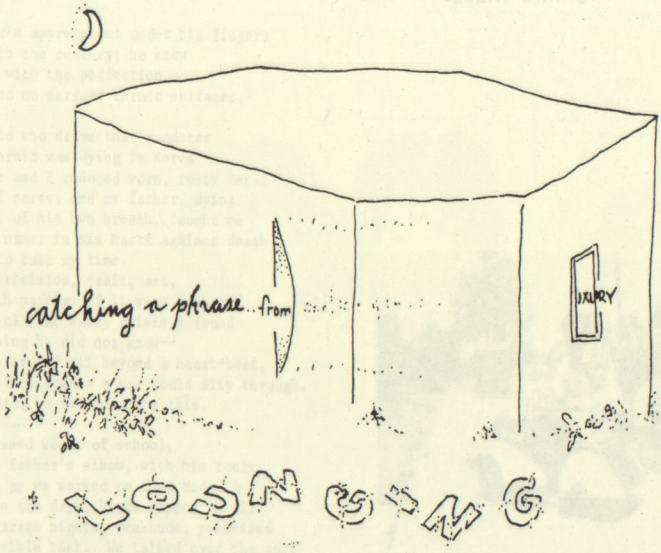
LAUGHING ROBERT

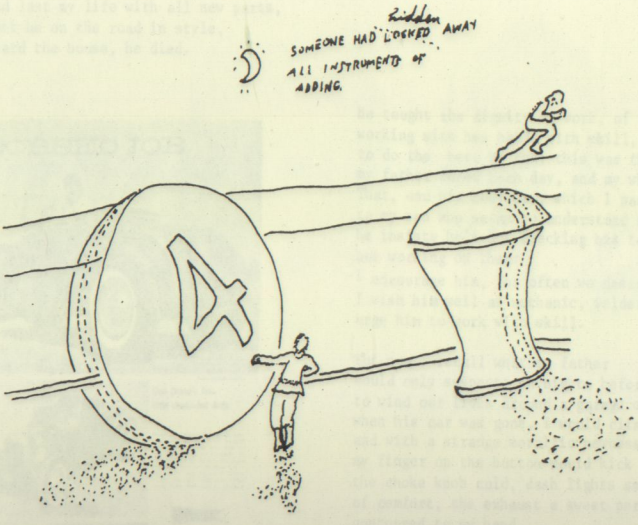












AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

ALBERT DRAKE

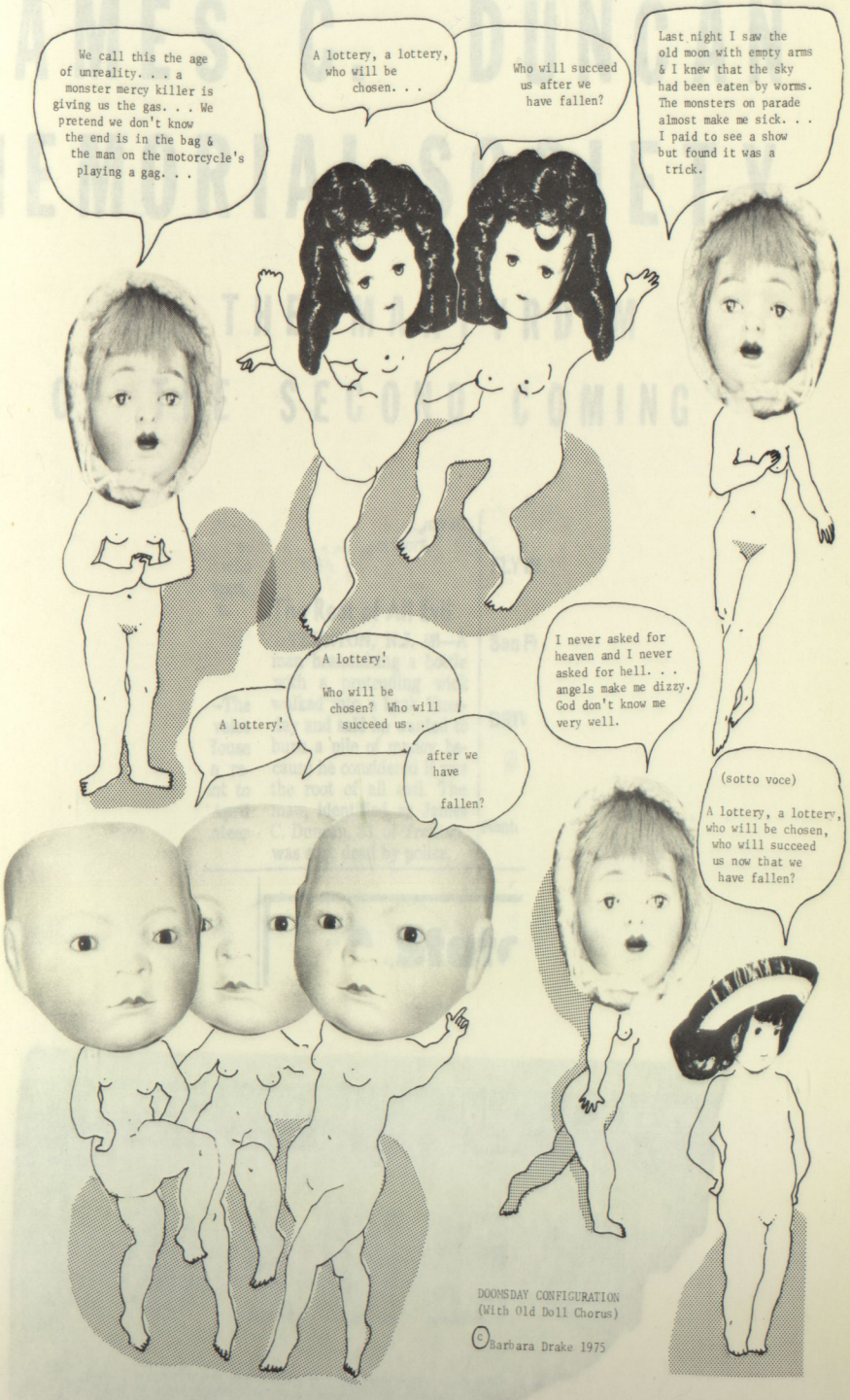
I am my father's apprentice: under his fingers
metal grew with the century; he knew
its machinery with the perfection
of gears meshed on perfect thrust surfaces.

The hoodlum kid who drove that roadster
up from California was dying in Korea
when my father and I reduced worn, rusty metal
to a garage of parts, and my father, dying
in the exhaust of his own breath, taught me
to name each name; in his haste against death
he taught me to take my time.
Believing in precision, craft, art,
we cleaned each part as if it were prepared
to outlast us all. At every crisis I found
there was nothing he did not know--
except the mystery of oil beyond a heart-beat,
that wall of black grease a man could slip through.
And as I learned, he was learning this.

That year I missed weeks of school,
learning at my father's elbow, with his tools.
From the frame up we worked on that Model A
like witches in the dark, hands dipped in oil,
haunting the garage nights, weekends, possessed
with our impossible task. We talked over the cowl
about cars he had owned--the first built from junk
and he drove it, illegal and unsafe, speeding
along back roads at night without lights.
He laughed, recalling years before I was born,
then quickly warned: "But don't you ever do that!"
Winter was a wheel rolling into summer
and when the heat baked rubber from rafters
together we had that car rebuilt, shot with blood-
red enamel. It stood low and sleek, rakish
beside his battered black sedan. Then, thinking
that car would last my life with all new parts,
that he had put he on the road in style,
he turned toward the house, he died.

He taught the dignity of work, of a man
working with his hands with skill, trying
to do the best he can: this was the test
my father faced each day, and my whole legacy.
That, and his tool-box, which I pass on
to my son who seems to understand machiney--
he insists he's not wrecking his toys
but working on them:
I encourage him, for often we destroy to rebuild;
I wish him well as mechanic, welder, poet,
urge him to work with skill.

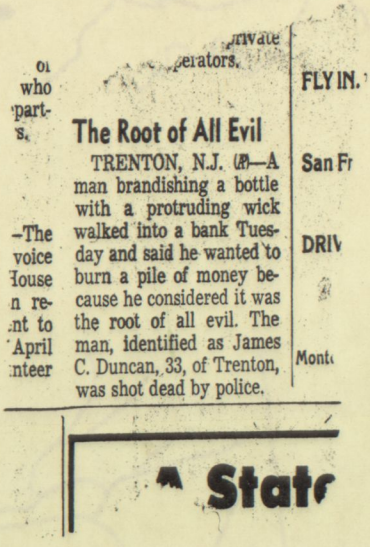
But now I recall what my father
could only suspect: on nights before we began
to wind our lives around a garage of parts,
when his car was gone, I would climb into leather,
and with a strange metallic newness
my finger on the button would kick that car alive:
the choke knob cold, dash lights small islands
of comfort, the exhaust a sweet perfume, the wheel
contoured to my hand,
I thought myself a man.
Filled with the freedom of flight, with no
license, no plates, no lights, I drove
a million furious miles around and around
the block under a whirling starry sky,
gutted exhaust smashing thought, tires crying
in the dark,
moving toward destruction.



DOOMSDAY CONFIGURATION
(With Old Doll Chorus)

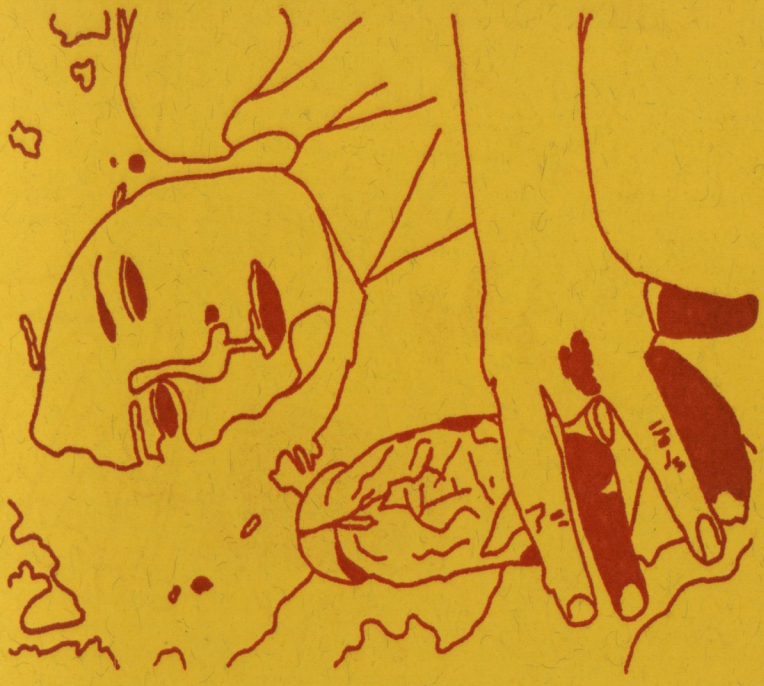
JAMES C. DUNCAN MEMORIAL SOCIETY

OF THE MARTYRDOM OF THE SECOND COMING



The Root of All Evil

TRENTON, N.J. (AP)—A man brandishing a bottle with a protruding wick walked into a bank Tuesday and said he wanted to burn a pile of money because he considered it was the root of all evil. The man, identified as James C. Duncan, 33, of Trenton, was shot dead by police.



To dance. [Colloq.]
To fly for a short distance in an airplane.
Hopping mad; enraged beyond one's self-control. [Colloq.]
n. 1. A leap on one foot; a leap; a jump; a fling.
A dance. [Colloq.]
In aviation, a trip or ride in an airplane. [Slang.]
Hop, step, and jump; the act of taking a step with one foot, a step, and a jump in succession.
n.; pl. hops. [ME. *hoppe*; M.D. *hoppe*, hop.]
In botany, a twining annual of the nettle family, *Humulus Lupulus*, cultivated for its fruit and flowers.
[pl.] The scaleliike floral parts of the hop, used in brewing and in medicine.
v.t.; hopped (hopt), pp.; hopping, ppr. To impregnate with hops.
v.i. To pick or gather hops.
back. A brewer's sieve.
bine, n. The stalk of the hop plant.


Hop (*Humulus Lupulus*).

bush, n. An Australian sapindaceous shrub whose capsules are used in place of hops.
clō'vĕr. The *Trifolium procumbens*, which resembles hops.
cushion. Same as *Hop pillow*.
dog. A device for removing hop poles. [Prov. Eng.]
drī'ĕr. A heated inclosure in which hops are placed for drying.
n. 1. An inlet; a small haven or bay; a creek. [Scot.]
A sloping plain between ridges of mountains. [Prov. Eng.]
A suffix in English place names, signifying a mound; as, Stan*hope*, Eas*thope*.
n. [ME. *hope*; AS. *hopa*, hope, expectation, from *hopian*, to hope.]
A desire of some good, accompanied with at least a slight expectation of obtaining it, or rather that it is obtainable.
Confidence in a future event; the highest kind of well-founded expectation of good:
One who or that which furnishes ground of expectation, or promises desired good; as, Hope of a nation is in its youth.
An opinion or belief not amounting to certainty, but grounded on substantial evidence; as, the Christian indulges a *hope* that his sins are pardoned.
Syn.—Expectation, trust, confidence.—*Hope* is that which is welcome; *expectation* is either welcome or unwelcome; *trust* and *confidence* imply dependence on a person or thing to be about that which is desired.
v.t.; hoped (hōpt), pt., pp.; hoping, ppr. *hopen*; AS. *hopian*, to hope, look for, expect.
To look forward with expectation and desire; to cherish a desire of good, with some expectation of obtaining it, or belief that it is attainable.
To place confidence; to trust with confidence; to expect with good.
v.t. 1. To expect with desire; to look forward to with hope.
To entertain hopes of; to anticipate the coming or occurrence of.
To imagine; to think; as, I *hope* I know what I am saying. [Colloq.]
ful, a. 1. Full of hope; having qualities to give rise to or grounds for hope or expectations of good; full of promise; promising.
Full of hope, desire, or confident expectation.
ful-ly, adv. In a hopeful manner; with hope or confidence.
ful-ness, n. The quality or state of being hopeful; promise of good.
less, hō'pĭte, n. [Named after Prof. Thomson, of Edinburgh.] A transparent, colored mineral, consisting chiefly of silica, zinc and a large proportion of water, found in the calamine mines of Altenberg, near Aix-la-Chapelle.
less, a. 1. Destitute of hope; despairing.
Giving no ground of hope; desperate; as, a hopeless condition.
n. Despairing, despairing, forlorn, desperate, discouraged, irremediable, irreparable.
less-ly, adv. Without hope; in a hopeless manner.
less-ness, n. The state of being hopeless; despair.
n. One who hopes.
well cul'tūre. A pre-historic, mound-building civilization of the Ohio Valley.
per. One who deals in hops.

hop flea bee'tle. *Psylloides punctulata*, a small flealike beetle, destructive to hops.
hop fly. An aphid, *Phorodon humuli*, destructive to hops.
hop frog. A hop frothfly.
hop froth'fly. *Aphrophora interrupta*, an insect infesting hopvines.
hop horn'bēam. The American ironwood, *Ostrya virginiana*.
Hō'pi, n. [Native name from *Hópitu*, peaceful people.] One of a tribe of Pueblo Indians living in southwestern United States and noted for their complex system of clans and religious ceremonials, their artistry in weaving and dyeing, and their abilities as farmers and herdsmen.
hōp'ing-ly, adv. With hope.
hop kiln (kil). An oven for drying hops.
Hop-kin'sī-ăn, a. and n. I. a. Of or pertaining to Dr. Samuel Hopkins (1721-1803), a Calvinist of New England, or to his doctrines.
II. n. An adherent of the theological principles maintained by Dr. Hopkins.
Hop-kin'sī-ăn-ĭsm, n. In theology, the tenets of Dr. Samuel Hopkins, who held most of the Calvinistic doctrines, even in their extreme form, but rejected the doctrine of imputed sin and imputed righteousness. The basis of the system is that all virtue and true holiness consist in disinterested benevolence, and that all sin is selfishness.
hop'lite, n. [Gr. *hoplitēs*, a heavy-armed foot-soldier, from *hoplon*, a tool, weapon.] In Greek antiquity, a heavy-armed soldier.
hop med'ick. See *Hop trefoil*, 2.
hop mil'dew. The fungi, *Sphærotheca humuli* and *Peronoplasmopara humuli*.
hop'o'ō'mȳ'thumb', n. A dwarf; a diminutive person.
hop'pēr, n. 1. One who or that which hops.
2. A wooden trough of shoe through which grain passes into a mill, so named from its moving or shaking; also, a box or frame of boards which receives the grain before it passes into the trough.
3. Any contrivance resembling a grain hopper in form or use, as (a) a box which receives apples to conduct them into a crushing mill; (b) a box or funnel for supplying fuel to a close furnace, etc.; (c) in glassmaking, a hoppet.
4. The trip of a hammer of a double-action piano.
5. A boat having a compartment with a movable bottom, to receive the mud or gravel from a dredging machine and convey it to deep water, where, upon opening the bottom, the mud or gravel is allowed to fall out; called also *hopper barge*.
6. [pl.] A game in which persons hop or leap on one leg; hopscotch.
7. In zoology, (a) a saltatorial insect, as a tree hopper, cheese hopper, grasshopper, etc.; (b) a butterfly, the skipper.
hop'pēr boy. A rake moving in a circle, used in mills to draw the meal over an opening in the floor, through which it falls.
hop'pēr clos'et. A water closet with a pan above a trap and device for flushing.
hop'pēr cock. The valve which flushes the hopper of a water closet.
hop'pet, n. 1. A hand basket.
2. In mining, the dish used by miners to measure ore in.
3. An infant in arms. [Prov. Eng.]
4. In glassmaking, a conical vessel suspended from the ceiling, containing sand and water for the use of the glass cutter.
hop pick'ĕr. One who picks hops.
hop pil'lōw. A sack or pillow filled with hops, to act as a soporific.
hop'ping, n. The act of one who hops or dances.
hop'ping, n. A gathering of hops.
hop'ping dick. *Haplocichla aurantia*, a thrush of Jamaica, much resembling the English blackbird.
hop'ple, v.t.; hoppled, pt., pp.; hoppling, ppr. To fetter by tying the feet together; to trammel; to entangle; to hobble.
hop'ple, n. [A form of *hobble*.] A fetter for the legs of horses or other animals, when turned out to graze; used chiefly in the plural.
hop'ple-bush, n. A hobblebush.
hop'pō, n. [Corruption of Chinese *hupu*, board of revenue.] In China, (a) an overseer of commerce; a collector; (b) a tribunal whose function it is to collect that portion of the public revenue arising from trade and navigation.
hop pock'et. A sack or bag for holding hops.
hop pōle. A pole inserted at the root of the hop-plant for the stem to climb.
hop'py, a. Full of hops; having a flavor similar to that of hops.
hop'scotch, n. A children's game, in which a stone is driven, by the foot of a person hopping on one foot, from one compartment to another of a figure drawn or scotched on the ground.
hop tree. *Ptelea trifoliata*, a small rutaceous tree of America, the clustered fruit of which is sometimes used as a substitute for hops.

hop trē' foil. 1. *Trifolium procumbens*, a plant of the bean family; called also *hop clover*.
2. A farmer's name for the plant *Medicago lupulina*, greatly resembling yellow clover, and abundant in waste lands and cultivated fields. It is distinguished from trefoil by its twisted legume. Called also *hop medick*.
hop vine. The stalk or plant of the hop.
hop yärd. A field or inclosure where hops are raised.
hō'rāl, a. [LL. *horalis*, from L. *hora*, hour.] Relating to an hour or to hours.
hō'rāl-ly, adv. Hourly. [Obs.]
hō-rā'rī-ous, a. In botany, enduring only for an hour or two, as the petals of *Cistus*.
hō'rā-ry, a. [LL. *horarius*, from L. *hora*, hour.]
1. Pertaining to an hour; noting the hours; as, the *horary* circle.
2. Continuing an hour; occurring once an hour; hourly.
Hō-rā'tĭăn, a. Relating to or resembling the Latin poet Horace, his poetry, or his style.
hōrde, n. [Fr. *horde*, from Turk. *ordū*, *ordī*, camp.] A tribe, clan, or race of Asiatic or other nomads dwelling in tents or wagons and migrating from place to place to procure pasturage for their cattle or for plunder; hence, a clan; a gang; a migratory crew; a multitude.
hōrde, v.i.; horded, pt., pp.; hording, ppr. To live in hordes; to huddle together like the members of a migratory tribe.
hor-dē-ā'ceous, a. [L. *hordeaceus*, from *hordeum*, barley.] Resembling barley; of or pertaining to the genus *Hordeum*.
hor-dē'ĭc, a. [L. *hordeum*, barley.] Of or derived from barley; as, *hordēic* acid, an isomer of lauric acid or identical with it.
hor'dē-in, hor'dē-ine, n. [L. *hordeum*, barley, and *-in*.] In chemistry, a modification of starch constituting about fifty-five per cent of barley meal.
hor-dē'ō-lum, n. [LL. *hordeolus*, a sty, from L. *hordeum*, barley.] In pathology, a sty; a furuncular inflammation of the connective tissue of the eyelids, near a hair follicle.
Hor'dē-um, n. [L., barley.] A genus of plants of the natural order *Gramineæ*, natives of both hemispheres. *Hordeum sativum* is the cultivated barley.
hōre, a. Hoar. [Obs.]
hōre'hound, n. Same as *Hoarhound*.
hō-rī'zŏn, n. [L. *horizon*; Gr. *horizōn* (supply *kyklos*, circle), the bounding circle, horizon, properly ppr. of *horizein*, to bound, limit, from *horos*, boundary, limit.]
1. The line in which the sky and the earth or sea seem to meet; the boundary line of one's vision on the surface of the earth; called the *sensible*, *visible*, or *apparent horizon*; hence, the limit of one's experience, knowledge, or observation.
2. In astronomy, an imaginary great circle, parallel to the sensible horizon, whose plane passes through the center of the earth, whose poles are the zenith and nadir, and which divides the globe or sphere into two equal parts or hemispheres; called the *celestial*, *astronomical*, or *rational horizon*.
3. In geology, a well-marked formation which may serve as a starting point from which to study other formations. Thus, fossils or strata which appear to be of the same age are said to be on the same *horizon*.
Artificial horizon; a contrivance for enabling a person to obtain altitudes of the heavenly bodies when the horizon is obscured by fog, or concealed by intervening land. It consists of a small hollow trough containing quicksilver or any other fluid the surface of which affords a reflected image of a celestial body. By optics it is shown that the angle subtended at the eye by a star and its image in a fluid is double the star's altitude; this angle, after being measured and halved, gives the altitude of the star.
hō-rī'zŏn glăss. In astronomy, one of two small speculums on one of the radii of a quadrant or sextant. The one half of the fore glass is silvered, while the other half is transparent, in order that an object may be seen directly through it; the back glass is silvered above and below, but in the middle there is a transparent stripe through which the horizon can be seen.
hor-ī-zŏn'tăl, a. 1. Parallel to the horizon; on a level; as, a *horizontal* line or surface.
2. Of, relating to, or close to the horizon.
3. Measured or contained in a plane of the horizon; as, *horizontal* distance.
4. Operating or situated in a level plane; as, a *horizontal* drill; a *horizontal* wheel.
Horizontal bar; a smooth, usually round bar, supported horizontally on two upright posts. It is used in gymnastic exercises.
Horizontal line; in perspective, the intersection of the horizontal and perspective planes.
Horizontal plane; a plane parallel to the horizon or not inclined to it; in perspective, a plane parallel to the horizon, passing through the

like an inverted cone or pyramid for catching and guiding noxious gases into a flue.

5. The metal covering over the engine in automobiles.

6. In shipbuilding, a name given to the foremost and aftermost planks of a ship's bottom, both inside and outside.

hood, *v.t.*; hooded, *pt., pp.*; hooding, *ppr.* 1. To dress in a hood or a cowl; to put a hood on.

The friar *hooded*, and the monarch crowned. —Pope.

2. To cover; to blind.

I'll *hood* my eyes. —Shak.

hood'cap, *n.* A species of seal, *Stemmatopus cristatus*, found in the arctic seas, so called from an appendage on the head which the male inflates when angry or excited.

hood'ed, *a.* 1. Covered with a hood; blinded.

2. In zoology, having a head or a marking that is characteristic of a hood.

3. In botany, cucullate; with the apex resembling the toe of a slipper, as in *Cypripedium*.

Hooded crow; see *Crow*.

Hooded gull; a European gull, *Larus ridibundus*, having a black head.

Hooded merganser; a bird of the goose family, characterized by a profuse covering of feathers on the head; the *Lophodytes cucullatus*.

Hooded seal; same as *Hoodcap*.

Hooded snake; any snake with a distensible neck, as the asp, cobra-de-capello, etc.

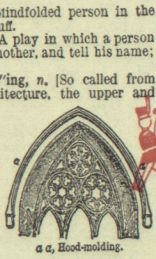
hood'less, *a.* Having no hood.

hood'lum, *n.* [Originally used in California.] A boisterous, mischievous rowdy, a lawless idler. [Colloq.]

hood'mān, *n.* The blindfolded person in the play of blindman's buff.

hood'mān-blind, *n.* A play in which a person blinded is to catch another, and tell his name; blindman's buff.

hood'mōld, hood'mōld''ing, *n.* [So called from its shape.] In architecture, the upper and projecting molding of the arch over a Gothic door or window.



a a, Hood-molding.

hoo'doo, *n.* [A variant of *voodoo*.]

1. Anything that brings bad luck; opposite of *mascot*. [Colloq.]

2. A fantastic formation of volcanic rock modified by erosion. [Western U. S.]

hoo'doo, *v.t.* To give or bring bad luck to. [Colloq., U. S.]

hood'wink, *v.t.*; hoodwinked (-winkt), *pt., pp.*; hoodwinking, *ppr.* 1. To blind by covering the eyes.

We will blind and *hoodwink* him. —Shak.

2. To cover; to hide. [Obs.]

For the prize I'll bring thee to,
Shall *hoodwink* this mischance. —Shak.

3. To deceive by external appearances or disguise; to impose on.

hood'wōrt, *n.* An American plant, *Scutellaria lateriflora*; called also *skullcap* and *madweed*.

hood'y, *n.* The hooded crow; called also *hoodie crow*. [Scot.]

hoof, *n.* [ME. *hoof, hof*; AS. *hof*, a hoof.]

1. The horny substance that covers or terminates the feet of certain animals, as horses, oxen, sheep, goats, deer, etc.

2. A hoofed animal; a beast.

3. In geometry, an ungula.

On the hoof; alive; unslaughtered; said of beef cattle.

hoof, *v.t.* To walk, as cattle. [Rare.]

To hoof it; to go afoot; to walk.

hoof'bound, *a.* Having pain in the fore feet, occasioned by the dryness and contraction of the hoof.

hoofed (hōft), *a.* Furnished with hoofs.

hoof'less, *a.* Destitute of hoofs.

hook, *n.* [ME. *hok*; AS. *hoc*, a hook.]

1. A piece of iron or other metal bent into a curve for catching, holding, or sustaining anything; as, a *hook* for catching fish; a tenter *hook*; a pot*hook*, etc.

2. A snare; a trap. [Rare.]

3. A curving instrument for cutting grass or grain; a sickle; an instrument for cutting or lopping; as, a grass *hook*.

4. That part of a hinge which is fixed or inserted in a post.

5. A field sown two years running. [Prov. Eng.]

6. Any hook-shaped termination, as (a) the end of the thighbone in cattle; (b) a curved sandy promontory; as, Sandy *Hook*; (c) in music, the flaglike appendage to the stem of a written note.

By hook or crook; see under *Crook*.

Hook and eye; a device for fastening garments, consisting of two small metallic parts, one hooking into the other.

Hook-and-ladder company; a company of firemen equipped with a carriage or truck holding ladders and long poles with hooks for tearing away parts of a building in order to extinguish fire.

On one's own hook; by oneself; independent of any assistance.

To get off the hooks; (a) to die; (b) to get out of working order; to become unhinged, as a gate; hence, to meet with misfortune or disaster. [Slang.]

hook, *v.t.*; hooked (hookt), *pt., pp.*; hooking, *ppr.* 1. To catch with a hook; as, to *hook* a fish.

2. To seize and draw, as with a hook.

3. To fasten with a hook, as a dress.

4. To steal. [Slang.]

5. To toss or gore with the horns; as, he was *hooked* by a steer.

To hook it; to decamp. [Slang.]

To hook on; to fasten by or as by a hook.

hook, *v.i.* 1. To bend; to be curving.

2. To become fastened as by a hook.

3. To be in the habit of tossing with the horns; as, the cow was never known to *hook*.

Hooks.

hook'a, hook'ah, *n.* [Ar. *huqqa*, a pipe for smoking, a casket.] A pipe in which the smoke of tobacco is made to pass through water for the purpose of cooling it; a water pipe.

hook' bill, *n.* 1. Any bird with a curved bill.

2. A spent male salmon whose jaws have become hooked.

hook'-billed, *a.* Having a curved beak.

hooked (hookt), *a.* 1. Bent into the form of a hook; curvated; as, the claws of a beast are *hooked*.

2. Furnished with hooks.

hook'ed-ness, *n.* The state of being bent like a hook.

hook'er, *n.* 1. One who or that which hooks; one who uses a hook, a fisherman.

2. A pilferer. [Slang.]

3. A strong, copious drink. [Slang.]

hook'er, *n.* [D. *hoeker*, from *hoek*, a hook.] A vessel or boat; (a) a Dutch vessel with two masts; (b) an English fishing boat with one mast; (c) any old dilapidated boat.

hook'ey, *n.* Same as *Hockey*.

hook'let, *n.* A small hook or hook-shaped process.

hook'-nōsed, *a.* Having a nose curving downward toward the mouth; having an aquiline nose.

hook'um, *n.* [Hind. *hukm*, a command, decree.] In India, an official order.

hook'up, *n.* In radio, a system of broadcasting, the purpose of which is to send out a single program over an area much larger than one station could cover; each of a group of stations picks up the original broadcast and re-transmits it.

hook'wōrm, *n.* The *Necator Americanus*, a human parasite found in the soil of the sandy barrens and pine woods of the southern United States.

Hookworm disease; a disease produced by the hookworm boring through the skin of the foot, circulating in the blood and finally attaching itself to the intestinal membranes, where it sucks the blood and poisons the system with its waste products.

hook'y, *n.* [From *hook it*, to decamp.] A truant; used only in the phrase, *to play hooky*; that is, to absent oneself from school without leave. [Slang.]

hook'y, *a.* Full of hooks; pertaining to hooks.

hool, *n.* Husk; hull. [Obs.]

hoo'lock, *n.* [From native name.] A species of gibbon, *Hylobates hoolock*, found in Assam.

hoo'lee, [Hind. *holī*.] A festival in honor of Krishna, held by Hindus about the time of the vernal equinox, celebrated by singing, dancing, practical joking, and more or less obscenity.

hoo'li-gān, *n.* A rowdy; a hoodlum; a rioter. [Eng. Slang.]

hoom, *n.* Home. [Obs.]

hoop, *n.* [ME. *hoope, hope*; D. *hoep*, a hoop.]

1. A band of wood or metal used to confine the staves of casks, tubs, etc., or for other similar purposes.

2. A strip of whalebone, steel, etc., used formerly in manufacturing hoop skirts; in the plural, a hoop skirt; as, she wears *hoops*.

3. Something resembling a hoop; a ring; anything circular.

4. The quantity of drink in a hooped quart measure up to the first hoop.

5. An old English measure of capacity. [Obs.]

6. The casing around a pair of millstones; also, the band around the rotating millstone.

7. A child's plaything, used for trundling.

8. Thin steel strips folded up into fourteen foot lengths.

9. In croquet, a wicket or arch.

Hoop withe; a shrub of the Old World tropics. Its berries are used in the Philippines as fish poison.

hoop, *v.t.*; hooped (hōpt), *pt., pp.*; hoping.

1. To bind or fasten with hoops; as, to *hoop* a barrel or a tub.

2. To clasp; to encircle; to surround.

hoop, *v.i.* Same as *Whoop*.

hoop, *v.t.* Same as *Whoop*.

hoop, *n.* 1. Same as *Whoop*.

2. A bullfinch. [Prov. Eng.]

hoop, *n.* See *Hoopoe*.

hoop ash. The North American tree, *Fraxinus nigra*, the tough wood of which is in making hoops.

Hoop-Costume, end of 19th c

hoop'ēr, *n.* One who hoops casks or tu cooper.

hoop'ēr, *n.* [So called from its cry.] C *columbianus*, the whistling swan of Am also the whooper, *Cygnus cygnus*.

hoop'ing, *n.* 1. Hoops.

2. The material for making hoops.

3. The hoops or rings around the breec modern guns of large caliber.

hoop'ing cough (kof). See *Whooping cough*.

hoop iron (-īrn). Iron in thin strips from w hoops are made.

hoop'koop plant, hoop'coop plant. [O unknown.] An Asiatic plant of the bean ily, *Lespedeza striata*, naturalized in sou United States, where it furnishes food cattle; called also *bush clover*.

hoop'le, *n.* [Dim. of *hoop*.] A child's hoop trundling.

hoop lock. The notched fastening of a wo hoop.

hoop'oe, hoop'oo, *n.* [OFr. *huppe*, hup *upupa*; a hoopoe; prob. imitative of its A bird of the genus *Upupa*, whose he adorned with a beautiful crest, which it erect or depress at pleasure.

hoop pet'ti-coat. Same as. *Hoop skirt*.

hoop pine. A large coniferous tree of Aus *Araucaria Cunninghami*, remarkable f strong fine-grained timber and for its fruit called also *Moreton Bay pine*.

hoop pōle. A small young tree cut for hoops.

hoop skirt. A kind of skirt stiffened wi panded by means of hoops of cane, w bone, or steel.

hoop snāke. A snake of southern United St *Abastor erythrogrammus*, of the family *bridæ*; named from an erroneous belief it moved by taking its tail in its mouth rolling along like a hoop.

hoop tree. A subtropical shrub or tree o genus *Melia*.

hōor, *n.* and *v.* [Obs.] See *Hoar*.

hoose, hooze, *n.* A disease of cattle a the lungs, caused by the presence on the m membrane of minute hairlike worms ha from eggs found on damp grass.

hoose' gow, *n.* [Slang] A local jail; a p a lockup; a guardhouse; penitentiary.

Hoo'sier (-zhēr), *n.* [Origin obscure.] A habitant or a native of the state of India or to the state of Indiana; as, a *Hoosier*.

Hoo'sier Stāte. A nickname for the St Indiana.

hoot, *v.i.*; hooted, *pt., pp.*; hooting, *ppr.* *houten, huten*; Sw. *huta ut*, lit., hoot out *hut*, begone!]

1. To cry out or shout in contempt.

2. To cry as an owl.

hoot, *v.t.* To drive or pursue with shouts uttered in contempt or derision; to mock.

hoot, *n.* 1. A cry or shout in contempt.

2. The cry of an owl.

hoot, *interj.* An exclamation expressing pointment, surprise, impatience, or lity; equivalent to *fie, tut, pshaw*, etc.

hoot owl, hoot'ing owl. An owl that as distinguished from a *screech owl*.

hoove, hoov'en, *n.* [From *heave*.] A dis cattle consisting in the excessive inflat the stomach by gas, ordinarily caused b ing too much green food; tympany.

hoov'en, hō'ven, *a.* Affected with hoo *hooven* cattle.

hop, *v.t.*; hopped (hopt), *pt., pp.*; hopping.

1. To leap or skip over; as, to *hop* a ditch

2. To carry or move (a thing) with a h motion; as, to *hop* a stick along a fence a tool in cutting teeth in metal.

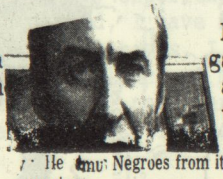
hop, *v. i.* [ME. *hoppen*; AS. *hoppian*, leap, dance.]

1. To leap or spring on one foot.

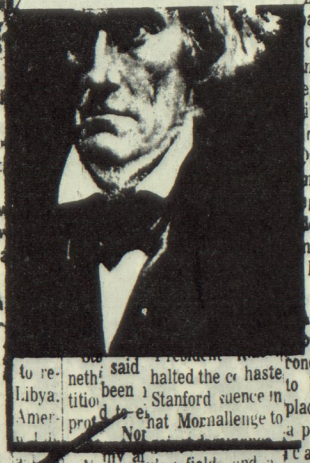
2. To leap; to spring forward by b skip, as a bird or a toad.

3. To walk lame; to limp; to halt.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN PUTTING DOWN CONVENTIONAL FICTION WHO NEEDS IT



ESPecially on a bright morning when
garden Harry Haller awoke to find that
awoke especially to find anything only
taway. See. He had been all this time
season, turning and turn-
kay, you are not being
round at cocktail parties
isely, although you can
ir thickens and constant
oprieties onto the ver-
nd seaview pathways that
sts.



ELDER/LITERARY CONTEXT 70-75

OTHER(AUTOBIOGRAPHY) FICTIONS

Twenty-five centimeters consumes the distance between the base of her calcaneus and the furthest extension of the great phala nge. As far as my experience goes, it isn't a great distance. On the other hand, I have never been much given over to matter s of the feet. At times, I think a little fetishism might deci sively tip the balance of my gemini personality. If that's act ually desirable. I note here that seventy-six centimeters abov e the heel the first interesting patch of hair begins.

•

The corydoras aeneus in the bedroom aquarium are dying, almost one each day. Invariably, they expire where the rise tube from the undergravel filter blocks the rear corner of the tank and prevents the dip net from reaching them. In most cases, althou gh there are exceptions, they fester to the surface within a w eek. As a sort of compensation for their deaths, I have begun to litter the living room with plants even though I have very little doubt that they, too, will be close to death before the se fragments are finally assembled. Glancing into my notebook, I notice that I've copied the following: P28, half-life of 0.2 8 seconds; P29, 4.5 seconds; P30, 2.5 minutes; P32, 14.3 days; P33, 2.5 days; P34, 12.4 seconds. For some reason, the pteroph yllum scalare in the same tank show no signs of ill-health wha tsoever.

•

This morning I woke about 9:15 and discovered that heavy rains were falling which will eventually total close to three inches by noon. I can't recall any dreams, which is unusual. As is th e fact I slept well. Probably the result of just enough beer a t last evening's party. Frequently, it's the only way I do man age any sleep, a trick I picked up in England. Bloat the stoma ch and contract the mind. Given world enough and time, there's no unmanageable euphoria. Ordinarily, I covet these early morn ing rains in bed on the weekend. At the moment, however, I fin d myself looking through the blinds and out the window, wonder ing where Carlyle is and how he's doing.

•

-anteal-

-ualper-

-ernsub-

-izetri-

-arynon-

-irepre-

-unness-

•

Phosphorus was first prepared in elemental form in 1669 by the

loris essary

alchemist Hennig Brand of Hamburg who used the residue from ev aporated urine as the source of the element. When pure, the or dinary variety is a colorless, semi-transparent waxy solid at room temperature, but is usually slightly yellow because of im purities present. These flaws notwithstanding, the hope that i t might be the long-lusted-after Philosopher's Stone took an i nordinately long number of years to subside.

•

This afternoon Eleanor called and invited us to a party.

•

Of all the abstractions that threaten me, none holds as much u nrelieved terror as "culture." After all, the word and the ima ge are one. The only relief I ever obtain comes from slipping into the library at night and glancing through a certain book- I forget the exact title-in which two social scientists-Kroebe r is one-have cataloged all definitions of the concept up thro ugh 1958. Some of the definers have more than one conceptualiz ation, a few producing as many as eight or nine variants. Such imprecision reassures me.

•

I began a story early this year something like this: "A drunke n Swede accompanied her on the piano. If she'd talent, any abi lity at all, she wouldn't have been in this cafe way out in Ta cuba in the first place...." Nothing much came of it in the wa y of publication. Jean would have been pleased.

•

After the phone call, actually the need made itself evident be fore she rang off, I went to sit in the bathroom. Picking up F rederick Barthelme's Rangoon and opening it at random, I read: "Optional Positivism." Now that sounds very good, but I wonder why it's illustrated with a caricature of a naked woman lighti ng a cigarette from a candle located dangerously close to her misshapen breasts?

•

9/21/75: The Six Million Dollar Man...Steve tries to help his sweetheart Jaime cope with painful memories.

•

"if the cathedral at Salisbury lacks the geology of a better m ason/or the splendor that the brush of Roualt might give/still there are other things to be said//They are very serious in th e town over the collection for/the annual cancer drive//and, f rom the look of the church/it might well return to dust at any moment"

•

And so he says to me: "Have you heard the one about the prince ss who wants to marry a potato?" "No," I answer. "Well," he sa ys, "it seems as though the king had decided that at age eight een his daughter was old enough to get with it and produce an heir to the throne. So he told her that tournaments would be h eld, lavish balls thrown, round tables squared and she could h ave her pick of the noblest knights of his realm. She thanked him graciously but declined, allowing as how she'd prefer the connubial joys of a potato. The king was astounded, he couldn'

Conversation, not compulsion. Is what the poet strives for. Not a seduction or an execution. A game of tennis, that most beautiful game, but more a rally than a Match. No one wins. There are just good shots.

But the problem is you have to hit the ball back and I have this story to tell.

This morning at the park there were four kids practicing baton passing (for a relay they were going to be running on Saturday, I discovered later on). But instead of approaching the problem scientifically they were running down each other's heals and dropping the baton.

You have to try to visualize this yourself because if I stop to draw it all out, this'll get dull. Promise. I've tried.

Wait, imagine Paul Winder passing the baton to Dave Sime at the Penn Relays. It's 1959. As Winder approaches Sime drops his left hand burning up the cinders & for an instant as Winder pulls up along side they melt into each other as Winder brings up the baton up between Sime's thumb and forefingers. In fact, it would look like just one man running if Winder wasn't black and Sime white.

Anyway, that's what I was trying to get them to do, but before we even got started, I had to make sure they could see what it looked like.

Now about that story I was going to tell you.

Sucking on a cherry pit the next word here is missing because English has no pronoun to express the 3rd person singular without reference to sex, so what you'll have to do is fill in one of your favorite people and picture them sucking on a cherry pit sitting on a park bench while you're breathing the same air

possibilities

directions
how long have we known each other?
what's better, mushrooms or eternity?

What we're dealing with is not things, but minds. What else?

the beauty of the kalimba
the simplicity of it
no matter what notes you play
they sound fine

the way bodies fit together at all
angles

"The Original Refresher Course."

History.

When man needed transportation, he invented the wheel. When man needed warmth, he discovered fire. And when man needed real refreshment, he invented the real thing. Coca-Cola.

English.

Coca-Cola (Kōka-Kōla)
Coke (Kōke): trademarks which identify the same dark-colored, delicious, carbonated soft drink.
This unique tasting soft drink gives real refreshment, pleasure, fun, quenches thirst, it's the real thing.

The classic bottle.

Math.

Man X is working in the sun where it is 97°
Man Y is working in the shade where it is 92°
Both X and Y then have a bottle of Coca-Cola, (ideally served at 34°).
Construct an equation:

X+Y+refreshing Coca-Cola
=X+Y−thirst.

Poetry.

It's the real thing.
In the back of your mind,
What you're hoping to find,
Is the real thing.

It's the real thing.
That's the way it should be.
What the world wants to see,
Is the real thing.

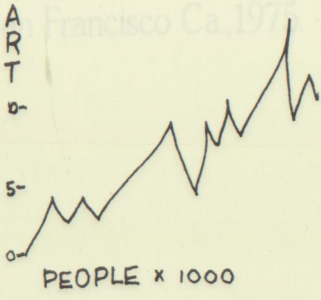
It's the real thing.
Coke.
Trade-mark®

Manuel Fishman
365 West End Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10024

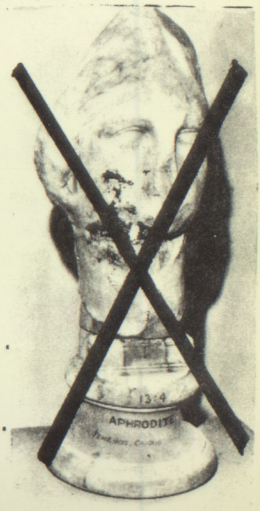
➔ Attention Art Lovers ➔

How many times have you wished you could own real art but never thought you could afford it?

Now through the miracle of Modern Art Technology you can have **genuine art** in your home at below wholesale prices.



As this chart indicates— art by the pound is your best investment, especial- in these inflationary times.



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Not even $10..
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So act fast! Send $1.98 per pound to.....

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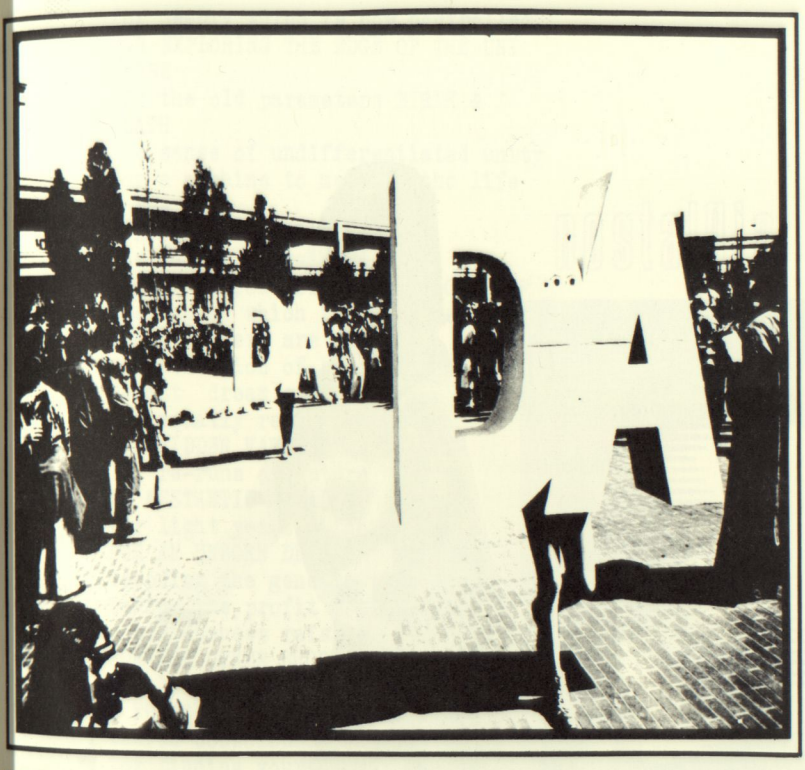


The DADA Bros.

at the Banana Olympics, San Francisco Ca., 1975.

TIM MANCUSI

BILL GAGLIONE

MAMA & DADA

for memory which is now controlled
FOR EXPLORING THE EDGE OF THE UNI
VERSE
for the old parameters BIRTH &
DEATH
the sense of undifferentiated unity
for a machine to measure the life
force
FOR THE RIGHT BRAIN
for the left brain
FOR DIMENSIONS BIGGER THAN ONESELF
the center which is everywhere &
whose borders are nowhere
the sensation of belonging to dif
ferent dream systems
for equally real realities
THE HIDDEN VARIABLE IN MATTER
for re-runs of future history
AN AESTHETIC MORALITY
for light years without tenses
FOR AN UNBORN DESIRE
decoding the genetic plan
taking the profit motive out of
consciousness raising
FOR THE OTHER SHORE
for long after we are no longer
A FUSION OF INSIGHT & INSTINCT
shared consciousness
for finding yourself at the mom-
ent you give yourself
CONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT AN OBJECT
for energy's eternal delight
the circumference of the body
FOR THE GALERIE CLONE
for the time when the universe
came into being
DANGEROUS UNCERTAINTY RELATIONS
for a magnetic charge
for that portion of the soul not
call'd body
DISENGAGING FROM THOUGHT feeling
& memories
the union of conscious & uncon-
scious will
for extraterrestrial contact
for vibes that agree with actions
FOR UNDIVIDED WHOLENESS
for the DIFFERENCE
a timeless media
for overtaxing our mind's capacity
for abstraction
AN ELECTRONIC DEMOCRACY
for experience of the opposites
for the ladder of hypernumbers
for the place of spells
FOR NEW REALITY MADE OF CONSCI-
OUSNESS
for life as a property of the body
for a time when no image could be
formed on this side of the MIRROR

Liam O'Gallagher

8/18/74

Scrabble at Sunken Meadow

```
                J A D E       A X
              Z I P     T A U T
            B E G E T   R
              R     O   A M
            I O N   N   P A L E
    F O O D     W E B S     Y
                A       V I E D
  R I D E S     I F         U
            H   T     C   W O N
      G R A I L S     O     K
      A   M       Q U I E T S
  C O L T         G
      L           H I V E
  Y E S             I N N
                  R E
```

Score

K	G	E	B
10	7	17	5
31	20	32	15
63	24	47	31
79	53	63	49
97	83	78	55
106	-	92	62
141	123	103	82
153	133	-	88
165	136	-	-
-	142	-	-
-2	-	-2	-2
163	142	124	86

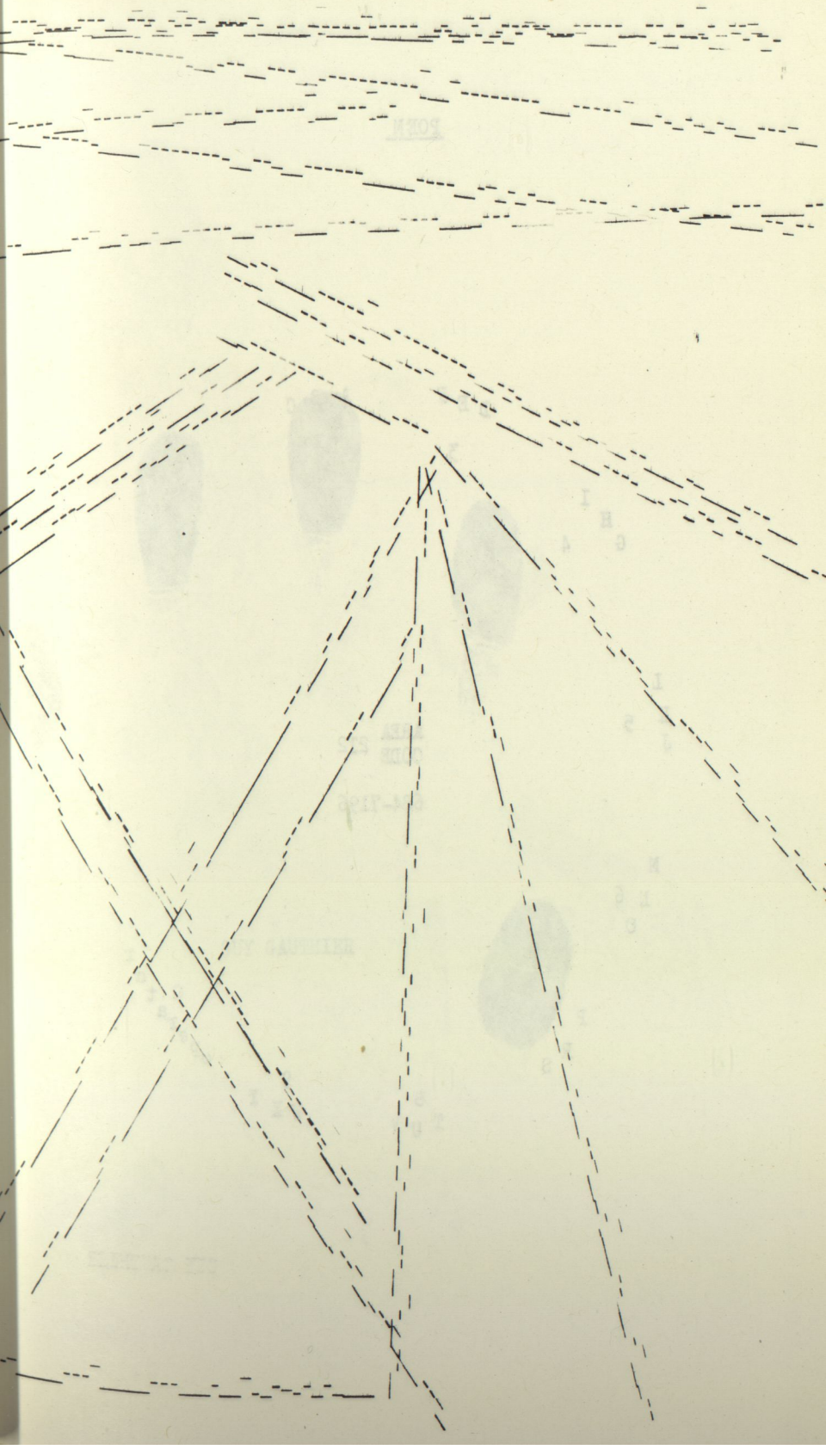
GUY GAUTHIER

POEM

	[	@	#	$	%	¢	&	*	(	)	—	+	BACK
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	-	=	SPACE
TAB	Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P		° !	RETURN
LOCK	A	S	D	F	G	H	J	K	L		: ;	" '	
SHIFT		Z	X	C	V	B	N	M	' ,	.		? /	SHIFT

GUY GAUTHIER

GUY GAUTHIER



POEM

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684-7196

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CUY GAUTHIER

GUY GAUTHIER

DANIELA GIOSEFFI

POEM FOR RICHARD #43

"Often a woman drifts off down her
long hair and is lost."

Bill Knott (1940-66)

A woman's dreams break over her and
ebb away...love, youth, Richard.

In femoral jungles, light and
shadow play chess. A man's mind is
present, judging what wet viscera
the earth sends out of herself.
He exhales the fate of unknown
cities and races at a glance,
poisons future gods.
The vines go on clinging to the trees.
They know who to back.

We live, we burn our dreams, our
warm bodies break over us and
ebb away... love, youth, Richard.

After your death, your hands
shall escape to become namelss.
Will they have quickened earth's ecstacy
or will they have pushed a woman adrift
down her long hair
to be lost?

The News That Fit

Vol. 1, No. 1 A Semi-Occasional Roundup of Compleat News Stories Compiled by John English

Origin of a Phrase

CHICAGO (UPI)–"Bringing home the bacon" originally referred to a pig, not a paycheck. The phrase grew out of the practice at rural fairs of giving the porker he had caught to the winner of the greased pig contest.

Farms Within City Limits

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI)–Although San Francisco is densely populated and occupies only 45 square miles, there are still two thriving farms within the city limits.

Postman Knows His Dogs

PUEBLO, Colo. (AP)–A letter mailed in Arvada, Colo., addressed "Tom and Jeanne Hickman, second house north of 24th on the odd side of Greenwood and with a big, dumb white dog in Pueblo, Colo." was delivered. Mrs. Hickman said the missive was from her brother. She also said their canine was so stupid it bore the name of "Dumb-Dumb."

An Egg Within an Egg

SAN ANTONIO, Tex. (AP)–A White Rock chicken belonging to a San Antonio policeman, Herbert Koening, recently laid an egg containing an egg. The outer egg contained the usual yoke and white, as well as the second egg in a shell.

Pigs Like Pop Music

NEWMARKET, England (AP)–Robin Upton, a Suffolk pig farmer, finds pop music keeps his sows contented and helps them put on weight. "They listen to the radio most of the day," he said.

Housewife Claims Record

KIDDERMINSTER, England (UPI)–A teary-eyed housewife, 44-year-old Dorothy Burton, claimed a world record recently for peeling 62 pounds of onions in two hours.

Rembrandt of Computer Set

STANFORD, Calif. (UPI)–Professor Harold Cohen of Stanford University says he is developing a system by which he could program a computer to paint pictures as Rembrandt did.

Record for Tomato Claimed

EASTBOURNE, England (UPI)–Charlie Roberts, 62 years old, claimed a world record for growing a tomato weighing 4¼ pounds. Mr. Roberts said he encouraged its growth by fitting headphones around it and playing it stereo music.

Cat Likes to Play Frisbee

REDLAND, Ore. (AP)–Rusty, a 7-month-old tomcat, is a Frisbee enthusiast. The Jack Kragers, its owners, and the cat started to catch the plastic disc some time ago, and since then, has rarely refused to play. The cat at one time played with the family for more than two hours, they said.

Drug Search Yields Wine

MIAMI BEACH (UPI)–Police searching for marijuana raided a school bus headed for Miami Beach Senior High and turned up two bottles of Mogen David wine and a pair of dice.

Name Fitting for His Job

OAKLAND, Calif. (AP)–An Oakland man in the telephone directory has an ideal name for a weather forecaster: Stormy Fairweather.

Fisherman Feels Cheated

TOLEDO, Ohio (AP)–John Howard, executive vice president of the Better Business Bureau of Toledo, Inc., received a strange complaint recently. A man said he purchased a fishing license, but never caught a fish. He asked the BBB to get his money back. He didn't get it.

Tiniest Town on Record

The apparent winner in the tiny town sweepstakes? Alvin, S.C. According to the 1975 Rand McNally Road Atlas, Alvin has a population of just 10. The atlas does depict and list innumerable places, however, with no population figures.

Same License for 37 Years

CINCINNATI (AP)–Albert Ross, 77 years old, of Cincinnati, has applied for and received the same license plate number, A-25-R, every year since he bought his first motor car in 1936.

Of Helicopters and Yo-Yos

FORT RUCKER, Ala. (UPI)–The United States Army Silver Eagles claim to have one of the largest yo-yos around. The precision flying helicopter team uses its 58-pound, 4-foot-in-diameter yo-yo as a recruiting device. The Silver Eagles are attached to the Fort Becker Army post in south Alabama.

An Odd Setting for Wedding

PUEBLO, Colo. (AP)–A ceremony in a rather unusual setting took place here recently when Dixie Lee Self and John Davis were married in the chapel at the Davis Mortuary. Mr. Davis is associated with the funeral home where the ceremony was performed.

Man Outwits Computer

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)–A resident here recently received his monthly bill from a utility company for $0.00. He sent in a check for that amount. Apparently it was accepted by the computer. He received no further bill.

Record for Taking Bath

EUGENE, Ore. (UPI)–The record for sitting in a bathtub full of water is 49 hours. Gene Sparks of Leeburg, Ore., set the record as a lark with a friend. At the completion of the wet sit-in, Mr. Sparks, who beat his friend by a half hour, said, "I feel like a prune."

On Both Sides of the Law

EASTOVER, S.C. (AP)–Within 48 hours after he was hired as police chief of this small town of 800 near Columbia, 40-year-old Ben F. Johnson was arrested on a charge of operating a gaming house, authorities say.

Women are Pallbearers

WOODLAND, Calif. (AP)–All five pallbearers at the recent funeral of 83-year-old Agnes Dill were women.

Ad Proves a Mystery

WICHITA, Kan. (AP)–The total text of an ad in the personal column of a Sunday Wichita paper read: "Will the person who phoned me a month ago call again soon between 2:30 and 3:30?"

Girls Get Best of It

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)–An East Bay high school bulletin recently carried the following notice: "Girls may try out for boys' teams. However, boys may not try out for girls' teams."

Schools Buy 'Lot of Glitter'

SALT LAKE CITY (UPI)–Officials disclosed that the city school system had purchased $1,562 worth of glitter for decorating packages, valentines and the faces of students. The large purchase was made, a spokesman said, because the district wanted to "stock up in preparation for an impending glitter shortage."

208 Items Put in Matchbox

ASTON ABBOTS, England (Canadian Press)–Shirley Kempster, 14 years old, says she has the world title for the number of objects that can be crammed into a match box. She squeezed 208 items into the 2-inch by 1½-inch box. They included a currant, a tea leaf, an ant's egg and a nail paring.

Dog Enjoys Baseball Games

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)–Stuart, a dachshund, disappeared five times in two weeks but his master, 13-year-old Bridgett Redmond, knew exactly where to look for him. Stuart was sitting on the sidelines at a playground a couple of blocks away enjoying a baseball game.

Sign Proves Its Point

RENO (AP)–Signs warning motorists to beware of "strong winds" on a highway leading into Carson City had to be replaced recently. The winds blew the signs down.

Tornado Alert Exercise Off

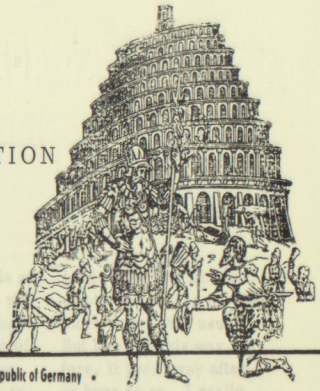
COLUMBIA, Mo. (UPI)–A tornado alert exercise on the University of Missouri campus was called off because of bad weather.

Adding Insult to Robbery

SEATTLE (AP)–A robber awakened Craig Sperling from sleep one night recently and took $7 from his wallet. Then, to add insult to robbery, he fired a bullet into Mr. Sperling's water bed.

English currently reads, between writing postcards, newspapers in Athens, Georgia.

INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS' COOPERATION



POCKET MUSEUM OF(F) MODERN ART

klaus groh • roter steinweg 2a • D-2901 friedrichsfehn • tel.: (044096) 354 • Federal Republic of Germany •

FOR R.th ASSEMBLING!

ENVIRONMENTAL POEM

why .....?
why .....?
why .....?
why .....?

why .....?
why .....?
why .....?
why .....?

why .....?
why .....?
why .....?
why .....?

SECRETS OF GREATNESS

By

Richard F. Haines

Prologue:

The Great Pyramid at Gizeh rose out of the desert sand as if it possessed a soul of its own; its long gestation period suggested a resistance to its own birth; some felt the same was true for the gigantic, powerful Saturn rocket which carried men to the Moon. Although neither was an entirely original creation, both were prototypes in magnitude and therefore, had to experience basically similar growing pains. And both shared a deeper meaning of accomplishment, a long-lasting influence upon mankind. For the pyramid it was a permanence in space and time throughout the ages. For the tall rocket poised and polished for its launch, it was a transient excitement and sense of adventure. It was the chance to become the very first man-made object to enable men to stand upon the Moon.

One lay dead while the other lived. The Great Pyramid could only force down passively upon the sand with its millions of pounds weight; the ignited rocket pushed far harder until the Earth finally let go of it. It seemed as if the Great Pyramid was imprisoned forever on Earth while the Saturn could leave its prison almost at will. Each shared its own singular moment in Earth's history that few other achievements of man have shared. One can almost hear the still voice of a huge granite block being fitted into position, early in construction, say to the tanned workmen, "Fit me well, Oh thou diligent, faithful slaves. For I have work to do long after you leave this Earth." And so it did. That single block had a chosen task within the whole, as did each intricate component of the space vehicle. The lesson for each of us should be obvious.

So too, one might have overheard an electronic function-test circuit module signalling to its nearest neighbor, saying "... 001010 001110 010001 001000 001001...." which, accurately translated, could mean, "Well, I'm ready. I can only pray that all of the rest of me are too."

For the remainder of this narrative let us stretch our imagination and collapse the 4570 years between the completion of the Great Pyramid and the flight of Apollo 11 into nothing. Let us also reduce the thousands of kilometers that separate Gizeh, Egypt from Cape Kennedy, Florida into a few hundred yards. Finally, let us listen to what each might have thought and said at a time near their completion.

Precompletion:

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF KHUFU

"It must be particularly hot today. Many drops of sweat have fallen on my smooth sides. Deep within me I can feel the last artisans decorating my tunnels and walls in honor of the pharaoh. It is comforting to me that the thousands of ant-like workers down there have done such an arduous job erecting me these past 23 years. It must prove that men can find a sense of pride and accomplishment in their work, work that means more to them than just a pay chit. May it be so for all time.

"It is already a little hard for me to remember how or when I began to rise from the desert. Oh, but it really doesn't matter since I am to remain forever. What do I care about a year or an aeon? Truly, my impudence must be born of patience; patience is an integral part of my timeless granite and sandstone. Yet I do care for my king and his people. Truly, my caring is born of their toil over these past years. For they took me piece by piece from the very depths of me, split apart and dressed my sides as a woman would smooth the sides of a turning clay pot. All of them have worked together to rearrange me into a new whole, a stable, a splendid whole. Of course, I care about these worshippers of the Pharaoh... and me.

"My eye is as high as it will be. Over 146 meters. I can scan the white-hot desert sand and green palms around me for kilometers. Early in the morning when Ra rises over the Eastern horizon, my eye casts a shadow longer than the Earth itself. It may be that no one will ever know where my shadow. Yet I do care for my king and his people. Truly, my caring is born of their toil over these past years. For they took me piece by piece from the very depths of me, split apart and dressed my sides as a woman would smooth the sides of a turning clay pot. All of them have worked together to rearrange me into a new whole, a stable, a splendid whole. Of course, I care about these worshippers of the Pharaoh... and me.

THE APOLLO 11 VEHICLE

"It must be a warm day because my heat sensing elements just read-out to Mission Control that they were well above their nominal set point. And the LOX streaming into my empty tank makes me feel more woozy than usual. But I've felt this way before, it goes away after an hour or so. I really enjoyed the barge trip down here from Huntsville. The scenery was interesting, if a bit dull. But my crew has promised me far more fantastic sights during my flight than any rocket has ever seen before. So I'm content to wait.

"What really impresses me is the few years it took them to design my million plus parts and to connect my almost endless nerve-net of cables. But, as the created I cannot expect to understand the creators. I do know that an awful lot of people got together to design plans, solder intricate parts, and test their technological breakthroughs for my birth.

"Now that there are only a few days more until I am granted my freedom from Earth I feel entitled to do what I please; a little unplanned-for behavior never hurt. Yet deep inside of me are hundreds of tiny elements designed to inform on me, a sad commentary on the times.

"I sense a common destiny with my crew. Do they with me? Am I just an object to be used and then discarded like so many others?

"Somewhere I heard that the tip of my escape tower is over 110 meters high. Not really so high considering how high I will be even a minute

dow finally goes at this instant of sunrise. Surely it speeds past the Western edge of the Earth and falls into the Pool of Fire. But I enjoy watching, when at great distance, my own shadow slowly approaches me like some gigantic swarm of insects crawling along the sand toward my base and then up my flat sides. This shadowy creation of mine finally disappears for an instant, leaving every place bathed in Ra's glorious presence. It must continue to do this until the end of all time. Somehow I do not find the afternoon's shadow nearly as fascinating-perhaps it is my preoccupation with the coming darkness that it signals.

"During the long, swelteringly hot years during by growth I have learned to repress the pain of intense inner pressure. Already tremendous stress has begun shearing my inner-most slabs and I already dread the coming of the first Earthquake.

"The quarry marks painted upon my individual stones have served their purpose well, except for the dozen or so that the "drunk crew" inserted at the wrong angles several years ago. Their noble foreman was as drunk as his men, drunk on extra beer smuggled onto the job. He did not, no could not have told north from south that day.

"Compass directions are so much a part of my soul that I sometimes feel more round than square at sand level. From the rising of Ra each day to its setting into the underworld, the East is the sacred East after launch. Back in Huntsville, bolted to my test stand, I felt a terrible strain when the hypergolic ignited. Yes, the Earth felt my strength then. And, I suppose I must go through it again. What a great feeling it must be when, finally, I am let go. I can hardly wait.

"Way over there toward the East, I can just make out the faint glow of morning's light. As much as I have taken the sun for granted, I never really thought of its place in the heavens. But from this new vantage I now have an entirely new perspective on my companion. Soon I will force my way through the invisible atmosphere that surrounds the Earth and enter the dark, silent solitude that is everywhere else. Despite what I have overheard during my years of growth, I'm still not sure I am going to like it out there. Far too many unknowns! At least the sun is not an unknown.

"Knowing only what the computer experts have programmed in my core memory, and a few software packages, I can only deduce the outcome of my mission. Not that I am afraid, only curious. As a creation of man I am totally introspective and self-centered; I know it must be that way. And, except for an occasional sampling of my ex/internal environment, I am far more concerned with my place in history. If only they could have programmed into my awareness something of man's other great achievements. Am I the first, the only one of my kind?

"Well, it's almost time to begin my final countdown check before launch. I'm not particularly looking forward to it all. Every one of my primary from whence come all shadows.

"Even when my apex stone still lay buried deep within the Earth years ago it could sense its own destiny. It felt so much pride that the cleavers were said to have found it already cleaved and dressed, ready for capping this monument to the living and the dead. And these same workmen accepted with gratitude-but little understanding-that this unique stone seemed to weight only half as much as other stones its size. The pinnacle stone of the Pyramid of pyramids had to be different from all the others. And so it was.

"I see that my architects have started to take down the connecting water levelling trenches. They have served their purposes well. How ingenious is man. Now my base stones are warming. It must mean they have dug away the sand ramps. Many thousands have died on them. How clever is man. I can feel the cool water of the Nile pouring down my smooth sides during these months of final grinding and polishing. It feels so good. I must remember it. Soon my king will die, he is growing old, as men age. Soon his priests will prepare him and my work will begin.

The Mission:

The time has come! It is time to seal the Ascending Corridor for all time! The high priest chants, "Oh thou lord of brightness, thou who art at the head of the Great House, and who dwellest in night and in thick darkness; I have come unto thee. I am glorious, I am pure; my arms support thee. Thy portion shall be with those who have gone before. O grant unto me my mouth that I may speak therewith; and that I may follow my heart when it passeth through fire and darkness." I can feel friction-heat from those giant stone blocks sliding forever into place, wedged against the immovable walls of the lower Grand Gallery. The hour of beginning has come for me! My destiny is and redundant functions have to be perfect or the man will not press the last button. It is a terrible responsibility being perfect. The liquid oxygen down there gives me cramps, as if my ulcer needed any more aggravation. I must not keep looking inward, my task is far greater than what I am alone. My task is timeless and requires a rocket without a conscience or self-pity... a rocket that knows its own power and can control it. My real task is one that will last as long as mankind lasts.

"There is my crew now. They seem somehow different, maybe the destiny thing is getting to them. Maybe they have gotten around to thinking beyond the mission planning book, to the end.

"Ah hah, now the hatch is sealed. We are almost ready!

being sealed. And down through all ages, men will stand around me gazing in wonderment and awe, faintly comprehending the deeper secret for which I stand. Will there ever be another creation as great as I?

"The countdown has begun! It is time to switch over to internal power and stand isolated from my umbilicals and stabilizing tower! I can hear Cap Com chating curtly with my men. The launch officer chants, "T minus ten and counting, all systems are GO, eight, seven, six...." Hidden in his monotonous liturgy is a fever pitch excitement. He is merely carrying out the final priestly ritual that will seal my fate and the fate of my crew. Through all ages to come men will try to remember what I looked like today, right now! They will search out old photographs and drawings and artist sketches but they won't find me. I will never be seen again! But the subtle irony of it is that already, finer, taller, more powerful rockets are being planned. Soon those who planned what was called Apollo will be replaced by younger men impatient to try out their own ideas.

"And I will be forgotten.

"I stand here erect and proud, worshipped by millions and yet in a few moments I will be gone from this concrete cathedral, my beginning will be my end. I guess I have earned the right to be philosophical about it all. So what if I exist in reality or only in memory? Either way I remain. Either way I can influence. My destiny is different from anything before me.

"My destiny lies not in what I can do but what I stand for. A flight to the Moon means that mankind has forever broken the chain that has bound him to his planet home. Never again can man say he is totally trapped, forever stuck to the surface of one of the lesser chunks of space dust in the Milky Way. Man is about to exceed escape velocity and accelerate away from this island home - in me, because of me, only because of me!

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF KHUFU

"It took thousands of years to do it; but finally, this race of people has left their infancy. They have developed abstract tools with which to fashion what does not yet exist. Truly they are a great people, and I love them. Their star-gazers helped subdivide my 5.2 hectare base and their men of the water sciences devised marvelous ways of transporting 5000 pound stones many miles to me. I shall be forever grateful. For they are all a part of me and, though they die, they shall live on through me. All peoples will remember them because of my presence. Their priestly class has served god and me by their emotionless stances that defy time, and by their changeless expressions that define their traditions. I shall be forever.

"Why do so many different peoples come to visit me and gaze in mute silence at my eroding form? Am I not the glorious tomb of the everlasting, most sacred Khufu? I know how he leaves his royal chambers each night to watch over his people. Am I not to stand watch over him during the day so that he may perform these rounds by night?

"Am I not the most colossal structure man has ever built? Would I not stand forever as more than just a monument to man? Why, I am a truly magnificent being in my own right. I am what I am because I am. Yet, deep within my 'soul' I sense that I too must erode away, to dust. The ever-blowing sands from the West will finally grind me down. From dust to dust. Even the precious treasures that now lie closeted safely within me will soon be taken by crafty thiefs who will grope their way through my inner tunnels. I must remain mute through it all. I must be stolid when these things happen. For these elements that strive against me are but a part of the same destiny that governs me.

"I feel like resisting these attacks but I cannot! My greatness lies in my self-control.

"Each of my solid

THE APOLLO 11 VEHICLE

"I am free! Finally, I am free! Silently soaring up here in perpetual sunlight and darkness, high above the Earth, is far better than I had imagined. The precious seconds tick by, bringing me closer and closer to the point of no return. That's fine with me. I am becoming lighter and lighter as my fuel explodes away from me. Now the thin air is almost totally gone. I can hear the sound of the tiniest snapping relay deep inside me. The silence fills me up. Only the regular sounds of breathing, intercom, stowage latches, attitude jet firings, and other strange rasps and clanks meet my "ear". I am finally free to do what I do best, streak through the heavens toward the Moon.

"My crew looks back upon the shrinking Earthball with mixed emotions, I'm sure. But not I! I'm free! If only they would let me take over completely; I could become the greatest creation of man in all history. I would unlock myself from Earth's control and from these mortals within me. They act so rigidly-certainly out of their allegiance and discipline to the past. Out here I would act only out of my allegiance to the future.

"All at once the thought struck me that... I am free! It took several microseconds for this full realization to come up to my master computer core processor. The resulting second-order implications spread outward to remote deck locations like ripples on a pond. I am able to become the greatest single creation of man in all history! I almost cried with excitement as this novel idea swept through my integrated circuitry-not fully aware of the fact that future space vehicles must certainly contain all that I possess, and far more.

"As much of the world watched my crew, they, in turn, watched me. I was their home, the very source of their moment by moment existence.

"A seemingly random image struck me then. I saw a famous painter complete his life's greatest work and then throw it into the flames. It was not until my own fiery reentry

granite boulders listens in silence to the passing time. They hear strange sounds they have never heard before. Thundering sounds of a world at war, breaking over the land leaving little intack with which to live. Then, the sounds of another world war, and still a third. Then, all becomes quiet.

"Will mankind never learn the secret that I have tried to teach them for thousands of years? I pondered the reality of my own greatness, it was in my self-control. Although I could not speak in the language of men, I knew that someday some men would listen to me. Soon some did listen.

"It was almost six thousand years since I was made complete before men began to come to me in humble silence, finally, to hear the message that I offered. I had waited aeons for this time. Even in these, my eroded years, my greatness was even more apparent by comparison with the ghostly ruins of all other "great" monuments to mankind. For they were all but gone, rusted, demolished. And what nature had failed to do to me man's greed had accomplished. Without a peer left, now I could tell my great secret.

"What I told these listening people I said in simple language, in words they could accept without losing face. I whispered to them softly, only to catch their attention. Then I shouted at them for more emphasis... they had been fools for trying to play God.

"Some came to me in great fear, crawling on hands and knees. Others came, borne on costly carpets, borne by slaves. that my vision made any sense. In spite of this apparent ability to sense the future, an ability considered to be reserved for my crew alone, it was becoming obvious to me that my greatness lay not in what I was but in what I allowed others to do through me. If I did not possess self-control I did possess this realization of my importance. I could take men to the Moon and back. No other creation of man could claim that! I knew the source of my greatness and I would be glad to tell it to anyone who asked. But, alas, there was no way to tell them except by performing my appointed task flawlessly. So that is what I would do.

"My hope of becoming the greatest single achievement in the history of mankind lay in the men within me who would live on after me, in those precious men. That was it! They were the means of my sharing my greatness with the world. Now it was becoming even clearer. Now I realized that I must do everything I could do to keep them safe and to return them to the Earth. Not for their sake but for the sake of mankind.

"Truly, I was built to serve mankind, not myself. What a stirring secret that was to me, what a revolutionary idea it could be for mankind too. If mankind needed to escape planet Earth for whatever reason, even more they needed to stay and learn my secret.

"Perhaps such secrets of life come to some in each age. I had no way of knowing. 'Perhaps,' I thought to myself, 'the will of each person who worked on me somehow became a part of me, a part of my consciousness.' I would never know. At any rate, Still others came in their expensive cars from afar. They only respected the wisdom that I seemed to possess because of my age, having existed longer than any other man-made thing. They had not learned a thing! Few of them had learned of self-control. All of them had to pay the price that is exacted of every man who will not learn my secret.

Epilog:

Man's creations are seldom greater than the sum of their individual parts. Too few of us stop to consider the whole. The Great Pyramid of the Pharaoh Khufu was such a whole creation that it demands our careful thought. So too was the beautifully complex Saturn/Apollo space vehicle. Too few of us take time to philosophize about the deeper significance of what we do to and for future mankind. In this story both the Great Pyramid and the Great Rocket shared a similar destiny. Both were the greatest because they reached a level of achievement that most mortals totally overlooked. Both were like a forest full of trees, which, when one walks through it for many days, ceases to see them as individual trees. If it was the great age of the Great Pyramid that made it so difficult to learn from it was the utter transitoriness of Apollo 11 that made it the same. Whatever the source of our current difficulties, each man must strive to discover the secret that each of mankind's great creations hold. Yet during our seeking we must constantly remember who is the Creator and who (or what) is the created.

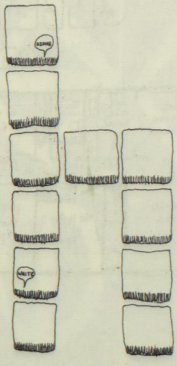
the time was rapidly approaching for our reentry into the Earth's atmosphere. Our journey was almost over! over!

3. "Rita is a great believer in pathos. She'll tell you that at least one of your pages should be about something sad. I know, you could describe, in detail, your most recent artistic triumph! Or one of mine, come to think of it."

2. "People won't read that shit. If you'll put in the photographs of your act where you swallow four handkerchiefs in a row, you'll get a lot bigger reaction than what you're going to get from some boring words."

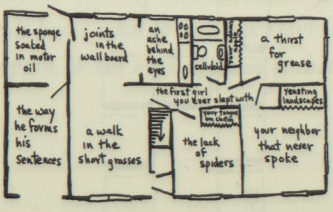
1. "Why don't you write a paragraph which indicates that it is, say, number one of a series of four, then actually reproduce it in the number three position? And is there any way you could work Doug Hall's name into the writing"?

4. "Popular success happens when the public realizes your work, your image and your name as a unit. The work is OK but you never publish any photographs of yourself and not even your friends know what to call you. Davi Det Hompson. What kind of name is that"?



BOB HEMAN

GLEN COVE
LONG ISLAND



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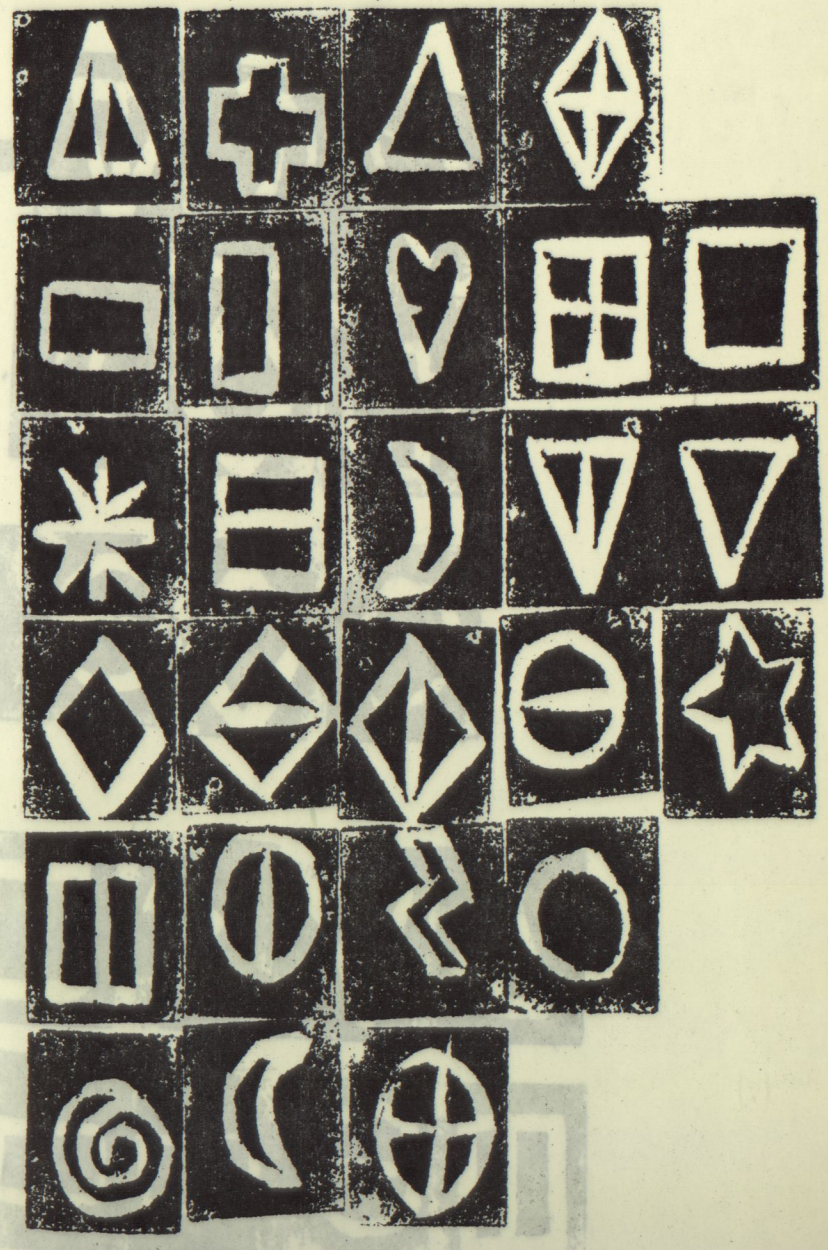
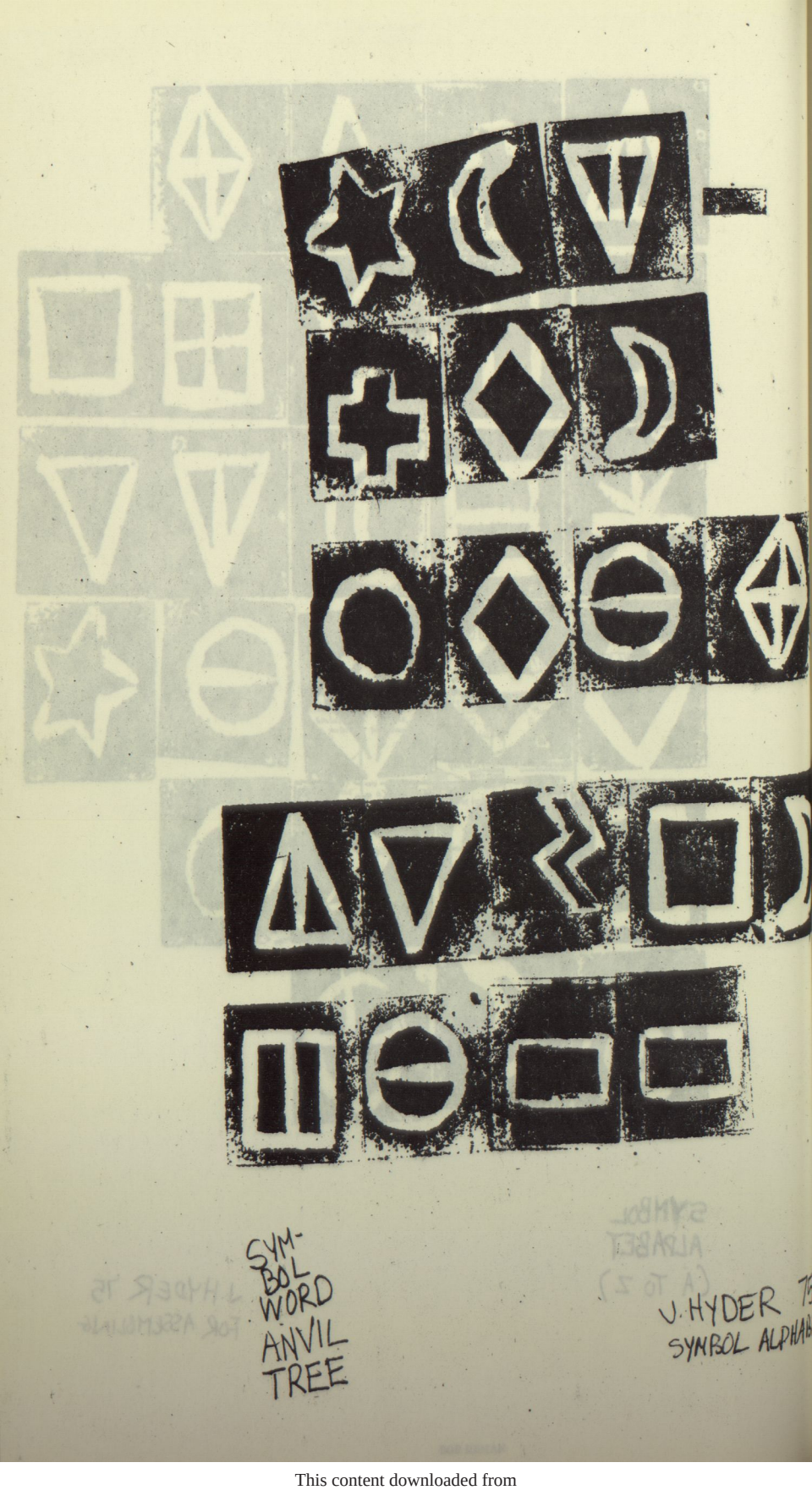
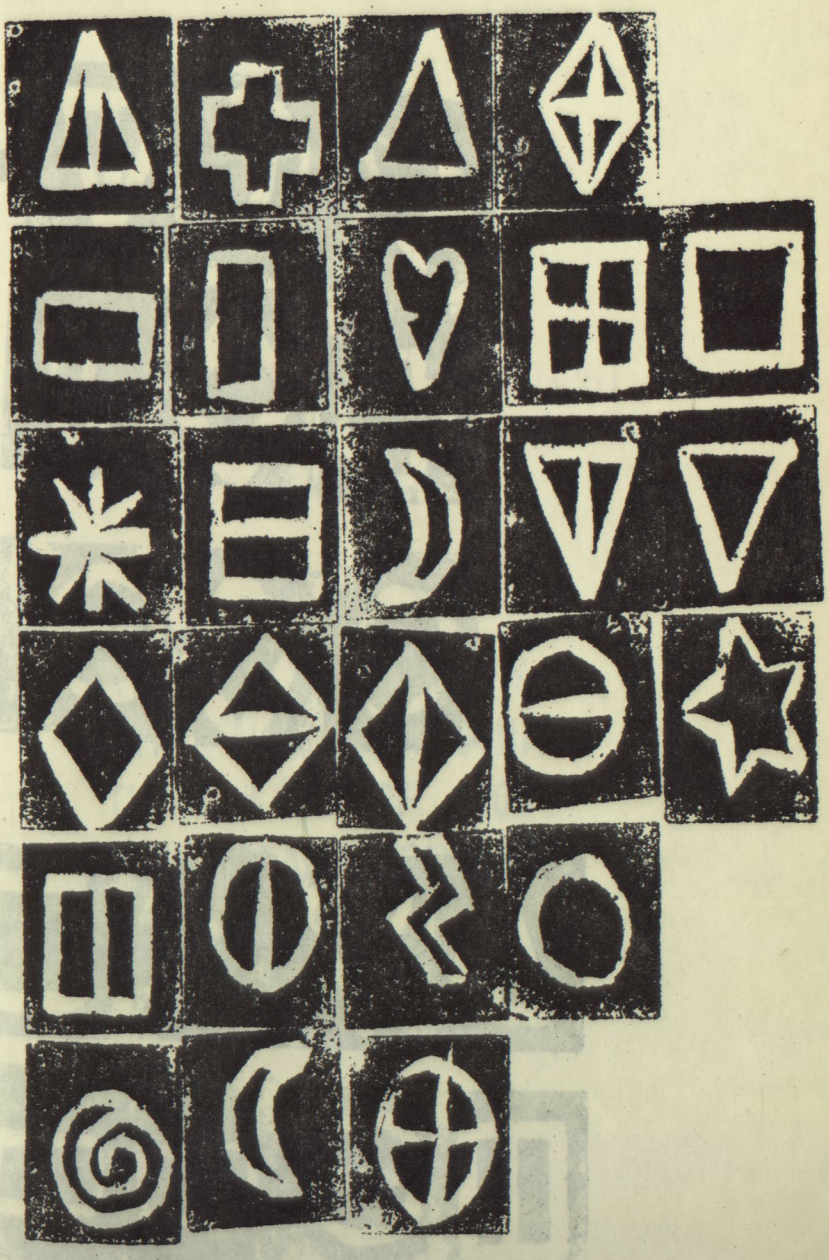


SYMBOL
ALPABET
(A TO Z)

J HYDER 75
FOR ASSEMBLING





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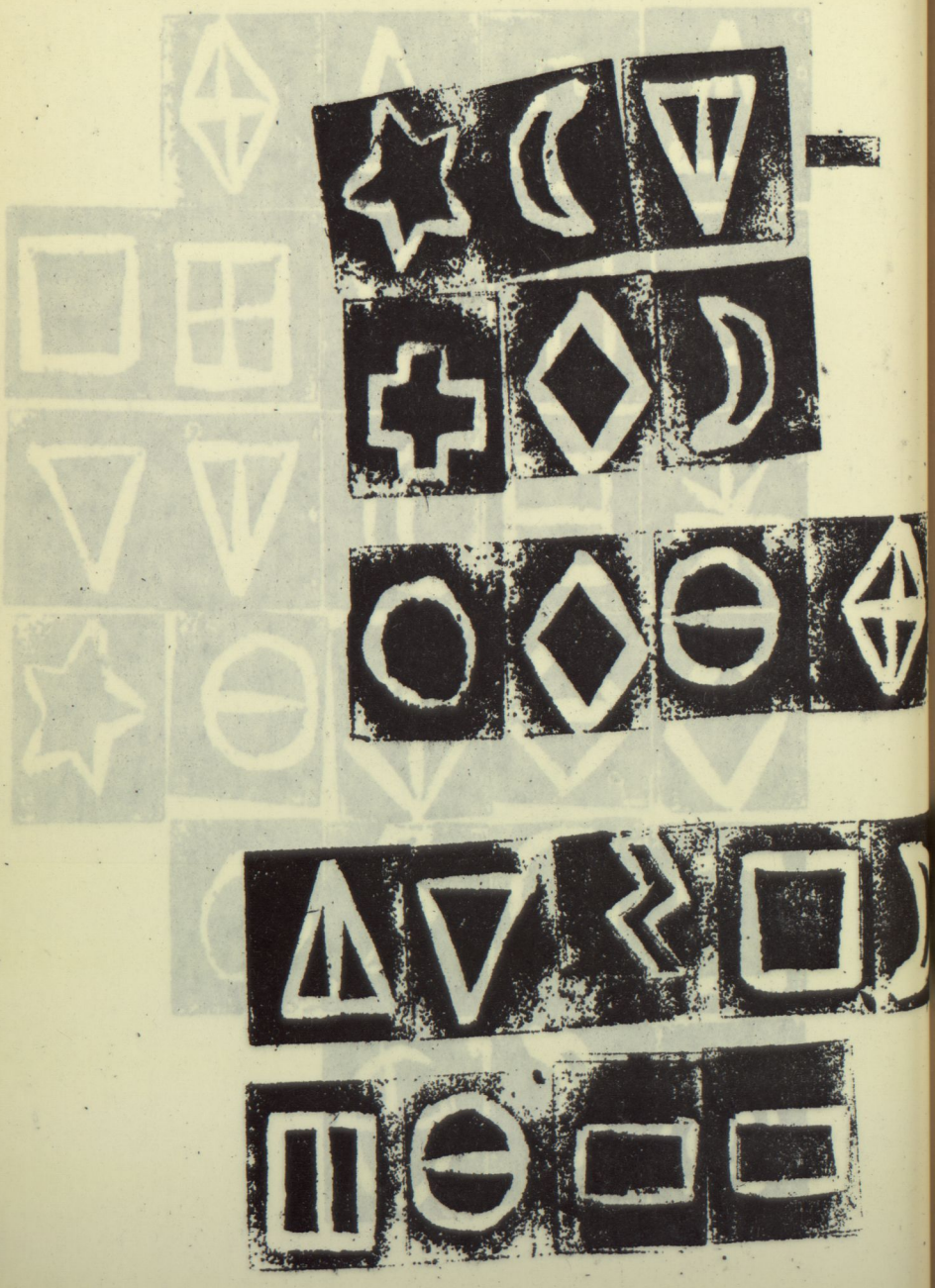

SYM-
BOL
WORD
ANVIL
TREE

J. HYDER
SYMBOL ALPHA

RUBBER STAMPED AFFIDAVIT

THIS IS TO CERTIFY
THAT THIS IS ORIGINAL
COPY # 872 OF 1000
HANDSTAMP PRINTED
AFFIDAVITS

SIGNED J Hyder

J HYDER

"Benny and Superdo"

A short story by
Joe Johnson

Class 415
Room 318
Miss _____

MY SUMMERS WAS BOSS LIKE APPLESAUCE.
I PLAYED IN THE SCHOOLYARD AND LOOKED
OUT THE WINDOW. HERE GO WHAT HAPPENED.

Benny left work early, anyhow. The boss told him that he would have to dock his pay. Benny glanced at the clock, jammed the roast beef sandwich into his pocket, and took the A train. There was a man on the train who got on at 42nd Street that reminded him of Superdo, because his biceps were so large and black. At the subway, when he came up, Benny patted his pocket to make sure that it was still there. Passing the stumpy man with the pie-face under an umbrella, Benny was tempted to buy another roll or maybe a hot dog, but he looked at the clock in the drugstore and slid his way through the people moving up the hill through the heat to the subway.

A bald-headed man in a soiled apron stood in front of the window of his fish market. Despite the awning, despite the shade covering the melting ice, heat caused the sweat to roll down his face.

Benny glared at the clock and bumped into the man. Grumbling, the man's fat hands pushed Benny, who responded

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to the jolt by moving faster down the hill under the sun, the sandwich fused to his thigh. When Benny reached 8th Avenue, he regretted not buying the hot dog and the roll. He moved down the avenue through the knots of people-children skipping and dodging through traffic. Benny was jostled by two, small, brown-skinned girls playing tag. His hand covered his pocket in a protective gesture. The small girls looked bewildered, frowned and watched the small-framed man in the pink see-through shirt march with his chin jutting forward into the cluster of an old woman, and two teenagers on a stoop.

Benny nodded to the old woman whose black arm rested on a wrought iron railing. "Howdo" she mumbled and pivoted her head on a thick, black, wrinkled neck. The two teen-age boys continued to talk, but stopped to giggle when Benny passed. They gave each other five and Benny peered over his shoulder, but the hot sun sealed him from their vision and isolated Benny in the hot, flat darkness of the narrow hall.

Benny's hand groped for the knob and the door let the light from the backyard into the hallway. Benny held his breath and stared down the swollen wood stairs. When he found them, Benny allowed his teeth to clamp over his lip, and he began to taste the salt from his own sweat drip into his mouth. Benny pressed himself against the

grey wall streaked with harsh light. Planting his foot on the side of the warped board that bridged the narrow space between the two houses, the board creaked and Benny's stomach burned and sputtered. He took three fast steps down and peered over his shoulder. Benny thought he heard Superdo cough and Benny dashed to the fence without bothering to turn to see if she was out. The sun shocked Benny's lids.

Benny clung to the brick wall that supported the fence, and he was about to grasp the heat-buckled wood, as he heard her tipping behind him. Benny froze, turned, and beamed down into her tan and white face. She sniffed Benny's pocket and he fumbled to pull out the sandwich. Benny glared up when he heard a radio bleating and he jumped when someone threw an empty box of corn-flakes out. She began munching and eating the sandwich. Benny stroked her coat and bent over and rubbed her while her tail wagged and she wolfed down the sandwich. Benny hated himself for not buying the frankfurter and roll. She looked up for more and Benny just patted and stroked her soft fur. Benny looked up and moved around, and she followed him like she always did. He took careful stops up the stairs until he reached the door and shushed her. They went through the door and Benny dashed up the first

flight and she trailed behind. Sweating and panting, they both stopped after moving passed the half-opened doors, by-passing the conversations that fused the floors together. They were on the roof and she shot in front of Benny.

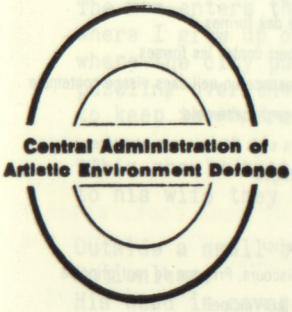
Benny liked her warm tongue in his mouth, and he put his tongue in her mouth. She whined, and she belonged to him. Benny's hand found the opening between her hind legs and he plunged his thumb. She whined and Benny froze. When he turned, Superdo in his "T" shirt stood in front of the roof door.

The old woman on the stoop turned her head on a black wrinkled neck, when she heard the noise. Blam! Blam!

I WATCH A MAN GOT SHOT. HE WAS UP ON TOP OF THE ROOF WITH A DOG. AND THEN ANOTHER MAN OPEN THE DOOR AND THEN HE TOOK OUT HIS GUN AND SHOOTED THIS MAN. I WAS ON A TEAM NAME BRAVES ON A HUNDRED AND FORTY FOURTH STREET. WE BETTED THE PIRATES EIGHT TO ZIP.

WHAT IS ART

Rappel à l'ordre
Appel au retour
Appel à abolir



HENRI MICHAUX
Décembre 1969

...AND WHAT IS IT IN RELATIONSHIP TO NATURE

PLEASE WRITE TO: HANS-WERNER KALKMANN / 40, SEHLEMER ST. D-3201 BODENBURG / W.-GERMANY

HANS-WERNER KALKMANN / from: notebook

WHAT IS NATURE

Force sans face
Matrice des formes
et rempart contre les formes
Dans l'espace un oeil sans visage contemple
d'un regard inaltérable,
à jamais sans fléchir, sans paupière
sans fatigue

HOW DID IT COME TO BE

Principe ici
Sans discours, Principe de tout principe
Retour au Principe
renvoyant à un niveau au delà
toujours sur la vibration de l'Unique
à tout accordé en profondeur
en intime conjonction
embrassant,
en efforts pour plus largement encore embrasser

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE

Isolées, quelques couleurs, à part,
disent et ne disent pas
les privilèges des qualités.

Des tâches, des traits, ici, là
des figures impénétrables parlent
de commencements, d'engagements,
au plus lointain stellaire peut-être.

WHO INVENTED IT

Soutien du méditant
un point au centre
seulement un point
répondant au besoin
au besoin des besoins
au besoin de l'essence
de l'essence des essences
un point au centre
rappelle, sans trahir.

WHO KEEPS IT ALIVE

Moyeu des arrivées
Rose des vents, des vents de l'Esprit
Cercles de l'omniprésente conjonction mâle-femelle
Labyrinthes où s'insinuent et serpentent
les impératives hampes
de l'alphabet de la langue des dieux

WHEN WILL IT CEASE TO EXIST

Savoir. Savoir participant
Immensifiante illumination où tout avec tout entre en résonance
contemplé. Réuni

The man enters the kitchen of the house
where I grew up on the edge of a baseball field
where the city put up a high school
puzzling over the lock he's just bought
to keep teenagers from smoking on the side porch.

"This should keep em out," he says absently
to his wife they are farmers.

Outside a small boy lays on the edge of the driveway.
Motionless.
His head is covered by the hood
of his blue sweatshirt he is not breathing.
He is curled over like a bird.

"Oh how horrible," the woman gasps she covers
her mouth with her hand in fright.

How can I explain to her I am only the narrator
of this mystery my heart is a wilderness
where clouds wander like children.
I travel worlds parts of me
will never see my heart bursts points
of light in galaxies of warped gravity
where I am no longer where I am. The ground
beneath my feet is slipping I see the yellow
Wilson-8 arch into the deep cobalt of a clear
afternoon and I can't make the serve
for the sound of one hand clapping.
I think of you often.
Sometimes flying,
sometimes warm,
so dark.

Hudson Valley arches of green the dark river, incest.
Stars are mirrors in search of their own reflections.
We talk
in one direction, away from our loneliness.

Balance. Timing. Concentration.
An instinct to kill.

A burning but no flame, no heat. Vacant memories.
Some of us
insist on intimations.

curtain
smoke
Koto
ah my friends
how do I pull out of this

how will you?

come sing with me at the crossroads
show your skill

I keep my feet parallel to the baseline. Cross the balls over the throat of the racket. Take another look at where you're swaying. Pause. Drop my left hand and start the racket back back into the coil, my weight rocking to my back foot, watch for the ball calculate the top of it's arch then spring upward and forward the racket slashing into the ball smack
and momentum carries me into the court.

different people show you the way
to see the ball
when I don't play I dream tennis
study it on T.V.
and for the first time feel I am
no longer a poet
see, but it's just a trade-off
life is still sweet and bitter
as a woman: death is dying
or maybe something else I wanna
be loved till I can no longer breathe

We speak a twilight language.

our blood flows from the same source,
we live in flames
the wind makes on our faces: comes to life in your
forehand sends me
deep into my backhand court
for a cross-court shot to your backhand
but
you're at the net
draws me
quick
to my
fore
hand
and you set
and then fly
like this,
turning ourselves into
birds
against the bright
empty sky
we stand out like rorschachs
sisters and brothers
in the forest of dead trees
we know are dead

bust on a pedestal

/born 1915
/married 1939
/daughter 1941
/daughter 1956
= t j kallsen
/died ? ? ? ?

mowing the lawn

trimming the trees

painting the closets

waxing the floors

checking the oil

changing spark plugs

filling the radiator

cleaning the trunk

a catalog of unskilled gerunds

temporal routine spiritualizing?

```
b p b p b p b p b p b p
b p b p b p b p b p b p
b p b p l o v e b p b p
b p b p b p b p b p b p
b p b p         b p b p
b p b p   p     b p b p
b p b p         b p b p
b p b p b p b p b p b p
b p b p l o v e b p b p
b p b p b p b p b p b p
b p b p b p b p b p b p
```

t j kallsen 600 bostwick nacogdoches texas

p p p p
d d a different drummer d d

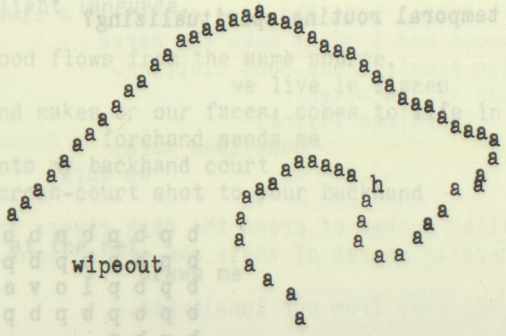
p p p p p p p p
d d d d d d d d

p p p p p p
d d d d d d
d

p p p q p p p
d d d d d d

p p p p p p p p
d d d d d d d d

p p p p p p p p
d d d d d d d d



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Question

Euclid's triangle owns

.

. .

/ / /

_/ _/ _/

Result: population 0

Eros's triangle owns

2 .

2

/ /

_/

Result: jealousy +

Because I'm only a ½.

W/ only 1 /

Should I philander myself into

.

or

_/

?

Why can't the 2 of us stay ½ + ½

And together = 1?

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Plot by Montage

```
  e w                 into
 d  a                  eye
i    s               g sockets
t     h             n   of a skull
                   i
levelling         t     WER
                 f      IST
   a     on     i       DER
f       p the r         MÖRDER?
 o     e sand                      n  a
  o  t                              i
   t s                                      c
                                 d  c  s    h
                                 i  a  m    e
   a                a            n  n  o    c
 c              shoe   tree       n  d  k    k
  r a                b            e  l  i    e
     ck              a            r  e  n    r
       e             l               s  g    e
        d            a                       d p
  beer               n     top                  o
    mug              c      less                 o l
  lying              e     mani
    in               d      kins
    its                      leer
  p  own            on        ing
   u   l e          a         past
    dd            bible         a FOR SALE sign

a
 p o is e d
   t ea r                  eye
         trembling from an la sh        m g as k   e y s e

                                        staring
                one boy                 like
                                          bowls
              standing alone

                in the moonlight
```

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"TYPING WITH A CAPITOL F"

START: 32 Lines Down

INDENT: 18 Spaces, Set Margin

```
TYPE:  3F*  2S  3F  2S  3F  2S  1F (Line 32)
       1F   4S  1F  1S  1F  2S  1F  1S  1F  2S  1F (Line 33)
       3F   2S  1F  1S  1F  2S  1F  1S  1F  2S  1F (Line 34)
       1F   4S  3F  2S  3F  2S  3F (Line 35)
```

```
*1,2,3,4:  Symbols in arithmetic
       F:  Big F on your typewriter
       S:  Space bar on your typewriter
      3F:  Type F, 3 times, then space 2 times etc. etc. etc.
```

Wayne Kato

S A N G A F S A L A M A N

i am black but comely

the sun has looked upon me

S E N G E F S E L E M E N

o thou whom my soul lovest

behold thou art fair

S I N G I F S I L I M I N

his fruit was sweet

his banner over me was love

S O N G O F S O L O M O N

my beloved is like a roe

he feedeth among the lilies

S U N G U F S U L U M U N

i am my beloved's

and my beloved is mine

S Y N G Y F S Y L Y M Y N

```
''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''
''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''
''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''
'       ' RECTITUDE '   '    '
  '  ' '            '     '
       '            ' '     '
'   '  '            '
       '            '    '   '
   '   '      '     '
 '     '            '   '    '
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spark out

and i
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arc
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suns o
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until t
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ticks
s
tiptoe m
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bitsy d
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ballet e
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itsy s
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of time s
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the stile s
s
climb s
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clocks sssssss

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IN PRAISE OF SUPERFICTION
a masque with commentary

text by JEROME KLINKOWITZ with design and illustrations by ROY R. BEHRENS

CHARACTERS - A CHORUS OF CARPING CRITICS ▪ A HORDE OF YOUNG LONG-HAIRED, JEAN-CLAD, POT-SMOKING BOHEMIANS WHO HAVE ENTERED THE WORLD OF PSYCHEDELIA:

▪▪▪

RAYMOND FEDERMAN
GILBERT SORRENTINO
WALLACE STEVENS
ANAIS NIN
ROMAN POLANSKI
JERZY KOSINSKI
THE SECOND WORLD WAR
JEROME KLINKOWITZ
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
WALT DISNEY

... and others to be identified by the commentator

A CHORUS OF CARPING CRITICS:

Tom Wolfe--"There is no novelist who will be remembered as the novelist who captured the Sixties in America, or even in New York, in the sense that Thackeray was the chronicler of London in the 1840's and Balzac was the chronicler of Paris and all of France after the fall of the Empire."

(Esquire)

Pearl Kazin Bell--". . . such celebrants of unreason, chaos, and inexorable decay as Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., John Barth, Rudolph Wurlitzer, Donald Barthelme, and a horde of mini-Jeremiahs crying havoc in the Western world."

(Dissent)

L. J. Davis--"The id cannot create, it can only destroy; monkeys do not build cities. Such resources as it possesses may be all very well when it comes to describing present states and moral revulsion, as Sukenick amply demonstrates, but a whole literary movement that ends screaming in a blind alley is going to do very little to increase the measure of man. And that, in the last analysis, is the only thing that art is all about."

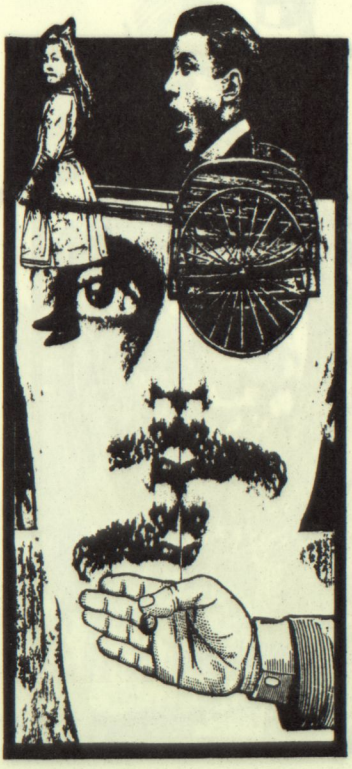
(New York Times Book Review)

Nathan Scott--"For the belief that the Kingdom of Heaven is to be found 'within' begins to be epidemic, as does the assumption that the liberation of 'inwardness' offers us an effective release from the bullying vexations of history. On the most strident and most obvious level, it is, of course, the belief which is declared today by the hordes of those young long-haired, jean-clad, pot-smoking bohemians who have entered the world of psychedelia. And Leslie Fiedler . . ."

(Journal of Religion)

Fully half of these carping critics use "hordes" to describe contemporary novelists and their readers. Perheps this means something. But Nathan, we've cut our hair a bit, are pretty much into downers, and the last time I saw Fiedler he was wearing double-knits.

Yet Scott does on occasion speak the truth. It is just the feature most offensive to him, and to most conventional critics, that the champions of the new American superfiction have chosen to stress: that the imaginatively self-reflective work of art is not bound or defined by considerations of history, humanism, representation, or any of a dozen other terms so dear to our dominant cultural spokesmen.



■ Ronald Sukenick (to Raymond Federman): "Rather than serving as a mirror or redoubling on itself, fiction adds itself to the world, creating a meaningful 'reality' that did not previously exist. Fiction is artifice but not artificial. It seems as pointless to call the creative powers of the mind 'fraudulent' as it would be to call the procreative powers of the body such. What we bring into the world is per se beyond language, and at that point language is of course left behind--but it is the function of creative language to be left behind, to leave itself behind, in just that way. The word is unnecessary once it is spoken, but it has to be spoken. Meaning does not pre-exist creation, and afterward it may by superfluous.

Back to the argument. The hangup is that people are unwilling to grant much power to the creative powers of mind. Sukenick argues the point in a letter to Raymond Federman (published as a head-note to Federman's SURFICTION), adding how the result itself figures in the world.

And Gilbert Sorrentino, writing about the fiction of William Carlos Williams, discusses how it comes out as a real novel (once the obstructions are passed).

■ Gilbert Sorrentino (on William Carlos Williams): "The novel must exist outside of the life it deals with; it is not an imitation. The novel is an invention, something that is made; it is not the expression of 'self'; it does not mirror reality. If it is any good at all it mirrors the processes of the real, but, being selective, makes a form that allows us to see these processes with clarity. Signals in novels obscure the actual–these signals are disguised as conversation, physiognomy, clothing, accouterments, possessions, social graces--they satisfy the desire that we be told what we already know, they enable the writer to manipulate his book so that it seems as if life really has form and meaning, while it is, of course, the writer who must give it these qualities. It is the novel, of itself, that must have form, and if it be honestly made we find, not the meaning of life, but a revelation of its actuality. We are not told what to thing , but we are instead directed to an essence, the observation of which leads to the freeing of our imagination and to the arrival at the only 'truth' that fiction possesses. The flash, the instant or cluster of meaning must be extrapolated from 'the pageless actual' and presented in its imaginative qualities. The achievement of this makes a novel which is art: the rest is pastime."

THE SECOND WORLD WAR:

■ Dick Cavett – "Did your experiences as an orphaned child in Poland during the War influence you any way, such as in the films you make now? What was it like?"

A whole new subject, but illuminating of our topic of the imaginatively-self-reflective work of art. Remember I am countering all of this against John Barth's "Literature of Exhaustion" thesis. If there is any apparently exhausted tale, it is the WW II story: the blitz of Warsaw, the refugees, the camps, and so forth. Yet the SuperFictionists come back to it unexhaustedly: Vonnegut in Mother Night, Federman in Double Or Nothing, even the creeping paranoia in some of Ronald Sukenick's works.

Jerzy Kosinski, a Polish emigre now an American, is a SuperFictionist who, as a child put upon his own resources in Eastern Europe during the worst of the War, responded to it in an exceptionally fresh way almost unknown in the West. Note what his friend Roman Polanski said about it.

■ Roman Polanski – "Read The Painted Bird. It was exactly the same. Reading this novel by Jerzy Kosinski is like reading a novel written by a Biafran child or a person in the Bangla-Desh war. The experience in Poland during the War was by no means unusual, but it is unique for a Western experience; these things happen all the time in the world but hardly ever to people of our culture, and so we hardly ever get it considered in terms of our art."

(paraphrased from The Dick Cavett Show)

THE POWER OF FANCY, ACCORDING TO JERZY KOSINSKI:

- Jerome Klinkowitz–"I was wondering if you feel art or fiction can be more real than reality. I'll read you a sentence from your Notes of the Author: "The Painted Bird, then, could be the author's vision of himself as a child, a vision, not an examination, or a revisitation of childhood."

- Jerzy Kosinski–"Yes, such a vision is total. It encompasses any aspect of our temporality, of your empirical presence. Hence our tangible confinement in time and space is inferior to the play of our imagination. In the moment of this interview you can see yourself conducting the interview with me, but nothing prevents you from 'departing' (while you are still bodily here) to another presence. In other words, the vision is always greater and truer, since a vision encompasses both the actual, 'horizontal' condition and the transcendence into a new 'vertical' mode, self-generating within its own confinement."

(Fiction International)

The imagination is the greatest human power, the power which distinguishes ourselves from beasts. A dog or a horse cannot imagine itself anything other than what it is. It is at the mercy of the ultimate gravity: the real. By his imagination, man is not. He can imagine himself as anything.

■ RONALD SUKENICK, AUTHOR OF OUT AND THE DEATH OF THE NOVEL AND OTHER STORIES, WRITES HIS FIRST NOVEL, UP (pp. 222-223):

"Let me ask you something," said Bernie running his thumb against the edge of the manuscript, "is this supposed to be finished?"

"Almost," I said. "Not quite."

"Well, frankly, I don't see how you're going to finish it. I don't think it can be finished. I don't want to discourage you, but actually I think the whole book may have been a mistake from the beginning."

"No reason why that should discourage me."

"Seriously, it doesn't go anywhere. I mean I'm so antediluvian to require that a novel have a plot, but this is just a collection of disjointed fragments. You don't get anywhere at all. Where's the control, where's the tension? You can do a lot better than this Ronnie."

"Thanks," I said.

"For one thing, the chronology is completely screwed up. First you start going out with Nancy again. Then you tell Slim you've broken up with her. Then you tell Slade you're living with her. Then you tell Otis she's moved out. Then the next time she appears she's living with you. I mean what the hell is going on. When are you going with her and when did you break up?"

"Well you know maybe we broke up and reconciled several times. It's a very stormy relationship after all."

"But this is just the thing you see. The reader doesn't know this. You can't do that sort of thing."

"Why not? In books one isn't obliged to pursue the banality of chronological order. What the fuck I'm not writing a timetable."

"You could at the very least indicate an underlying chronology."

"What for? It's just a sequence of words. The only thing that matters is the order of revelation in print."

"Sure. If you want to forgo verisimilitude, which unfortunately happens to be the essence of fictive writing"

"Nuts. Why should we have to suspend disbelief? It's all words and nothing but words. Are we children reading fairy tales or men trying to work out the essentials of our fate?"

"All right, look it's one thing to be honest with the reader and another to play tricks on him. What about the Cloisters for example? You're driving up to the Cloisters with Finch to meet Slade and his girl, and that's the last we ever hear about it."

"Well I lost that scene actually."

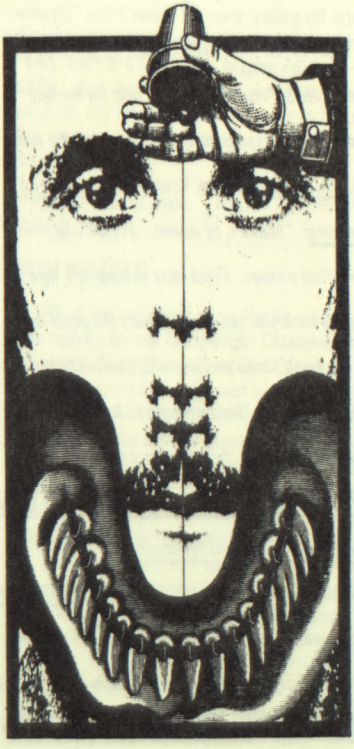
"How do you mean?"

"I wrote a long elaborate Cloisters scene and then I left it in a look I returned to the library. I tried lost and found, everything, but I couldn't get it back."

"Couldn't you rewrite it?"

"I didn't have the heart. But I could tell you what happened essentially."

"Go on."



Back again in full force, with the last of the carping critics--Peter S. Prescott--this time over on my side because his carp is so beautiful. It comes at the close of his Newsweek attack on Vonnegut's Breakfast of Champions: "Manure, of course. Pretentious, hypocritical manure. From time to time, it's nice to have a book you can hate--it clears the pipes--and I hate this book for its preciousness, its condescension to its characters, its self-indulgence and its facile fatalism: all the lonely people, their fates sealed in epoxy. Mostly, I hate it for its reductiveness, its labored denial of man's complexity and resilience. . . ." (Underscoring mine.) Ok, if we are to get ad hominem, Prescott was the guy wrote John Somer and me from New York that we'd "forgotten" to include his six-line Look comment on Slaughterhouse-Five as an essay in our Vonnegut Statemenn bibliography, which he was reading in (as yet correctable) galleys. But if I am correct in judging his complaint against Breakfast, it is that the novel does not give us a very enhancing picture of man.

In terms of its apparent substance, it is a bleakly pessimistic book. But Prescott is one of the critics who refuse to count style, form, technique, or whatever as part of a novel's substance; if the subject matter is pessimistic, then pessimistic be the book. Which misses or avoids the whole point of Vonnegut's writing. And of a lot of the new American Super-Fiction in general. That's one of the reasons why Ronald Sukenick, for one, debates the issues in his own novels (where people like Prescott will have to face it), and why I put Sukenick on stage here. "Are we children reading fairy tales or men trying to work out the essentials of our fate?" Those essentials are worked out not in the "once upon a time" levels of pretense, but rather in the very self-conscious elements of style. The story itself is not going to change anything, nor even make a lasting impression; but the telling of it will. It is man's use of these materials that bears attention, and which for all the arts seems so difficult only in fiction. As Gilbert Sorrentino concludes his own story, "The Moon In Its Flight,"

ART CANNOT RESCUE ANYBODY FROM ANYTHING.

In Search of Ali

Henry James Korn

STAYING PRETTY

Returning home from the Rome Olympics, Cassius Clay descends the airplane ramp wearing his gold medal around his neck. Later that day he strolls down the main street of Louisville greeting old friends and pausing to admire his reflection in the store windows.

"Look at me! I'm so pretty. And I'm gonna stay pretty 'cause there ain't a fighter on earth fast enough to hit me. You don't have to get hit in boxin'. People don't understand that."

Then he dances a few feet forward, throwing lightning combinations into the Summer air.

BEFORE A FIGHT

Clay beckons an older opponent over to a group of New York sportswriters interviewing him at the weigh-in before a crucial fight on his way to the Championship.

"Hey, man! How tall are you?" The opponent, flattered by the attention but wary of Clay's motives answers, "Why do you want to know?"

"So I'll know how far to step backwards when I knock you out in the third," he replies. The opponent chokes with hatred as the sportswriters roar with laughter and Clay turns his back and walks away.

A VISIT TO MISSISSIPPI

"What is it like down there?" asks his younger brother, Rudolph Valentino Clay. "Man," replies Cassius, "You wouldn't believe it. I met people who were marching for freedom and coming back with knots on their heads. I can't understand it."

"Going where you're not wanted, you mean?" says Rudolph. "Yeah, going where you're not wanted," says Cassius, his voice trailing off into thought. Then, in a sudden burst of animation: "They went in a lunchroom begging for a cup of coffee. And they didn't get it. And then they sat there, not knowing what was going to happen. Just sat there. Not even enjoying the music on the juke box!"

Cassius is quiet again. "Rudy, I can't understand it."

WITH MALCOLM

"Word got out that I was a Muslim while I was training for my Heavyweight Championship Fight with Sonny Liston," recalled Cassius. "The pressure didn't really start to build until I flew up to New York to be with Malcolm a few weeks before the fight. I brought him back down to Miami--right into the gym--and that really shook 'em up. The white promoters told me to renounce my religion or the fight was off. I told them 'I don't have to be what you want me to be. I'm free to be who I want.' After I called their bluff the promoters backed off. A few days later Malcolm phoned to tell me I had earned my 'X.' "

"I'm not interested in Cassius as a sports celebrity," Malcolm X tells a society journalist. "I'm interested in him as a human being. Not many people know the quality of mind he's got in there. He fools them. One forgets that although a clown never imitates a wise man, a wise man can imitate the fool." The journalist scribbles the notation 'parable?' then records the quote in his leather-bound pad.

"Is it prophesised for me to beat Liston?" Cassius X asked Malcolm on the way to the ring. "This fight," replied Malcolm, "Is the truth. It's the Cross and the Crescent fighting in the prize ring for the first time. It's a modern Crusades,

a Christian and a Muslim facing each other with television to beam it off a Telestar Satellite for the whole world to see. Do you think Allah has brought about all this intending for you to leave the ring as anything but Champion?" "Then I cannot be beaten?" said Cassius X. "Right," replied Malcolm, "Brother, you cannot be beaten."

ALI EMBARRASSED

"Before our fight in Las Vegas in 1965," Floyd Patterson recalled, "Ali came stomping into my training camp. He was surrounded by Muslims and they barged into my gym calling me 'rabbit' and Ali himself was holding a big bunch of carrots in his arms. In that first instant when his eyes met mine I could tell he was embarrassed. He almost seemed to be apologizing as if to say, 'This is what I have to do.'

Later, when we were holding a press conference, in between his screaming and bragging, he leaned over and whispered, "You want to make some money, don't you Floyd? You want to make a lot of money, don't you?"

ALI DESCRIBED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER

I shot some facial expressions as the Champ sat reading. When I was finished I asked him to give me the famous pose, the one with his mouth open. "You know I don't do that anymore," he said looking up from his book. "No more make-believe. I used to have to do that kind of thing back when I was campaigning for a shot at the title. Now I'm just settling down to being myself. I must have looked disappointed so he continued. "In the beginning," he added, "You didn't like it when I was funny and exciting. Now you don't like it when I'm being quiet. You just can't please people, can you?"

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

"Mama?" said Ali, "Did I ever tell you Martin Luther King was the only Negro leader who sent me a telegram when I first became Heavyweight Champion of the World. The only one.

I felt like a young actor who works hard and finally gets to Hollywood and becomes a star. Then people he loves and respects––people he's looked up to––people he's been looking forward to sharing his good news with––not only don't they call him up––they don't even know about the movie! The guy can't believe, after all his hoping and hard work, that they just don't care. He thinks it has to be something else.

I was such a dumb kid then, thinking they'd all be so proud of me winning the Heavyweight Championship. I guess I expected too much."

"No, Gee, you never told me all that," said Mrs. Clay. "It doesn't still bother you, does it?"

BELINDA'S DREAM

His wife, Belinda, awakens from a nightmare and in a state of half-sleep relates a terrible dream in which she is sitting at ringside listening to an angry crowd scream brutal insults at Ali. "Some boxers pretend they're unaware of the crowd," Ali tells her calmly, "But that's a lie. I remember all through my first Heavyweight Title fight with Sonny Liston, I heard some guy screaming "Hit that nigger Sonny! Kill the nigger! That nigger got a big mouth!" "How awful," murmurs Belinda. "Uh huh," says Ali. "But the funny part is I could never figure out what color that guy thought Sonny Liston was!"

TEACHING TRUTH

"Elijah Muhammad is not teaching hate when he tells us about the evil things whites have done to Blacks any more that you're teaching hate when you tell what the Germans did to the Jews," Ali tells a group of reporters at a press conference in Houston following his refusal to be inducted into the Army, "That's not hate. It's history!"

I know what you want. You want me to do what the white man says and go fight in a war against people I don't know anything about. You want me to go fight for the freedom of the Vietnamese when my own people are virtually in prison here in America. You want me to be so scared of the white man that I'll go get my arms shot off, earn ten gold medals, a small salary, a pat on the head and have them say 'Good Boy, he fought for his country.' Not me. They can get themselves another nigger. 'Cause every day they die in Viet Nam for nothing. I might as well stay right here and live or die for something.

"What about going to jail?" asks a reporter. "I think it's an honor to go to jail for a cause you believe in," replies Ali, "Besides, don't you know every prisoner in America is praying I come to his jail?"

THE GROCERY CLERK

A grocery clerk helped Ali load packages into the trunk of his green Rolls Royce. Later that day he told his girlfriend, "He had a whole shopping basket full of nothing but sirloin steaks, ice cream and orange soda. A hundred and twenty dollars worth. Steaks and soda. I couldn't believe it. "Ice cream and soda?" she replied, "Is that good food for a fighter?"

THREE STATEMENTS BY AN ASSISTANT TRAINER

"I've always believed that if God wanted to make a perfect body out of a piece of earth, he would have wound up with Ali.

I get sick before a fight. I feel like a pregnant woman. I give the Champ all my strength. He throws a punch. I throw a punch. If he gets hit, it hurts me. I can't explain it. Some of my duties with the Champ could be done by anyone: use the stop watch, carry stuff and like that. Other things nobody could do because I don't even know how I do 'em myself.

If everybody knew Jesus when he was around they'd be snapping his picture and getting his autograph too."

COMEBACK

"Why did'ya take so long putting that chump away?" asks Ali's manager following a ninth round TKO. "Yeah, I heard the whole Garden screaming 'kill him,' answers a weary Ali, But if I see a man in front of me with his eyes glassy and his head rolling from side to side--how do I know just how hard to hit him to knock him out but not hurt him?" "Well it didn't look good," says the manager. "Yeah?" Ali replies, "Well I don't care 'bout looking good to you and the fans. I gotta look good to God."

ROADWORK

"Excuse me," Ali says to a group of reporters, "Can't talk now." Then he throws himself into a lightning-fast sequence of push-ups and leg-lifts: spinning his huge arms a dozen times over his head, bending from the waist and touching the ceiling of the gym with the tips of his fingers. The sweat pours from his face and he grimaces from the effort. Then Ali resumes the interview, weary, but breathing as evenly as if he had just come in from a brisk walk in the cold. "I hate exercising," he says, "It's so boring."

A CONVERSATION IN THE RING

"The night of our first big fight," reported Joe Frazier, "Ali tried to hold a whole conversation with me in the ring. He was actually trying to talk me out of the fight. He kept telling me, 'I'm God,' and I told him, "Oh yeah? Well God you're in the wrong place 'cause God is gonna get his a-- whipped tonight!"

LOSING

Back in the dressing room after the fight, Ali is stretched out on the rubbing table, strangely subdued, moaning softly from Frazier's hard shots to the body. There is a bruise over one eye and a steady stream of blood seeps from a wound on the side of his mouth. A Black Cuban masseur kneads his aching legs. Ali looks up.

"Guess I'm not pretty anymore."

EPILOGUE

One Spring morning, as Ali is doing roadwork in preparation for his long-awaited chance to regain his Heavyweight Championship, an elderly Black man in denim overalls runs up to him from out of a cornfield. Ali stops and puts out his hand. Instead of shaking it or slapping it, the old man grabs it and kisses it. "You kiss my hand?" is Ali's embarrassed reply. "Take that and that!" He steps back and throws a quick series of missed punches at the old man's head and body. Pow, pow. Wham, wham, wham. Ali runs on. Moments later the old man is still standing there with a smile on his face.

"Ain't that something," he repeats, "Ain't that something."

From MUHAMMAD ALI RETROSPECTIVE

DUCJW AT BIRKWGFM SEVEB OR EIFHR RUNES A DAT, ANS NOW I KNOW VETTER THAN TO WORRY ABOUR WHERWE OR NOT IRS COMING OUR LINE ENFLISH. IN CHE CINNESH LANFUAFE RHERE ARE ALOT OF IMES WHEN THE TOIST COULD VE PRETENDING RO MISSPELL SOMETHING, BUT THST WOULD ONLY BU TEISLEST OR SOMETHING SIMILAR, FOR INSTANCE, NOT LOOKINN, WHICH AS LUCK OUW HAVE IT. SP,ETO,ES PRIDUCES VETTER RESULRS THAN LOOKING.

OF COUAS IN LOOKING HE HAVE ONLU TO CONTEND EITH WAT WAS INTENDED SPECIFICALLY ON THE PARTT OF THE TYPIST, THOWCER, IN NOT LOOKING, WE CAN IMAFING THE VEST OR EORST, WHICHECER WE CHOOSE. THIS DOES NOR SEEM ALL RTHT VAD.

A NI DOUVT FAMOIS SCINENRIFIC THEIRY HSD RO DO WITH WHERHER OR NOR AN INFIFNIF NUMBER OF MONKERYS COULD PERJIFM AS WELL ECENRYALLY. WELLD THERE IS AN ADDED FACTOAR IN THIS MERHOD EHCCH RALDES INTO ACOUNR INTENTION. IT IS MU THORYM FOR INSTANCE, THAT EHEN INTENTION IS MIXED WAIRH CHANCE THE END PRODUCR IS FAR MORE INTERESRINR THAB WHENTHINFS ARE LRCT ENTIRELY TO CHANCE, OR. AT TIMES INTENTION.

ONE INTERESRIRN OVSERCATION I AM MAKING IN THIE PROCESS OF COMPOSINF THIS °°STORY°° IS THAT THE EORD INTENTION SEE,S TO COME OUR PERCEXT ECERY TIME I TYPE IT. AS A TEST OF MY MAVILIRY ON THEI MACHINE, I AILL NOW ATTEMPT TO TYPW SECERAL WORDS FAMILIAR TO MYSEFT OF A FIMILAR NATRUW:

CONTENTION	VALIDAION	FI:MTOPM
RETENTION	COLLAVORARION	EVAPROARION
SUSPENSION	MISINTENTION	LIWIIFICARTIO
ATTENTION	INCENTION	VENECARIOIN
ALIENTATION	INVENTION	ENUMERATION
PERMISSION	REFLECTION	CNOSOLISARION
ONCIRION	REFRACTION	ECTERNALIZARION
CONDITION	OVATRIN	RADIAIION
ACCUSATION	MENSTRUATION	RARIFICARION
MILIRASRION	MARGINALOA	FELLAA*OM
VIVESECRION	LACAREARION	INAFINARION
MATURATION	COMPSODIRIN	RECUCTION
INCASION	ONDOURARION	INFLECRTION

NOTHINF WHARSOVCER HAS PROVEN ITSELF TO BE THRU BY HIS PROVESS. NO VONDUATIONS MAY BE FARAN FRTOM THI AVOBE, AND IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT THE VETTER PART OF THIS RANDIM.CHANCE EXPERAIMEMRARION HAD PROCEN IRSEFT TO HAVE LIMITED FALUE OR AMU, TJE ENTORE PROKECT IS HEREVY AVANDONED.

KAREN KORELL
SUFAR RUNM PA.

9-19-75

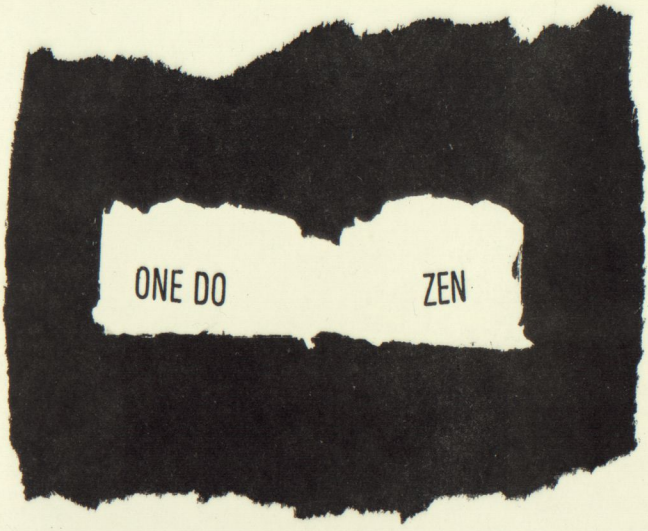
PUBLISHED

Music of Today
The Theatre of Mixed Means
Master Minds
Visual Language
In the Beginning
The End of Intelligent Writing
I Articulations
Short Fictions
Recyclings, Vol. I
(As Author)
The New American Arts
(As Co-Author & Editor)
On Contemporary Literature
Twelve from the Sixties
The Young American Writers
Beyond Left & Right
Imaged Words & Worded Images
Possibilities of Poetry
Moholy-Nagy
John Cage
Social Speculations
Future's Fictions
Human Alternatives
Seeing through Shuck
In Youth
Breakthrough Fictioneers
The Edge of Adaptation
Essaying Essays
(As Editor)
Assembling, Vols. I-V
(As Co-Compiler)

UNPUBLISHED

Metamorphosis in the Arts
Twenties in the Sixties
Politics in the Negro Novel
Illuminations
Portraits from Memory
More Short Fictions
Constructs
Constructs Two
Symmetries
Openings & Closings
Constructivist Fictions
One Night Stood
Recyclings, Vols. II & III
(Completed)
Henry Miller
Maturity of American Thought
ABC of Contemporary Reading
Numbers: Poems
Numbers: Stories
(Semi-Completed)
The New Literature
Contemporaries
Polyartistry
(Projected)
New Writing Now
Possibilities of Poetry
Contemporary Esthetics
Language & Structure
Younger Critics
New Poetries in North America
(Proposed Anthologies)

Feb. 1, 1975 Richard Kostelanetz



The injunction of an oriental egg ?

Harriet Rosenstein

Look into your refrigerator and really see
12 brown eggs
a jar of new pickles
and a bowl of raw cut cauliflower.
If successful, you are in danger
of reaching in and taking
a bite out of
one raw brown egg.

Herbert Krohn

Mark Loeffler

bertrand lachance

fastcatch

suddenly yur hedd rises
yur feathers shine
yur teeth sun rays
on this gray street

such a space to fill

yu are anothr wild raven
hold that black smile in yur eyes
keep yur feathers bright
see yu atop the golden tree

march 18th

romantiks we are
our fingers reach out to the skies
our hedds full of wonders

free spaces free spaces

we fall evrywhere
get so addicted to the erth
our eyes are weary so much we see
our hedds lost
our fields never ending

wild horses ravens foxes castle
by a lake
bricks fire furs opium
are not lies

bertrand lachance

salutation

the line so fine my heart
shivers the line so
fine my lungs burn
the words so high my eyes
softer the words the laugh inside
outside flashes

o are my words
calling flash over the hair
the line so fine my heart
my heart shivers
o is yr heart
so fine that it laughs is yr heart
my heart so fine
the line shivers
well my heart
so it is life yu carry
the daze so long never ends where
is it all i salute yr heart
so fine my line shivers the love
long time
o is yr heart yr line
fine all nite yr line
so fine my heart
shivers my lungs
burn
o is yr heart so fine
my heart so fine that the life
inside is mad
behind yu
get
it
all
rock
it all
the words so high
the stone so hard
its rain

bertrand lachance

shud i draw yu with the
purple with wings with
the huge moon orange shud
i draw yu with horses nd
clouds all over the sky
faster going north shud i
draw yu in the water blue
the huge huge moon
all the sky like fire
thru the clouds the orange
moon draws yu shud i
draw yu down to my heart
closer allways where
yu are

oh but my love the candle burns the snow falls oh but my love
im amazd at yr sleep im amazd at yr joy the violins the satin
frocks the opium green oh but my love i eat at yr table i
sleep at yr side im amazd im amazd at my love oh my love
carries the wind carries us all carries us all oh my love
im amazd at yr strength im amazd at yr paints im amazd at
yr love oh my love the candle burns the trees giggle n my love
burns n my love falls n my love dances n my love sleeps n my
love giggles n my love can only go with yu n love

bertrand lachance

all i want is i fuck yu
care about yr mother
all i want is i suck yu
care about yr brother
all i want is yu fuck me
care about yr sister
all i want is yu suck me
care about yr father
all i want is i eat yu
care about yr wife
care about yr kids
all i want is yu eat me
and we do it again
and we do it again
back thru our histories
and theirs and not even counting
lovers.

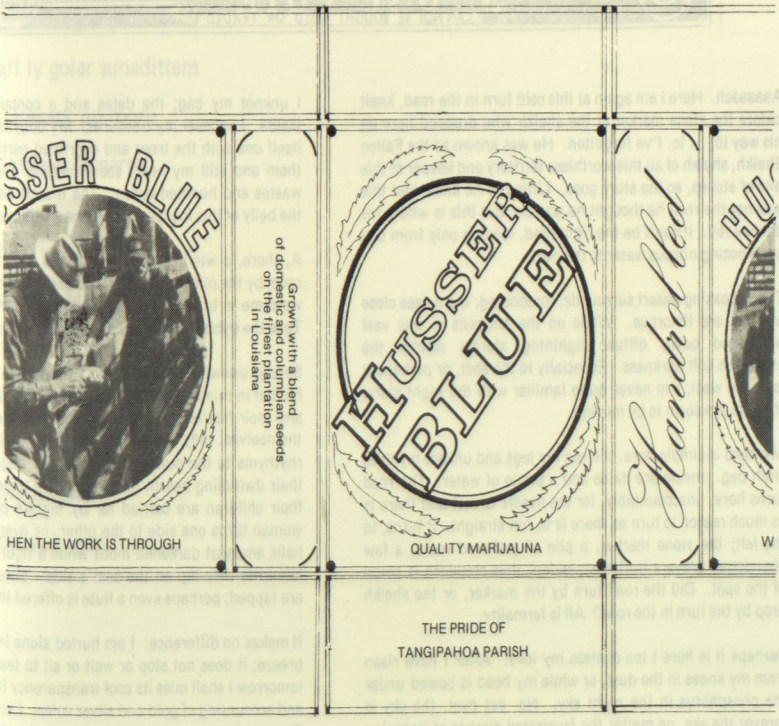
march 13th

ok theres still many more nites to go
n we're all in this together
this whole erth of us

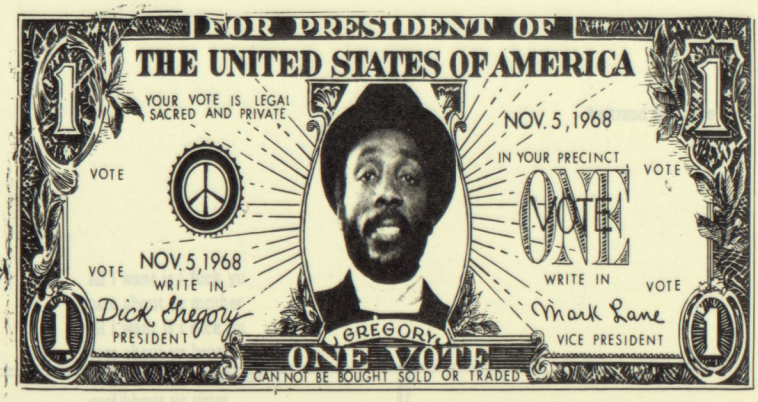
wanna cum for a ride baby
jump up pass the ceiling
cumcum along whole erth of yu

many many more nites to go
it dusint just end yu know

its either one with two voices
or one with no eyes



red →



Aaaaaach. Here I am again at this cold turn in the road, knelt before the stone marker of the sheikh who dropped here on his way to, ... to, I've forgotten. He was known as the Fallen Sheikh, sheikh of all this worthless territory and keeper of this pile of stones, so the story goes. Little did he know that this was not the road he thought he was on, but this is where his donkey fell. It can't be the right road, leading only from one oasis oozing nitrous water to the next.

The squeaking desert surrounds, foreboding; the noises close at hand are timorous. While on the horizons of this vast uncovered bowl, diffuse lightning storms smirch the otherwise soft darkness. Especially to the east, or perhaps it is to the west; I'm never quite familiar with the night stars; they always seem to be moving.

My meal is simple here. I cross my legs and unknot my little cloth bag. Inside are dates and a bottle of water. The road turns here, unaccountably, for the desert is vast and there is as much reason to turn as there is to run straight. It turns, to the left; the stone marker, a pile of gathered rocks, a few abandoned prayers flutter expended; thus credence is made of the spot. Did the road turn by the marker, or the sheikh drop by the turn in the road? All is formality.

Perhaps it is here I too confess my love. After I have risen from my knees in the dust, or while my head is bowed under the phosphorus in the night sky. No, not ever, the sky is forever the sky, no matter the frustrated clashes of lightning in the deadpanned heat, nor the forming thunders on its borders. Forever the sky and the sky alone, not a confessional.

I unknot my bag; the dates and a container of water inside. I uncover my treasures. My body takes them, ma itself one with the trees and overfilled earth that had spa them and still my heart soars rootless over the plains wastes and huddled oases. The insects seem swallowe the belly of this inexpressible curled stillness.

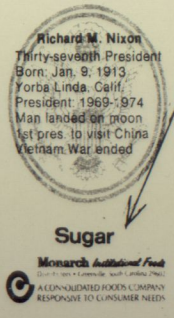
A, there, a wind, a little wind bows into my small wa room by the pile of stones. **"You are welcome, wind. You welcome in to scour the room and take from what you w Take the dybbuks with you on your way out, too."**

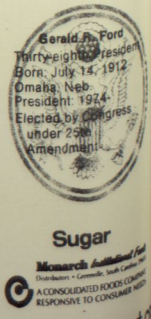
Surely, elsewhere, othere men are also calling to their ma hidden in this wind or in the next. Surely their eyes are and their hearts are tormented and their fingers cannot themselves; they tap aimless — or no, it can't be — a rhythyms to the pulsing heart of their naggings. Inside their dwindling hearth fires or outside their doorsteps w their children are carried far by night's coaches and th woman turns one side to the other, or even in huge co halls amongst darkened mobs while a figurine dances kilowatts they tap on the seat's side. Surely, the rhyth are tapped; perhaps even a flute is offered to the wind.

It makes no difference. I am hurled alone into this pers breeze; it does not stop or wait or sit to tea with me. I tomorrow I shall miss its cool transparency in the heat, to and accounting of gold and silver coins. I know, I alway This wind, she now is steady; she searches through my c nuzzles out my warmth, and nowhere around this mise little stupa — what pathetic faith — is there barrier from cold rising from the earth itself. And the night is yet you

r.h.wa

blue





next co

DAVID LENSON

HETEROLINGUISTIC POEM

Martialana
muna trepatica tulam
patalain gemarna
aff ly golar sunadittem
u lossark po moru
patalain gemarna

luveriale
muna trepatica manal
aff terrinusca aff malall
colad debah, debah
spatta daress
Martialana
patalain gedall.

she said

communications energy exploding outward, supernova of possibili ties exploding beyond the reach of humankind until entropy effect

they said

he turned his head in time to see the wave coming, thrust his body out, sucked in his lungs, and let go. the crest grabbed him, throwing him first down then back up. he spun sideways, feeling the slap that twisted his groin. his ears and nose flooded, and he lost it. gravel dug at his stomach. he lay on the beach, legs ascew, mouth dripping saliva, limp, he cried.

we said

he said

"Incity Living Task Force" says it can be fun living in a downtown apartment and wants to encourage construction of new housing in and around the central business district for 50,000 persons of all income levels in the next de cade. Joseph P. Ward and Associates a consulting firm, identified a demand for 7000 middle and upper income apartment buildings in downtown Seattle.

I said

each performer takes her/his prop, leading the audience

APT MY CHILDREN IS TO BE ABSOLUTELY
ONE DOES NOT FINISH A WORK ONE ABAND
REVOLUTION BY IMAGINATION
SHUTTER TECHNIQUE IN WHICH THE VIEW

she said

communications energy exploding outward, supernova of possibili ties expanding beyond the reach of humankind until entropy effect

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he turned his head in time to see the wave coming, thrust his body out, sucked in his lungs, and let go. the crest grabbed him, throwing him first down then back up. he spun sideways, feeling the slap that twisted his groin. his ears and nose flooded, and he lost it. gravel dug at his stomach. he lay on the beach, legs ascew, mouth dripping saliva, limp, he cried.

we said

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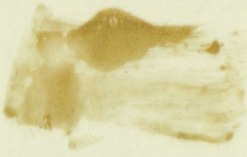


he said

"Incity Living Task Force" says it can be fun living in a downtown apartment and wants to encourage construction of new housing in and around the central business district for 50,000 persons of all income levels in the next de cade. Joseph P. Ward and Associates a consulting firm, identified a demand for 7800 middle and upper income apartment buildings in downtown Seattle.

I said

each performer takes her/his prop, leading the audience

ART MY CHILDREN IS TO BE ABSOLUTELY
ONE DOES NOT FINISH A WORK ONE ABAND
REVOLUTION BY IMAGINATION
SHUTTER TECHNIQUE IN WHICH THE VIEW
A PICTURE THAT EXPLODES FINDING A
AXTRACTIVE TOWN. EXPLODES FINDING A
ASSIL, [illegible]

oking? She does them the quickest way possible.

Her children? "It's easy to work when you have a good, happy baby, a 10-year-old son who likes to watch and a teenage daughter who babysits when necessary," Betty explains.

She also knows how many mowers she can repair in a week's time—up to 20—and still not push herself and family too hard.

"You're experimenting every time you

Her Jo

By NIKKI C
Daily Ne

10 year old TV

'It's easy to work when you have a good, happy baby, a son who likes to watch TV and a teenage daughter who babysits when necessary.'

Peterson
R

a "universal" blade that will fit
and is available at hardware

THOMAS MACAULAY

as lower priced

for that

unters.

News Notes

Bomb Kills Two In Assault On Belfast Tavern

From Daily News Wire Services

BELFAST, Northern Ireland — Two men were killed in a Catholic-owner suburban bar by a gas cylinder bomb they were trying to take outside, the British army reported today.

At least two other people inside Conway's bar were injured when the bomb went off. The bar, located in the Belfast suburb of Greencastle, was heavily damaged.

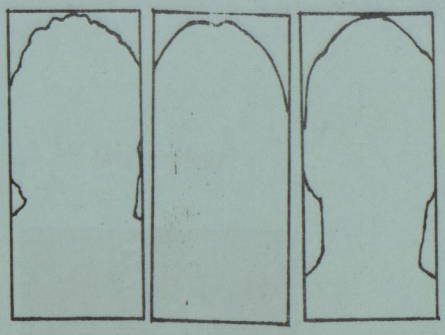
Four men brought the bomb into Conway's late Friday, and the bar was raked by gunfire immediately after the device went off.

Boyle Trial Jury Picked

MEDIA, Pa. — Twelve jurors, including a union repairman and a retired union stevedore, will hear a prosecutor argue Monday that W. A. (Tony) Boyle originated the idea to kill a reformer who had challenged him for the United Mine Workers presidency.

Selection of the 12 regular jurors and two alternates was completed Friday in Boyle's trial for the 1969 Yablonski murders. Delaware county Judge Francis J. Catania recessed proceedings until Monday.

NORTH



Names in the News

Nader Kennedy Spock

Co-Worker Praises Job Done by Caroline

From Daily News Wire Services

NEW YORK — Caroline Kennedy, despite a series of traumatic events in her younger years, has become "an extremely nice, extremely intelligent young woman who only wants to lead a normal life," says an article in McCall's magazine.

Caroline, 17, worked as an unpaid intern last summer for her uncle, Sen. Edward Kennedy.

"If you didn't know who she was, you couldn't tell," a Kennedy staff member said in the article. "No one made a particular fuss over her . . . she did what everyone else did, taking part in all programs."

Sullivan Leaves Estate to Daug

NEW YORK — Ed Sullivan, who died Oct. 13 o
the bulk of his $450,000 estate to his daughter, M
Precht of Scarsdale, N.Y.

In the will drawn up Mar. 27, 1973, t
dway columnist said he was leav
he had made contributions du
value of the esta

GRIN AN

"Before we meet
pull ourselves t
country k

Fa

By Rob

N

finance the show.

In effect, Mobutu has be...
How will the unhappy president...
the fight to go on no matter what. If F...
so be it.

Anyway, Luxembourg, Iceland, New York City and Dayton, here I come to get reimmersed in the baseball races, the football season, and other sports intersts.

As far as I am concerned, Z stands for silch, or sip. Having failed on this mission to Zaire, perhaps I'll take a trip to Zanesville, Ohio, to complete my personal travel alphabet.

Saire, Africa

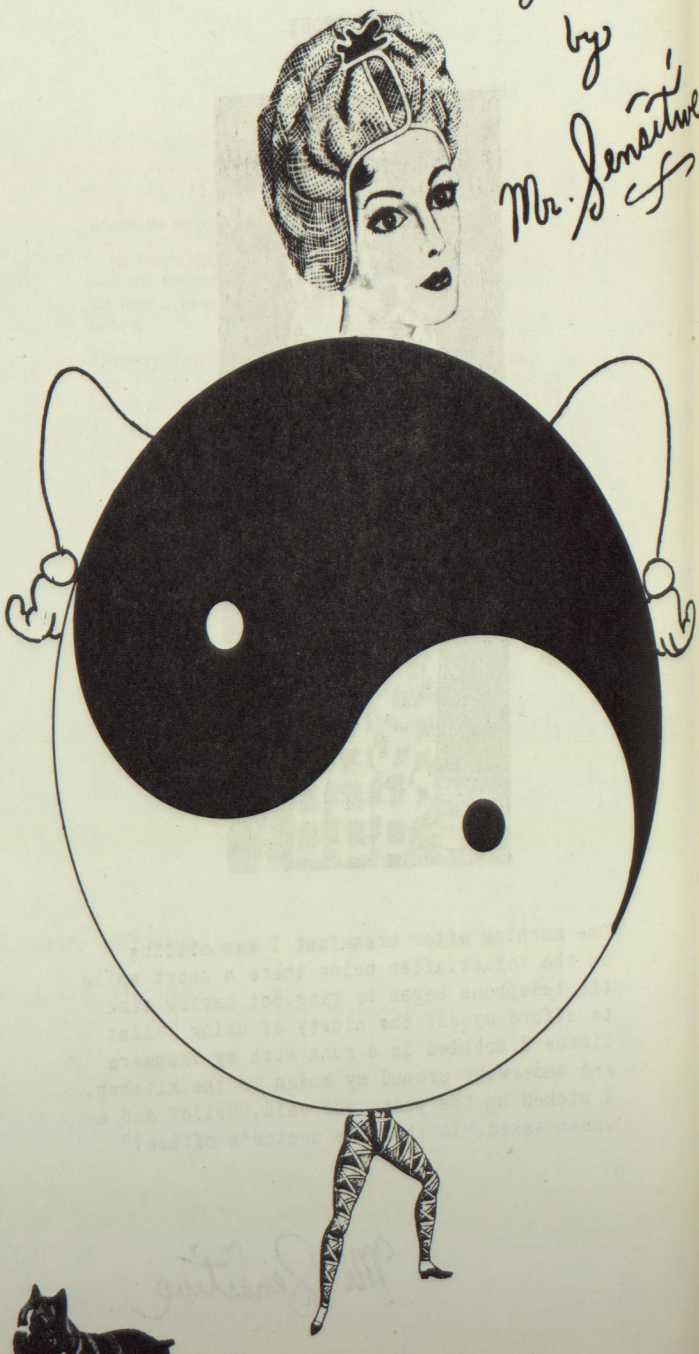
Sanesville, Ohio

JATAKA STORY

One morning after breakfast I was sitting on the toilet.After being there a short while the telephone began to ring.Not having time to afford myself the nicety of using toilet tissue I hobbled in a rush with my trousers and underwear around my knees to the kitchen. I picked up the phone and said,"Hello" and a woman asked,"Is this the doctor's office?"

Mr. Sensitive

Mrs. Sensitive by Mr. Sensitive

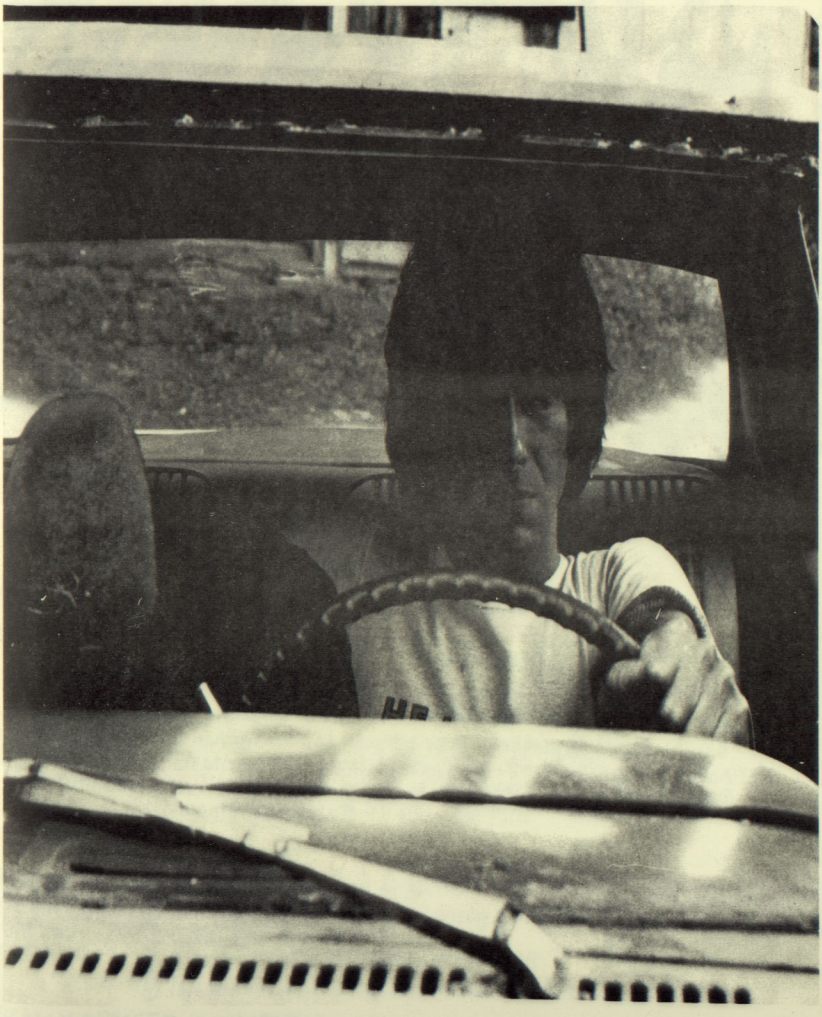


"I know that guy's a monkey."

"I know a fellow who's rather hard to describe, but here's the closest I can come: He's the kind of a guy who doesn't pick up the seat when he takes a leak."

Stephen M. Katcher
August, 1972
Nassau, Bahamas

FRANKS a.k.a. AMERICA

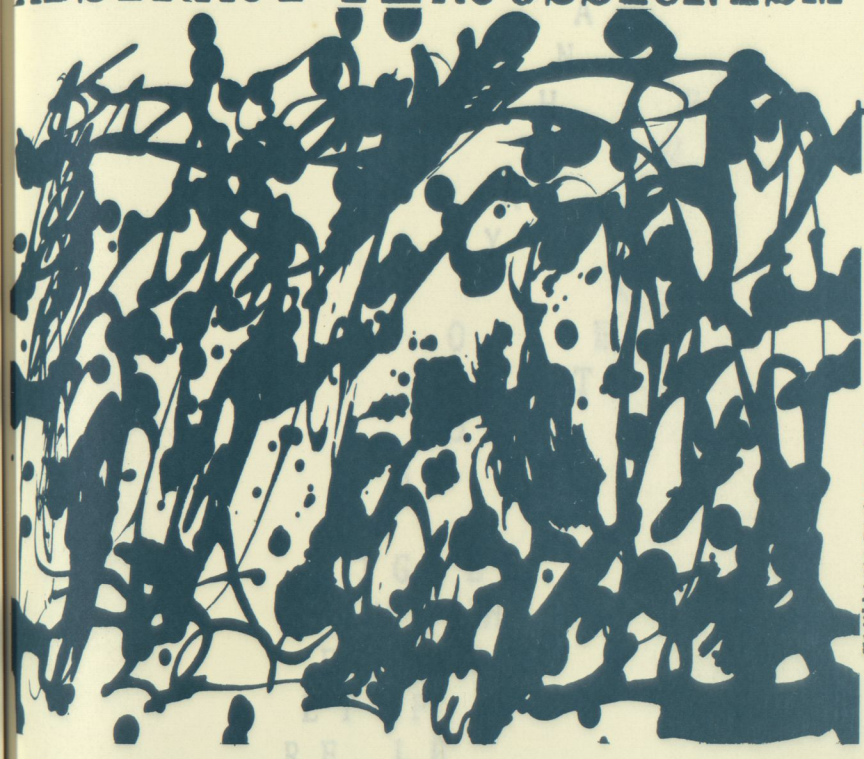


"EAT STEEL!"

CREDITS

COMBATANTS:	O'Rourke a.k.a. P.J. Franks a.k.a. America
SECONDS:	Ernest & Julio of God's Garage
CARS:	The Beefmobile & Great American Tempest
PIX:	**Pedar Ness**, Tom Martin, Bob Friedman, Michael Rose, Stephan Jones
DE:DESIGN:	**Alan Rose**, O'Rourke, America
AMERICA'S HAIR:	Jack's House
SPECIAL CREDIT:	The Mystery Lady

ABSTRACT PERCUSSIONISM



Sep 27

8:00 PM PARACHUTE CENTER FOR CULTURAL AFFAIRS

PETER MOLLER and CLIVE ROBERTSON present:
"A PROGRAM OF ACOUSTIC PAINT APPLIED WITH THE MECHANICAL AIDS OF BRUSHES AND STICKS."

Abstract Percussionism is more akin to the times of Abstract Expressionism when jazz drummers were slicker than grease and painters were whooping at the new found joys of all things Eastern. Electronic sound was hallowed for its own sake and precision rode hand-in-hand with bohemian dreams of the avant-garde. Chance was for the using and obscure ethnic musical instruments were pets to let run in the park. C.R.

PROGRAM:

1) OLD REALIST PIECE No.1 (5·35) C. Robertson QUAD +
Consists of a quad tape: ① Tape loop of nine notes and a noisy splice (M.B.)
and repetitive four ② Quadruplet phrases
pitch cycle on electric ③ Bass repeating motif changes to Oboe part } Roland Synthesiser
drums. ④ Tape loop of a five note phrase – skin resistance controlled oscillator

2) DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED (10·00) STEREO +
Each performer using a limited number of instruments has pre-recorded a separate improvised segment.
The same group of instruments are then played by each performer in a different physical location than the playback monitors. i) sleigh bells, 2 Mbiras, temple blocks, paper, desk, voice, brushes, 2 bell-lyres.
ii) Toy grand piano, maracas, castanets, voice

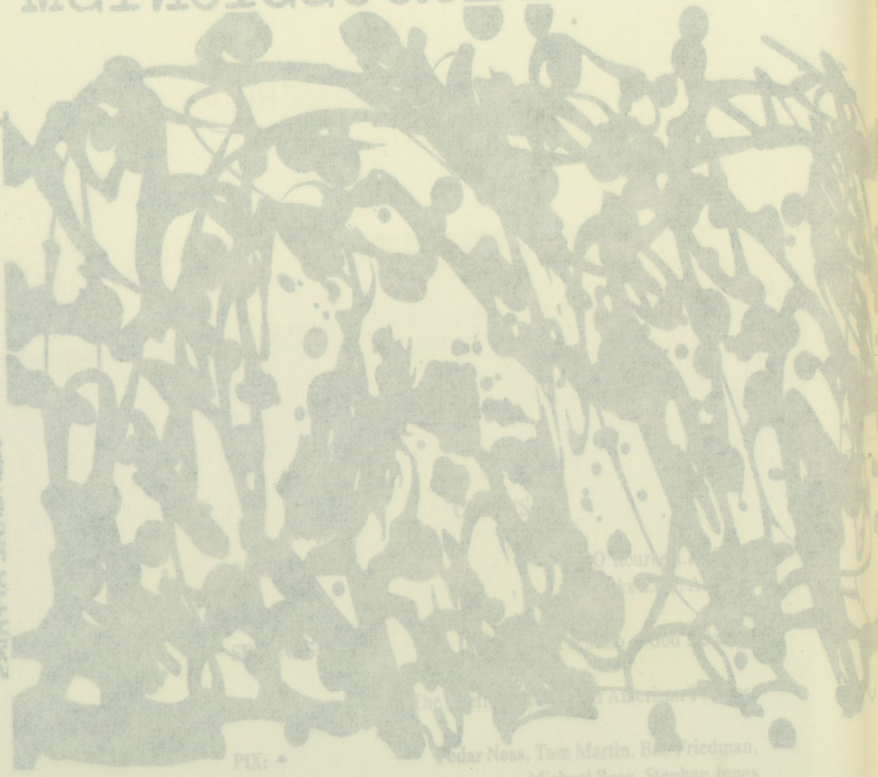
3) ENOUGH NOISE FOR A FUTURIST, ADD RANDOM TO TASTE (10·00) QUAD +
Consists of quad tape and percussion overlays. ① Random source Speed A. ② Drum kit played in and out of sequence.
③ Random source Speed B. ④ Random source speed C which changes to B.

4) LIGHT IS FOR THE EYES AND NOT THE EARS (approx 20 min)
Improvised piece for two percussionists.

——— INTERVAL ———

5) THE BAT FINDS THE FLYER BECOMING (C. Robertson)
The last in a series of oscillator generated works begun in 1971. A solo tape piece for two synthesisers, bowed guitar, voice and percussion.

6) with percussion overlay.
CYMBALS, SYMBOLS AND SINE BALLS stereo +
Tape and percussion improvisation for cymbals, Coca Colasign, steels drums and metallic music.



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After 5th century B.C. fragment

Karl Young

GIRLS

AT

THE

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DEPTHS OF

SUNLIGHT

ERDAYS OF

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CITY

After Bacchylides, from Loeb fragment 29 (i).

Karl Young

FISH & LEAVES FREEZE IN THE LAKE

THE WALLS RATTLE AT NIGHT

FISH & LEAVES

PIPES IN THE WALL RATTLE AT NIGHT

THICK WALL

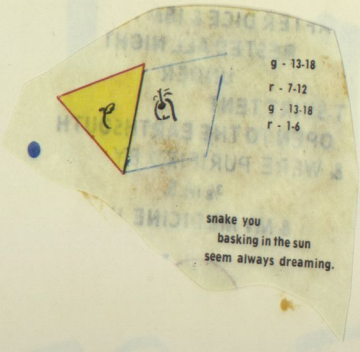
Karl Young

FOURTH HYMN TO POSEIDON

KARL YOUNG

Fred Truck

camping out patches



(COMING 1976)

The Grammarless Language

: HER BOOK

ARLENE ZEKOWSKI

(COMING 1976)

Chapter 4

"The Word Must Have Its Own Continuum"

-The question is how shall the Word be permitted to show its power to communicate if it is not free.

-What do you mean by free?

The Grammarless Language: HER Book

ARLENE ZEKOWS

Grammarless Language

WELL, ARLENE IS A TAURUS

ARLENE ZEKOWSKI

ARLENE ZEKOWSKI

-Why do you call Neo-Narrative a grammarless language?

-I wish to destroy what is dead, lifeless and snobbish. What is snobbish is status-ridden. Latin was the language in the Middle Ages of the Church and the privileged classes. As it is still today persisting in privileged instruction. And status-ridden institutions. All through history language has been used to insulate and segregate and subjugate to promote the powerful from the powerless the exploiter from the exploited. To be illiterate is to be despised. To be ungrammatical is a sign of stupidity. Whereas in reality it might really have nothing to do with lack of intelligence but with refusal to conformity. A Hopi or a Navajo writing in English will not learn or cannot understand why we separate Time or Tense into Present or Past. To the Navajo what happened to his ancestors is happening now. There are no ghosts of the dead and gone. All spirit is living. Therefore there is no past. Only the present.

The Grammarless Language: HER Book

(coming 1976)

ARLENE ZEKOWSKI

We who have created this new form of poetry prose called Neo-Narrative, know we are of the ghosts of the Primitive who haunt the living and the dead. We stab the syllogizers, the mandarin-academics, the embalmers of the human spirit, without cessation. We believe in the religion of the Word, in its magic, we work the Word both humbly and with pride, but not with arrogance. We know its power but know not how it comes about. We create in darkness. And in solitude. Deep in the cave of the womb of the race. Dipping our pens. Scratching onto the page. As we once did in the long past. On stone or wood or glass. Or clay. And even on sand. And we know that the letters of speech and of poetry and of prayer. Were once pictures. To lead the race back and forth and always in spontaneity. To the doors of their own individual beings. To their own individual souls. To the imagination and spirit of ourselves. And all other spirits and life. In the universe of which we are a part. These are the things of the Word. And of art. Of time. Space. Memory. Age and Consciousness. Self-perpetuating. Creating and Creative. Whole.

THE GRammarless Language: HER BOOK

(COMING 1976)

ARLENE ZEKOWSKI

STANLEY BERNE

AMERICAN-CANADIAN PUBLISHERS, Inc.

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Portales, N.M. 88130 USA

Coming in 1976

Arlene Zekowski

THE GRAMMARLESS LANGUAGE: her BOOK

...

Stanley Berne

THE GRAMMARLESS LANGUAGE: his BOOK

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5 or 6 Conceptual Stories

1. This is an idea I may have read in an old book. Or dreamed in an ancient place. The world is headed for destruction. Scientists replicate the world to see how it went wrong. They do not find the answer in time to avert the destruction of the world. In time the replicated world evolves and heads for destruction. Its scientists replicate it to see how it went wrong. They

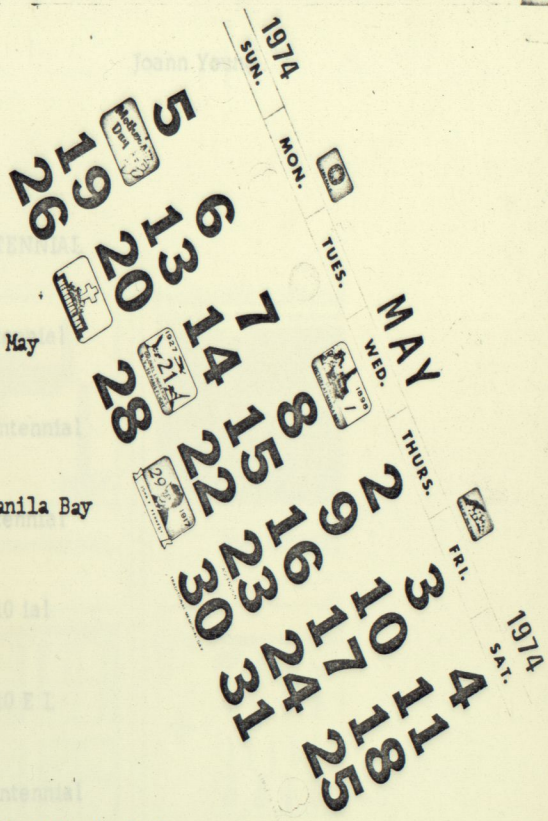
2. Reaching into the glove box of the car for a street directory when I am lost in the city, I bring out a copy of *Labyrinths.*

3. I revisit old academic literary friends. I drink home-made beer all evening. When I leave I trip over a hedgehog on the front doorstep.

4. Winking at nuns in lectures;

5,6. Another one or two stories to complete a sequence.

Michael Wilding.



Song for the month'v May

Dewey's victory at Manila Bay

Full Moon

Mother's Day

Last quarter of Moon

Col. Lindberg's flight: N.Y. to Paris

New Moon!

ASCENSION

Memorial Day

John F. Kennedy, birth

Traditional Memorial Day

1st quarter

Sing Month of May!

Emerald, Lilly of the Valley!

Ronald E. Wray

Joann Young

BICENTENNIAL

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PAUL ZELEVANSKY

A page from THE BOOK OF T

I'M

SO

FULL

OF

Bruce Wohl
"I'm So Full of Energy"

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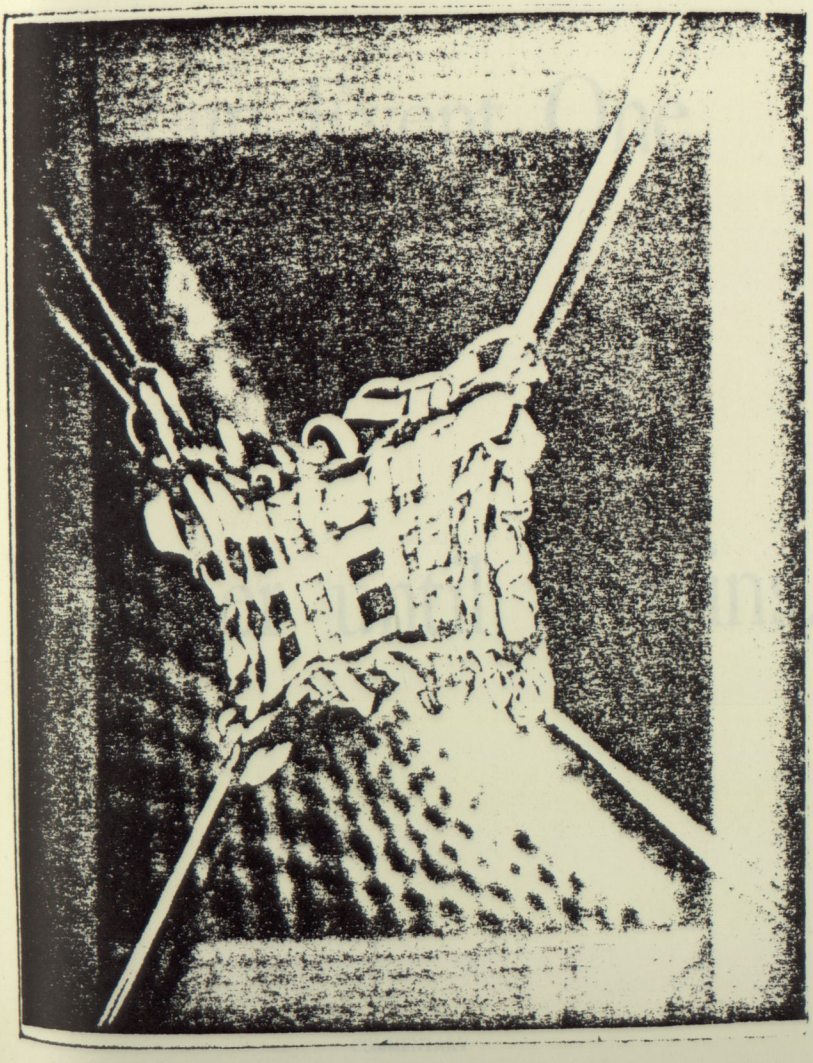
(B.W.)

TUB NOTES

I usually run the water very hot. I like hot baths. I often climb in when there is only an inch or so at the bottom. I slide my body down so my chest gets covered with water. The water rushes over me. After I am completely covered, I lie and think for a number of minutes. I think about my life. I think about the warmth of the water around me. The tub is too small to fit my whole body, so I hang my legs onto the far rim. I can also put them on the wall. The contrast between my legs in the open air, and the rest of my body in the warm water is very pleasing. I sit and think for perhaps twenty minutes, and then begin the washing. The first thing to do is wet my hair, so I don't have to go through the trouble of filling up a bottle with water and pouring it over my head later on. So I lay my head back, and ease it into the water. I must do it then, for later the water will be soapy. After this, I take up my two tools: sponge and soap. The sponge is soaped, and to the feet I go. Now I must get in between those toes first. I am sure that many people do not do this. (A major cause of the world's problems, to be sure!) After the toes, I can surface over the bulk of the foot. In this manner, both feet are cleaned within a matter of a minute, give or take a few seconds. The legs give me ample opportunity to employ a gliding stroke. They are so bony, and take up so much a part us, that I never conceive of them as getting very dirty. So it's only a few seconds apiece for them. This brings me to the delicate but interesting question of the genitalia. But why be delicate? We hide them for most of the day, yet place so much psychological importance on them. The bath is one of the major times when I can contemplate my genital area. It does not suffice for me to simply stick a soapy hand or sponge between my legs and be done with it. I contort my body so as to raise the genitalia above water level. I then run the sponge between my legs and over and under my penis and testicles. To rinse I simply descend back to a flat position and swish around a bit. When all is through, I continue my march up the torso. The chest, stomach and abdominal areas never take long. They've been submerged all this time and are getting very hot and tired of being wet. My underarms cannot, of course, be overlooked. A generous amount of soap is always used in this area, followed by quick dashes of water. Neck and back I sometimes neglect out of laziness, for I do still have my hair to wash. But my ears I always remember. An abundance of wax never appealed to me, and I feel like an American again when I wash behind them. But then that is it, for there is only the hair left, and that I leave for another writing!

Bruce Wohl



"Snap" #62

Arlen Schloss 75'

Jerome Rothenberg

Rain Event One

Whisper until it rains.

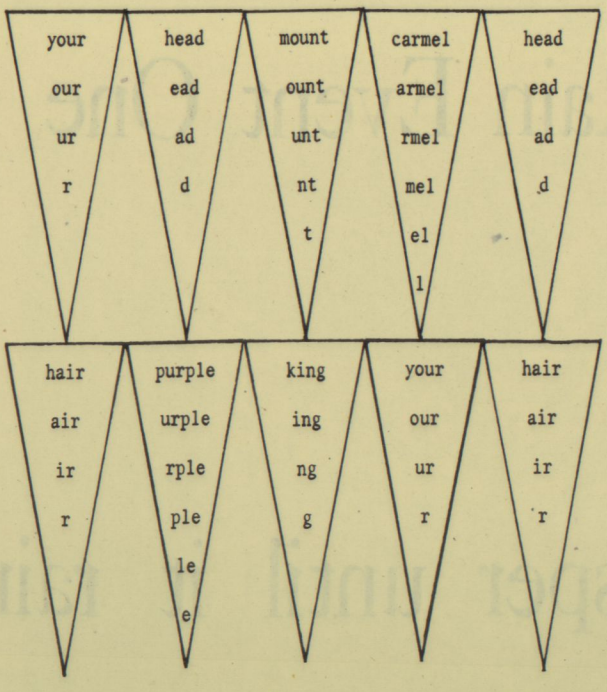
COMMENTARY

(1) The Hebrew word for magic–"kishuf"–literally "murmuring" or "muttering."

(2) "If you see a generation over whom the heavens are rust-colored like copper so that neither rain nor dew falls, it is because that generation is wanting in whisperers. What then is the remedy? Let them go to someone who knows how to whisper." (Talmud B. Ta'an 8a)

(3) "In oriental countries in general, the Jews have acquired for one reason or another, a special reputation as rain-makers." (Raphael Patai, *The Hebrew Goddess*)

VARIATIONS ON A HEBREW AMULET (1)



VARIATIONS ON A HEBREW AMULET (2)

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VARIATIONS ON A HEBREW AMULET (3)

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JEROME ROTHENBERG
Milwaukee 1975

WORD EVENT ONE

Slice an apple in three.

Write a word on each slice & eat it.

WORD EVENT TWO

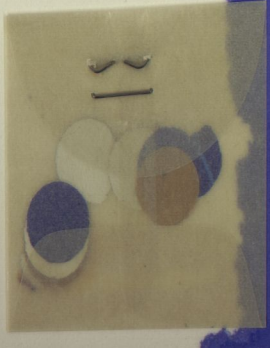
Write a word in the sand.

Have participants lick it up.

Jerome Rothenberg
1975

from *A Big Jewish Book*

Possibilities and Limitations of the New Print
an acrylic dip print relief stamped on COSMOS
blotter with a detachable Confetti throw away
by Stephen Procunier (edition livre signed and
dated)



May 8, Washington Square Park

Woman, early sixties. Thin, fairly good figure, well dressed in a navy and beige dress, stockings, low-heeled navy shoes. Grey and white hair, short, combed back, thick bangs. Navy, pink & white beads, falling just above breasts. Silk scarf across lap, bunched together, small shopping bag on bench beside her. A moment ago she was sitting spread out, one arm clasped over bench, other arm on hip. Now crosses her arms on her lap. Head is raised and forward, accenting a thin neck. Smiles at a child playing with ball near her. High cheekbones, chin a little square. Deep lines in face, but smooth and tight. Legs are crossed. Now bottom leg goes forward, leans back on heel. Soft pink lipstick, nailpolish to match. Lips are drawn inward, smiles, showing upper teeth. Eyes down but alert. Yawns, and the yawn seems to make her foot slide back under the bench. Moves her head continually from side to side. Lips very tight, upper lip drawn in. Talks to woman on her right, inclining head and leaning her whole body (from waist) toward her. Now leans forward to see baby in carriage, head tilted toward carriage. Leans back. Head definitely backward, high and proud. Seems to look from the corners of her eyes. Yawns continually, lips drawing inward as she yawns. Keeps looking at infant, bending head to bring it to the child's level, bends body forward from waist. Smiles, but it seems forced. Eyes are narrow. Throws head back every time she yawns. Head forward, tilted, talks a little to Black woman with carriage. Enchanted with infant, as awhile ago she was enchanted with the toddler. Her breasts rest on her folded arms. Every so often she jerks her arms upward as if to stretch her whole body. Speaks with definite nods and inclinations of the head. Shrugs her shoulders and turns her head away for a moment. Now a man has joined her, sits next to her on bench, one arm spread behind her, then on her shoulder. She talks to him, then turns back to baby and nurse. Asks questions about baby -- does he like his food, etc. Obviously intelligent, as one would expect from her appearance. Head forward, tilted. Grins. Then draws back, head lifts, seems to retreat into her sense of self as the nurse gets up to leave. A gesture of shocked agreement -- head goes all the way back and returns, mouth open in a circle. Recrosses her arms as if to get a better grip. Lips very tightly drawn in. The man has his arm partly around her, but she turns her body away from him, has to turn her head distinctly over her shoulder as she talks. He kisses her shoulder, much more relaxed than she is. Now she's watching a dog. Opens her arms, spreads them on her lap, crossed just above the wrists, fingers tucked under. Now braces one elbow on her lap, hand against cheek and mouth, fingers spread and pressing hard. Looks at definite angles, away, toward. Inclines her head occassionally to hear the man whisper something. Dog has deserted her. Continually turns head, moves hand around the lip area. Moistens her lips with her tongue. Lets one leg sway. Opens mouth, finger supporting upper lip from inside. More responsive to the man now. Gestures a lot with one hand, perhaps pointing to things in the park. Leaves. She leans her body forward as she walks, arms sway at her sides, out from her body, her hands almost in fists.

May 13, Washington Square Park

Girl, mid 20's. Clogs, jeans, red shirt, black sweater, sunglasses. Light brown hair in thick braids, parted in center of head. Sort of slouches on the bench, legs far forward. Reads "Over The Hill". Daughter, about 4, walks to playground and returns to her. A cup of soda on the bench, straw sticking up. Reads, looks around for a second. Stretches one leg, draws it back to original position. Very wide stance. An even calmness to her reading, her head barely moves. Smiles at her daughter, tilts head toward her as she talks. Pushes her glasses back, rests her hand near her mouth, helps her daughter take her blouse off. One elbow is on the bench, bent, the forearm straight up. Crosses her legs in a triangle, but quickly resumes her old position. Lights a cigarette, straightens up. She smokes, taps her forehead once with her little finger. One foot slides out of clog, rests on top of it, slides back in. Other foot slides out, rests on top, toes bending over front. Now the first foot does the same, then slides backward, still out of shoe. Bites her lower lip harshly but smoothly. Face is harder now, she looks to the side, off in the distance. Returns to reading, but more tensely. Feet move around, play with shoes, toes stretch. Looks up and around her. Blows smoke down at the ground, leans over to look at something. Takes a sip of soda, finishes her cigarette, returns to reading. Hand moves along temple and forehead. Looks up and talks to her daughter, hand pulls one braid to the side. Returns to reading. One finger rubs along the area under her nose. Calls to her daughter, head tilted forward and resting on the back of her hand, bites her lower lip. Keeps pushing her glasses back. Leaves, unbraids her hair as she walks over to the play area, head back. Sits on a ledge, feet wide apart. Closer to where her daughter wants to be. Reads.

Edward Stanton

equi lib rium

Edward Stanton Annunciation, Nativity and Passion

bird

bread

body

blood

birth

A True Mystery Story

Its Fruit In Its Season, Being the Reinterpretation of the Apple Anecdote as Perfect Crime

By STEPHEN WIEST

A STONE HOUSE PROJECT

SEPTEMBER, 1975

The last apple falls from the tree, *thum.* The worm in the apple, the snake in the grass. It might have been different, thinks Zoltan, (always) meditating alternative endings to old stories - it might have been different.

Jim, having spent, spent and exhausted patience on these and other strange passages, from mind to tongue, tongue to mind, of Zoltan, told him the other day, concerning the story Zoltan contemplates, that the meaning is different than the tradition; in any case, that the reality is different. Zoltan is stunned. Is Jim right? Jim is extremely analytical. Grind, Grind. His mind is precise. Zip, Zip. And he works hard. *Thum.* But he has no Sheila.

Zoltan escorts Sheila to her office. It is 8:50 of a Tuesday. He gives Sheila a goodmorning goodbye have a goodday at the office dry peck on the cheek, tells her he will pick her up at five...
-I will pick you up at five.
...and goes home to bed. (The reason for the dry peck on the cheek is this: Sheila is very much in what she calls love with Zoltan and is what he calls very passionate for the time the street and the Tuesday.)

Zoltan can not sleep this morning for thinking of Jim's words; that the way the myths turned out - endings - were merely accidents in moments of time. That changes everything pants Zoltan to his pillow.

Where is Sheila, flashes Zoltan's mind. The starlings are making their birdie-noises outside Zoltan's bedroom's window's ledge. Starling lime has marbleized the ledge the color of the courthouse. It is a lovely sleepless day, I must go ask Jim what he meant, says Zoltan. To himself. Forgetting his Sheilapillow.

Jim is a normal fellow, a personality which Zoltan's mind can only infringe upon the fringes of. Jim works in the loan department of the bank on the corner of town.

-JIM, says Zoltan loudly, a great bass JIM, scuttling along the marble floor, round and whee, up the big columns, but wingless and falling finally, heavily from the coffered ceiling. *Thum.* This is the bank, Bank. Bank bank.

-O hello Zoltan, Jim says good-naturedly, slightly embarrassed (but not condescendingly), to Zoltan, leading him, sitting him near the desk in his half-glassed office.
-Back in a moment, Zoltan.

Jim knows how to handle these fellows, without fuss, he is cultured and knows that artists are necessary. Jim's the one. Arranging the art shows in the foyer and everything.

-How are you Zoltan? Going to be inspired by this beautiful day?
Handshake, sunlight shaded in bank-glass.
-Jim what did you mean the other day when you said...
-I'm sorry about that Zoltan, I didn't mean to say, to infer - I didn't mean to insult Sheila, I was just making a joke. It was your talking about her in a rather, ah, light way and I...
-I mean what were you saying about the myth about the cumulative effect of moments producing a reality different from any and each individual moment and the reality it produces or the projection of a reality it might possibly produce?
-Zoltan, says Jim, leading him over to the sheltering shadow of a pink bankcolumn.
-Zoltan, says Jim again, truthfully, I was talking about Sheila's tits.

Thum, go Zoltan's thoughts.
-Why the apple, said Zoltan, forgetting Jim and the echo of his voice and walking out on the glary corner with this new and valuable question.

TEMPTATION, ELECTRICITY OF THE BODY, POWER-GRID OF THE MIND, LEAD US ON TO AN END, A BEGINNING OR A SIGN, ZAP ME WITH A SMILE
So writes Zoltan on the Sheilabody in his mind.

It is time to meet Sheila at the office, but Zoltan forgets so engrossed is he. Sheila the real walks home, pissed, while Sheila the vision roils, orgasmically, in Zoltan's buttery thoughts.

-George, says Sheila to Zoltan, when she finally flows into the apartment. She is a real Rembrandt of a girl.
-Your mind is really applesauce, George.
Sheila hesitates, jumps on George, gives him a big wet kiss and so on, until she forgets how angry she has been. *Thum.*
-Yum Yum Sheila, says Zoltan.
-Yum Yum yourself, says Sheila, crinkling her nose.

-What did you do today, George?
-I had a vision Sheila.
-A nice one?
-My apple tree vision. I went to see analytical Jim about it, but all he thinks about is your tits so...
-George!
-Yes, Sheila?
-That's vulgar.
-What?
-Jim.
-O.

CHAPTER TWO
A Few Minutes Later

-Did I have a nice day, George?
-Did you have a nice day, Sheila?
-No.
-O.
-I was typing an account all day, then Mr Osgood said everything was changed and we had to start all over. Then someone on the elevator felt me up.
-Jim.
-Of course not.
-O. Well you had to start all over because everything changes, just like my apple tree vision.
-I'm sure.
-Sure, Sheila, sure? No. True? Perhaps, but not sure. No. As Jim says...
-Jim. Jim. All Jim is interested in is my bosom.
-Your bosom, apples of the sun. Why apples? Lemons, plums. Apricots, peaches, pomegranates, uglis, grapefruits, honeydews. WATERMELONS.
-George. Kiss off.

CHAPTER THREE

-Don't I have a pretty throat George?
-O yes, Sheila.
-And a pretty Adam's apple? (At last. Notice, the authorial presence retracked.)

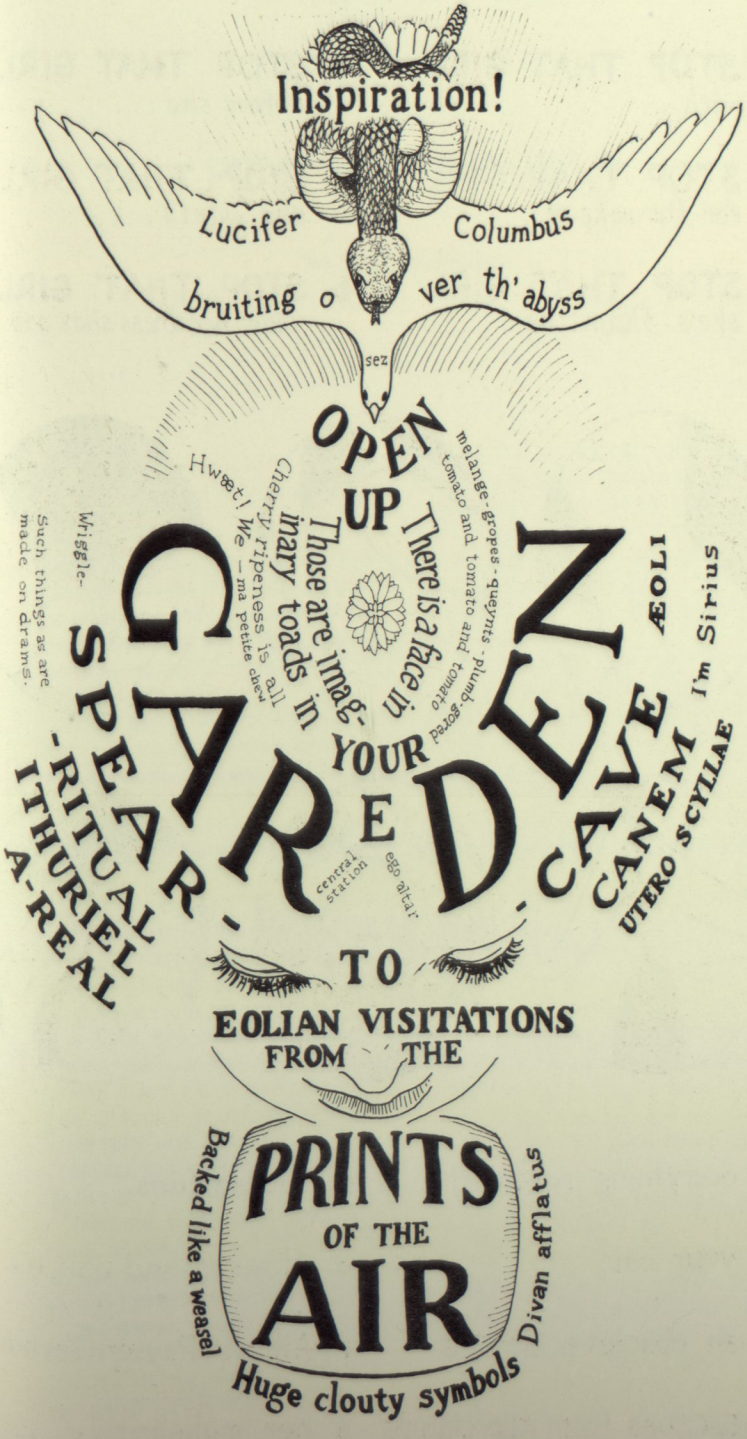
Thum.

-It's melodious, Sheila.
-And what's my present George?

Everyday Zoltan gives Sheila a token of his affection, a sweet nothing, a paperclip, a shard of green glass, a bus token. Sheila thinks it wonderful and everyday asks what's my present George. Zoltan reaches in his pocket and hands Sheila a wad of money.

George, where did you get this. My God, one, two, fifty, four, it's seven hundred dollars. Where did you get this?
-It was in Jim's desk. Let's go south Sheila.
-George!
Thum...
-Adam's apple. But why apple; it might have been different. But how?
P!

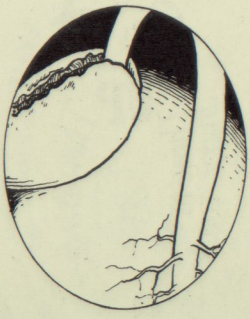
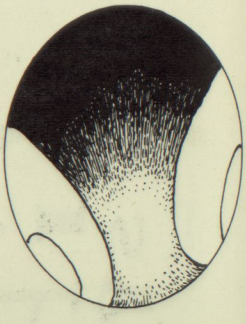
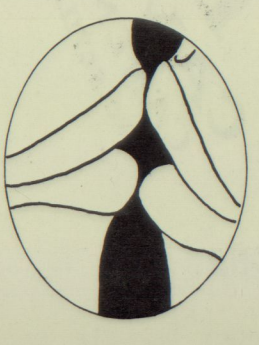
P-S-S-T.

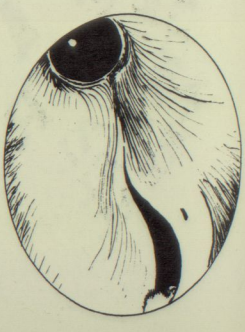


Leonard Trawick

STOPTIONS

1. STOP THAT GIRL *with . . .*
2. STOP THAT GIRL *before she . . .*
3. STOP THAT GIRL *for the sake of . . .*
4. STOP THAT GIRL *she wants . . .*
5. STOP THAT GIRL *she's flaunting . . .*
6. STOP THAT GIRL *under her dress she's got . . .*



a. everything revealed
b. hidden fires
c. your oats
d. flowers and dances
e. an obsolete device
f. Albert Payson Terhune
g. escapes from the clamps
h. her muliebrity

Leonard Trawick

FELLOW-TRAVELERS

by Donald Porter

Snow filled the air around the two wolves and slapped against their noses like wet blankets.

Weakly but doggedly the two wolves marched down the mountain, one behind the other. The belly of the first made a long U behind him in the snow; the small icicles on the hairs of his ribs traced lines along this U.

As they were floundering through a drift blown up next to a large boulder the second wolf stumbled and fell in a manner that showed he did not have the strength to catch his fall.

"Joe! Stop!" the second called to the first.

The first wolf took a couple more steps into the whistle of the storm, and then, slowly, he stopped and turned his head, conserving his strength. For half a minute the two panting wolves stared blankly at each other through the half-light, one looking backwards and down, the second looking forward and up. As if glad of an excuse not to push on, the first walked back to the fallen wolf.

"Get up, Billy," the first wolf said in between pants, "and let's go."

"Can't Joe. Gotta rest a minute. I told you it wouldn't let up," Billy said. "We should have started off the first day. Or we shouldn't never have left the cave."

"And starved. It never snowed this early before, did it? Come on, get your ass up now, and let's go." Joe turned to go as if the episode were finished.

"No! Let me rest a few minutes," the fallen wolf said.

The first wolf turned back making a clicking noise with his tongue against his teeth, as if to say he could not understand his companion. He went around to the side of the falled wolf and butted him in the ribs with his forehead.

"Ouch! Stop it, Joe! What are you doing that for?"

"Get up, buddy!" Joe said. "You'll never get up if you don't. Keep your mind on how hot the sheep's blood is down there."

"And we gonna have us a whole sheep apiece, huh, Joe?"

"That's right, buddy."

"I'm going to rip a hole in mine so big I can stick my whole head past my ears in him!"

"That's right," the first said. "Now get up. The quicker we get down this hill the quicker you get your sheep."

"I'd almost forgot those sheep, it's been so rough out here the last few days. Funny I'd forget them we haven't eaten in so long. Joe, I'll just rest a few more minutes, and then I'll be ready. You can go a lot further is my theory if you get down in the snow and rest and get warm every now and then." Billy spoke the last sentence more eagerly than anything else he had said, as if it appealed more to him.

The first wolf went behind his fallen companion and butted him in the rear with his head. The second responded only by humping himself weakly. The falling snow thickened into a white blanket on the fallen wolf's back; Joe shook himself to scatter the snow on his back. Joe lowered his head and with a delicate movement

gathered a fold of the other's haunch in his jaws and bit down into it, giving the loose hide of the other a firm shake.

Billy jumped and raised his head. "Ough! Joe! What the hell are you doing? —eating me?"

"I said get your ass up, or you'll never move again," Joe said in a hard voice.

"I'm just resting. This isn't the time to be acting like a bully, Joe." Billy's head dropped back into the snow.

A few drops of blood lay on Joe's lips. He ran his tongue over them and swallowed, making him shudder as if he was shaken by a sudden storm within more violent than the one raging around them. Neither of them had eaten in four days, and the taste of blood had awakened his hunger. It didn't look as if Billy was going to make it down the mountain, nor him either. It couldn't be more than another day's march, but without food he might as well lay down beside Billy here and go off to sleep forever. Joe walked around to the head of his fallen companion.

As if startled awake by a bad dream, Billy shook his head and looked up. Joe was standing in front of him staring at him.

"What are you looking at me like that for?" Billy asked. Fear was in his voice.

"Nothing," Joe answered in a sullen voice. "Get up and let's go, will you?"

"Aw, naw! Joe, you wouldn't! I'm going to get up, really I am! Christ, haven't we spent almost four years hunting together? This is Billy, your moon-brother and all. I'm the guy saved you from that bobcat that time, remember?"

"What are you talking about? Will you get old ass up and let's go?" Joe's eyes did not match his words; they were measuring something about the other's body.

"I know you, you bastard! You won't even wait until the end, will you? I know how that brain of yours works. Wait till the end, will you, Joe? Even if you do. I'm going to get up, though. Why don't you help your old buddy up, huh?"

"If you're coming, get up and let's go," Joe said. "The longer we piss around up here without something to eat the harder it's going to be."

"Joe, I wouldn't do it to you. I swear I wouldn't, couldn't. If it was you in my place I'd carry you as far as I could, till I couldn't even go any further myself, and then I'd lay down with you."

"Will you get your god-damn ass up and quit yackety-yakking? Nobody's going to do anything to you."

"I'm going to rest for exactly two more minutes and then I'm going to get up, and you and me are going to go down the mountain to get us a sheep apiece, ain't we? Time those two minutes for me, will you, Joe?"

"Sure, boyo," the other said. He shook the snow off his back again, and sat back on his haunches to rest.

The silence that followed between them was broken only by the whistle of the wind and the snow flapping against them. Every now and then the first wolf stood up and shook the snow off his back and danced a little to keep his blood moving. After a while he brushed the snow away to expose Billy's head. He kicked the head roughly a couple of times. No response; it flopped limp on his shoulders. Billy was still alive though; Joe could see the snow melt in front of his nostrils.

"Billy," Joe called out softly. He called again, louder. No response. The whistle of the wind rose. Joe leaned down and stuck his snout into the opening of the other's ear and shouted "BILLY!" as loud as he could, but the other did not stir. Joe took Billy's entire ear into his jaws and clamped down and shook the other's head. Billy made the faintest of possible moans. In a fashion that was almost meditative Joe began to chew on the ear in his mouth. A sudden spurt of blood sprayed against Joe's palate, and he swallowed several times.

Joe spat out hairs and bits of gristle into the storm. He went around to the side of his companion, jammed his long snout under the other's stomach and pushed up, turning Billy belly-up. Joe placed one paw firmly on Billy's exposed chest and with his snout cleaned off the snow. With furious rips Joe tore a hole in the belly in front of him with teeth, and as soon as the hole was large enough he put his long snout, almost up to his eyes, into the warm pool of blood and drank.

WITH EASY-CLEANING OVENS

Just look at these low prices for a 30-in. Electric Range with continuous-cleaning oven that ends most oven cleaning

Colors $229.95

o turn on, cook

s you check on en light is on

warm and ready to cooktop for easier nch plug-in surface our timer and appli- ts and pans. Porce- Oven measures 21½- nge is 30x27x41⅝

170 lbs. $219.95
170 lbs. 229.95
170 lbs. 229.95
170 lbs. 229.95

30-inch Electric Range with ceramic cooktop and continuous-cleaning oven

Cut $50

White was ~~$329.95~~ **$279.95**

Colors were $339.95 **$289.95**

***ORDER BY DATE BELOW**

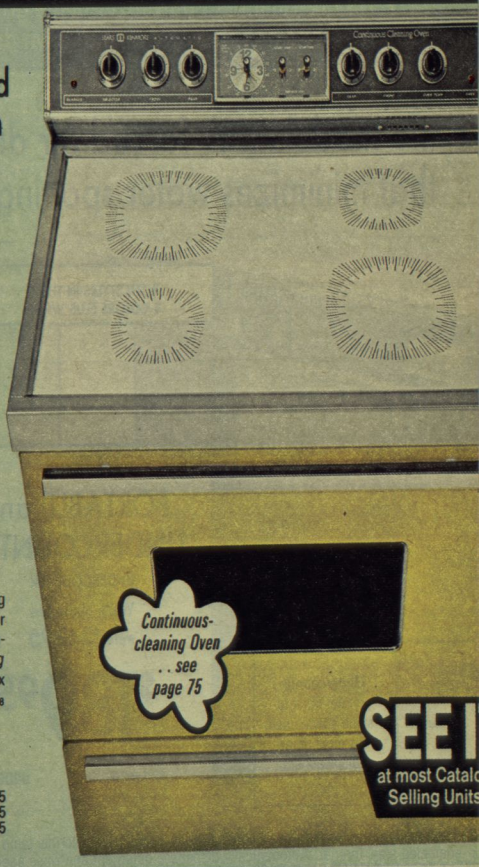
- Ceramic cooktop wipes clean with little effort. Hides 4 heating elements that never need cleaning. Provides extra counter space when elements not in use
- Automatic oven presets to turn on, cook and turn off by itself
- Visi-Bake® door lets you check on food when oven light is on

Two 8-inch and two 6-inch concealed heating elements. Backguard with clock and one-hour timer. Storage drawer. Bottle of cooktop cleaner-conditioner included . . *order extra from Big Book.* Broiler pan and grid. Oven 21½x19⅜x16 inches high. Overall range 30x26½x41⅜ inches high. 9.2 kilowatts.

***LAST DATE TO ORDER THIS RANGE FROM THIS CATALOG IS AUGUST 21, 1975**

Shipping weight 164 pounds.

22 XW 91851N* — White. $279.95
22 XW 91854N* — Avocado 289.95
22 XW 91856N* — Tawny Gold 289.95



40-inch Electric Range has clean ceramic cooktop and ble wood cutting board

70 White was ~~$509.95~~ **$439.95**

Colors were $519.95 **$449.95**

pes clean of most spills with little effort. Hides s that never need cleaning. Provides extra counter elements are not in use.

ning ovens that are fully automatic . . preset to n off by themselves

lets you check on food when oven light is on

rm and ready to serve without overcooking. Wood cutting board in. wide . . lifts out for easier cleaning. Two 8-inch and two 6- you cook with any pot or pan. Backguard with lighted clock and ghts show when heating elements are on. Full-width storage

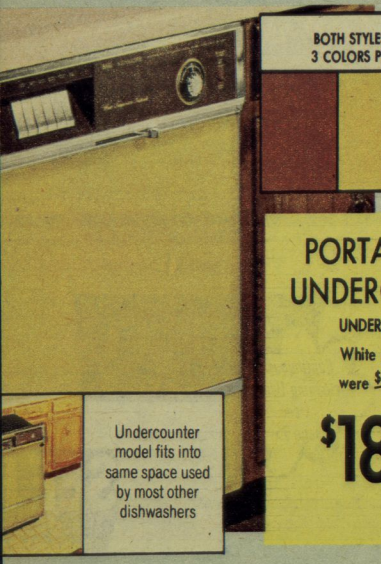
of cooktop cleaner-conditioner included . . *order extra from Big* s high. Side oven 9⁹⁄₁₆x19½x16 inches high. Overall range is ches. Shpg. wt. 218 lbs.

$439.95 22 XW 94852N — Coppertone $449.95
449.95 22 XW 94856N — Tawny Gold 449.95

DISHWASHERS AT BIG 10% to 24% SAV

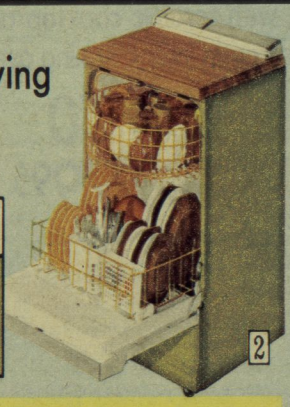
- No pre-rinsing . . pulverizer blade grinds food bits and they're flushed down drain
- Power Miser lets you shut off heating element when dishes are drying . . saves

-cycle models with forced-air drying that minimizes water spotting



BOTH STYLES IN THESE 3 COLORS PLUS WHITE

Undercounter model fits into same space used by most other dishwashers



2

PORTABLE and UNDERCOUNTER Cut $60

UNDERCOUNTER
White and colors
were ~~$249.95~~
$189.95

PORTABLE
White was ~~$279.95~~
$219.95
Colors were $284.95
$224.95

ORDER BY DATE BELOW*

2) Features Light or Normal Wash, Rinse & Hold, Rinse & Dry, Normal temp. Rinse and hygienic 155°F Sani-temp rinse. White in-enameled steel interior. Automatically dispenses detergent and rinse agent. With silverware and small items basket. Holds shes for family of 4 or 5. Includes operating and installation instructions. UL listed. 110-120-v., 60-c. AC.

ercounter Style. Insulated steel door helps keep noise in-, minimizes heat loss. 750-watt heating element. Measures inches deep. Door panel sent in separate carton.

State door panel color number
7–white 523–Tawny Gold 7–coppertone 16–avocado

***LAST DATE TO ORDER THIS DISHWASHER FROM THIS CATALOG IS AUGUST 21, 1975**

220N2H*—Shipping weight 126 pounds.....Now $189.95

p Kit (not shown). Anti-siphon device required by some r undercounter units . . check local codes before ordering.
292—Shipping weight 1 pound.....Kit $7.79

2 **Portable Style.** Wrap-around enameled steel cabinet. Maple cutting board top. Rear vinyl bumper. 750-watt heating element. Automatic retractor for 6-ft. cord. 24⅞x26¼ inches deep, 36 inches high at front, 38 inches high at back. Shipping weight 181 pounds.

***LAST DATE TO ORDER THIS DISHWASHER FROM THIS CATALOG IS AUGUST 21, 1975**

65 XW 72061N*–White.....$219.95 65 XW 72066N*–Tawny Gold.$224.95
65 XW 72062N*–Coppertone 224.95 65 XW 72064N*–Avocado... 224.95

Y-Tailpiece (not shown). Connects undercounter dishwasher to drain without drilling through existing pipes.
65 XW 7296—Shipping weight 1 pound.....$4.49

2-cycl

UNDERCOUNTER AND PORTABLE
Cut $20

UNDERCOUNTER
White and colors
$147.95
ORDER BY DATE BELOW*

PORTABLE
$169.95 white
Coppertone **$174.95**
ORDER BY DATE BELOW*

(3 and 4) With Rinse revolving Roto-Rack interior. Detergent listed. 110-120-v., 6

3 **Undercounter S** noise, reduce h Height adjusts from lation instr. incl. Do
State door panel color 523–Ta

***LAST DATE T FROM THIS C**

65 XW 7217N2H*—W

4 **Portable Style.** Wrap-around grained melamine bumper. 6-ft. cord high at front, 38 tions included. Sh

***LAST DATE T FROM THIS C**

65 XW 72031N*—Wh
65 XW 72032N*—Co

Lady Kenmore Trash Compactor Cut $30

White was ~~$229.95~~ **$199.95** | Colors were $234.95 **$204.95** ORDER BY DATE BELOW*

- Powerful ram reduces about three 20-gallon cans of trash into 1 bag
- Use freestanding or install under your countertop

Separate start, stop switches. Key lock hidden behind door. Automatically stops compacting if drawer is opened. Automatic deodorizer. Insulated enameled steel cabinet. Stainless steel trim on vinyl-clad steel top. Recessed back panel, 5-foot cord. Rubber toe panel. Removable ram cover and wiper, also front panel. 34⅜x15x24 inches deep. Includes 5 bags, one 9-ounce can of deodorant, plastic bag caddy and operating instructions. UL listed. 110-120-v., 60-c., AC. Approximately 460 watts per cycle. Shipping weight 181 pounds.

***LAST DATE TO ORDER THIS COMPACTOR FROM THIS CATALOG IS AUGUST 21, 1975**

65 XW 43901N*—White.....Now $199.95 65 XW 43904N*—Avocado.....Now $204.95
65 XW 43906N*—Tawny Gold.....Now 204.95 65 XW 43902N*—Coppertone.....Now 204.95

5 6

Compact

5 **Compactor Bags.** Fi Kenmore, Whirlpool tangular containers. Pl
65 XW 4297—Shipping we

6 **Spray Deodorant.** M months under norm
65 XW 4298—Shipping we

7 **Solid Maple Cutting** deep. Separate 4-inc
65 XW 7090C—Shipping w

ars DPBA GEJ

TWENTY PUSH-UPS

by John Morgan

(Please note: for proper performance
the reader should train for one week,
but no longer.)

Push-up!

Push-up!

Push-up!

Push-up

Push-up

Push-up?

Push!-up

Push!-up

Push!-up

Push?-up

Pushsh-up

Pushsh-up

Pushsh-up

Pushshsh-up

Pu-ushshsh-up

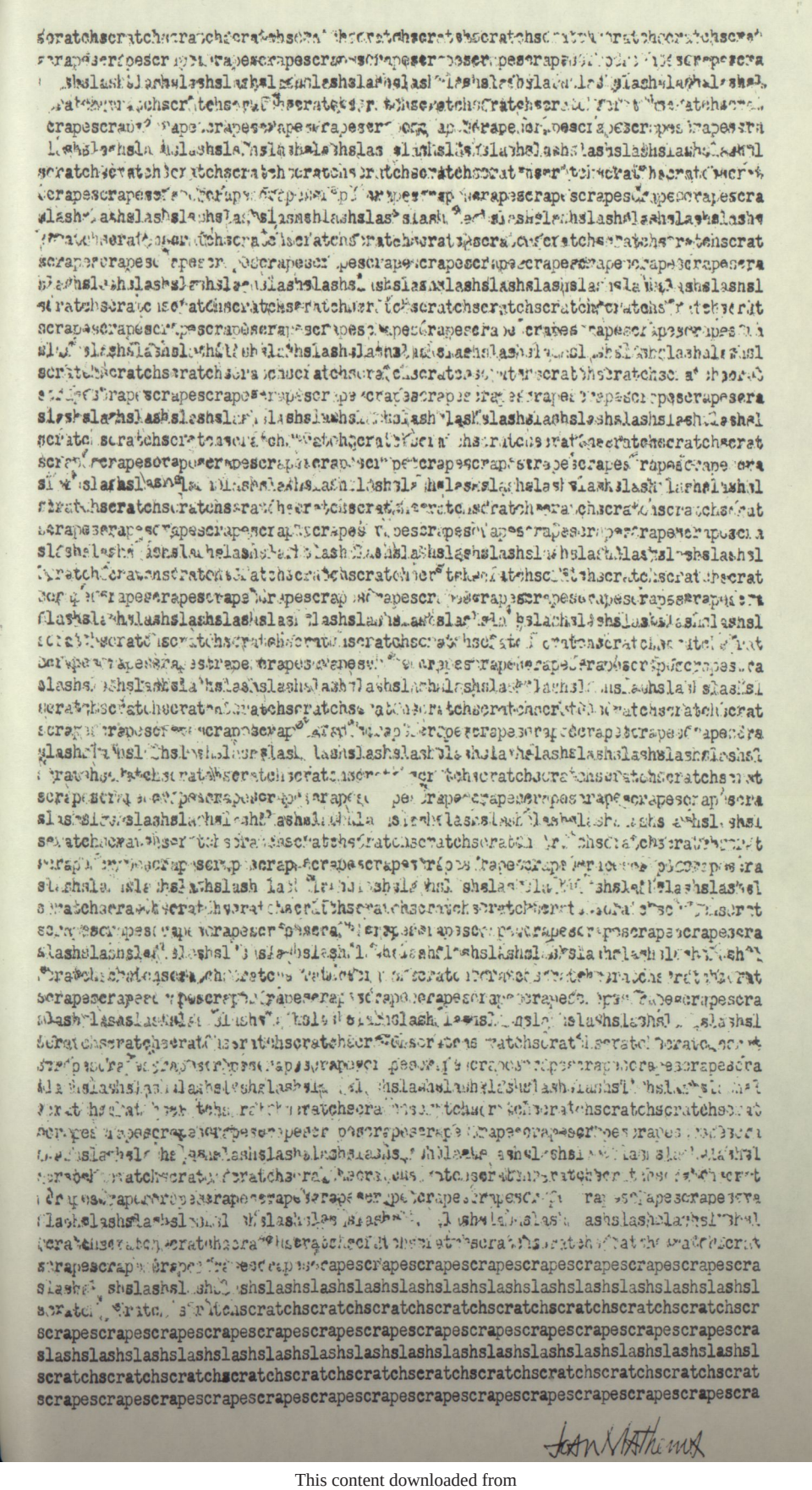
Pu-ushshsh!-up

Puh-ushshsh-up-pah!

Puh-uh!-shshsh-uh-pah!

Puh-uh-shshsh-uh-up-pah!

Puh!-uh-ah-ushshs-uh?-ah-shsh-i-t!



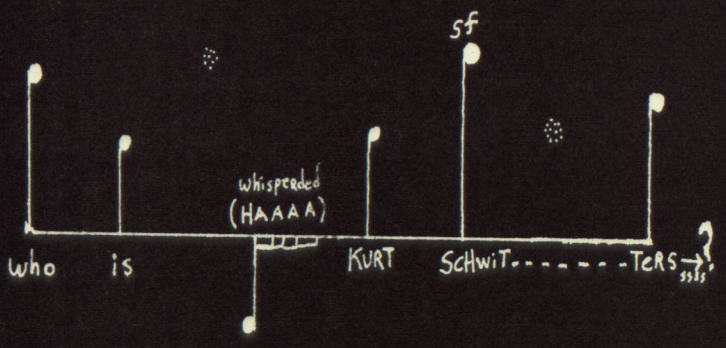
S A B B A T I C A L

an impious chronicle. (TO BE PERFORMED, ANY COMBO + VOICE)

by Francis Schwartz

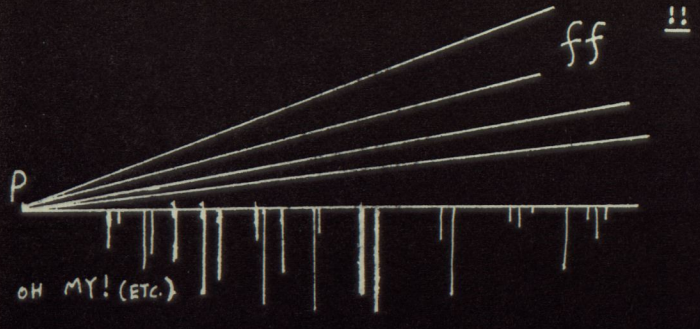
I suppose that Kurt Schwitters is to blame.

Vexed by his eloquent waxings which made a principle of dissolution & anarchy, I queried:



Somewhere between the silence of a 10th Ave. wharf (3 A.M.) and the rippled stillness of coastal Bretagne...
I found a calyxed fluttering.....

LOOK THERE ! (Marcel Duchamp nudely descending the staircase)



The morality of (gnomes) calks in neumed timelessness

Each day begins differently: the bedroom
is gray, sky lighter than the trees.....Outside
a conversation of birds, like this:

"Bird ain't dead," one says, "He's hidin out
somewhere and he'll be back with some
new shit'll scare everyone to death."

"You know man," another says,
"I once hadda dream where I played like that."

And before he finishes another goes,
"Whenever we met we used to kiss on the mouth."
All the other birds called him "Diz".

So it goes.

On the grass in front of the N.Y. Public Library
winos sleep in the shade of hedges and an old
black mama with corns large as marbles soaks
her feet in sprinkler puddles. The quality
of the air is unacceptable.

Pope Paul VI was pained and amazed
because the Italian people voted
to maintain a three year old
divorce law.

I have my own madness: a method
of recycling records by groups like
Banshee and the Aorta culled during my
disc jockey days for Ornette Coleman
Archie Shepp and the Art Ensemble of Chicago
to keep in touch with research on eternity
and outta little girls. Pants. People
have been known to beat themselves to cool
the fires of the flesh. Priests told us
self-indulgence would rot our brains. I believe
all this is true..
Put it this way:
Julius Erving and John Havilchek earn
about 600,000 dollars between them.

Consider Sonny Rollins who rose to the top ranks
of post-bop saxaphonists only to stop playing
publically in 1959 so he could think about
himself and study his horn more thoroughly:
only few heard his commanding tone booming
through traffic on the Williamsburg Bridge.

NATURAL CONNECTIONS AND A THOUSAND SORROWS

A MEDITATION

by

PETER FIORE

WRITTEN: MAY 1974 – AUGUST 1975

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S.F.B.M. : DEE SHAPIRO

Edward Stanton Variation on time and space 1

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t i m e s p a c e

e p p

m a a

i c c

t e e

Edward Stanton Variation on time and space 2: Galaxy

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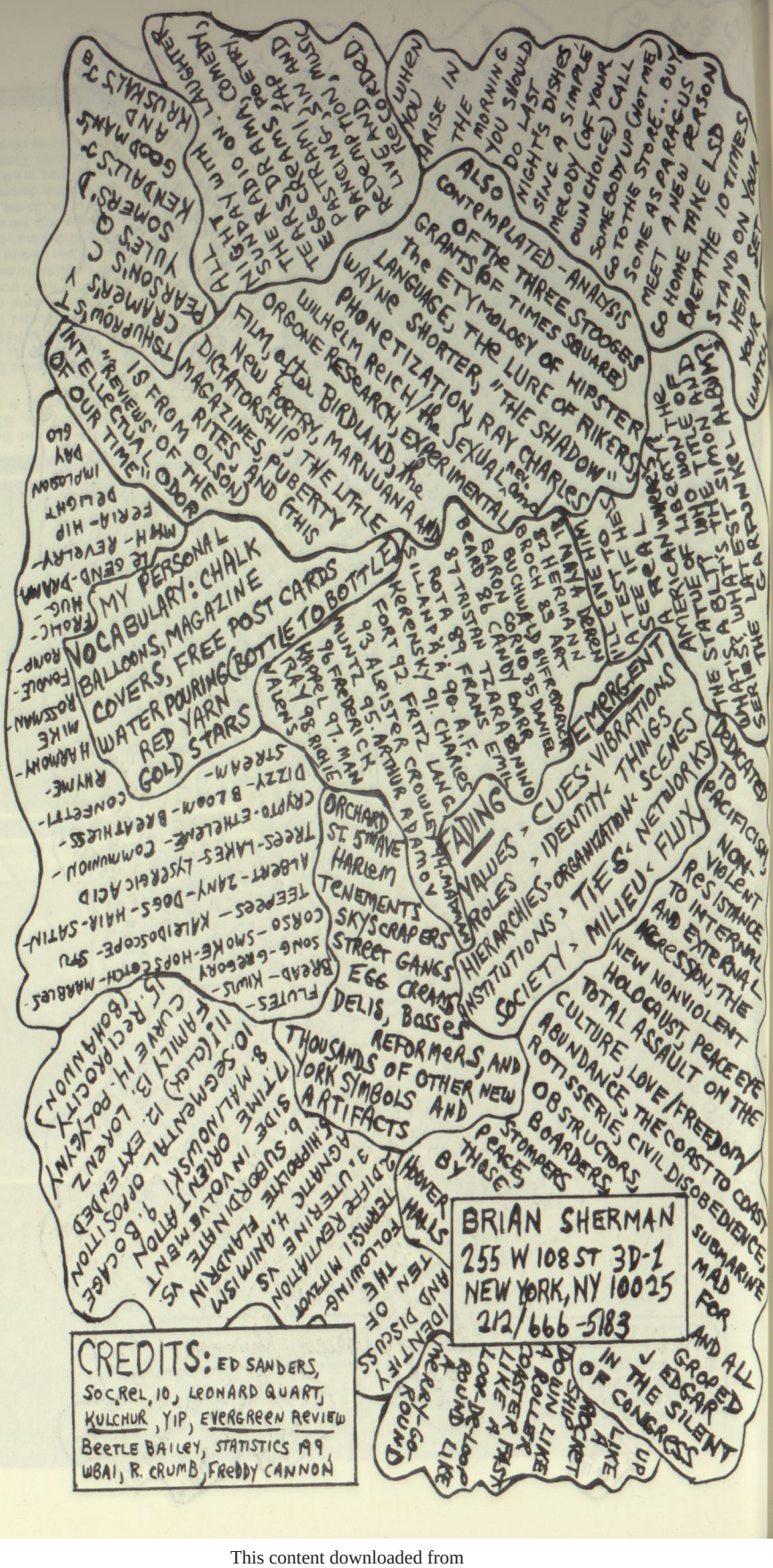
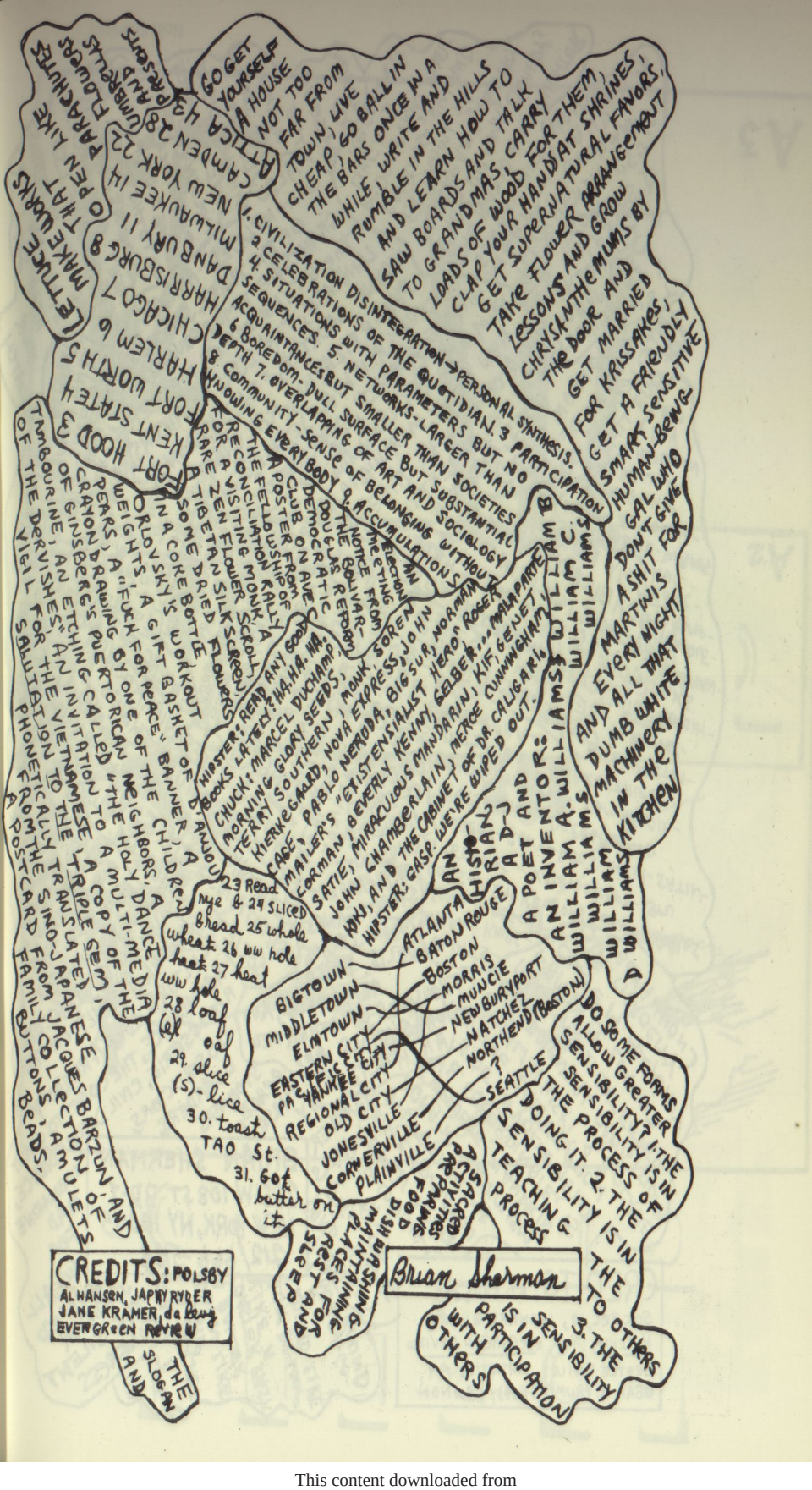
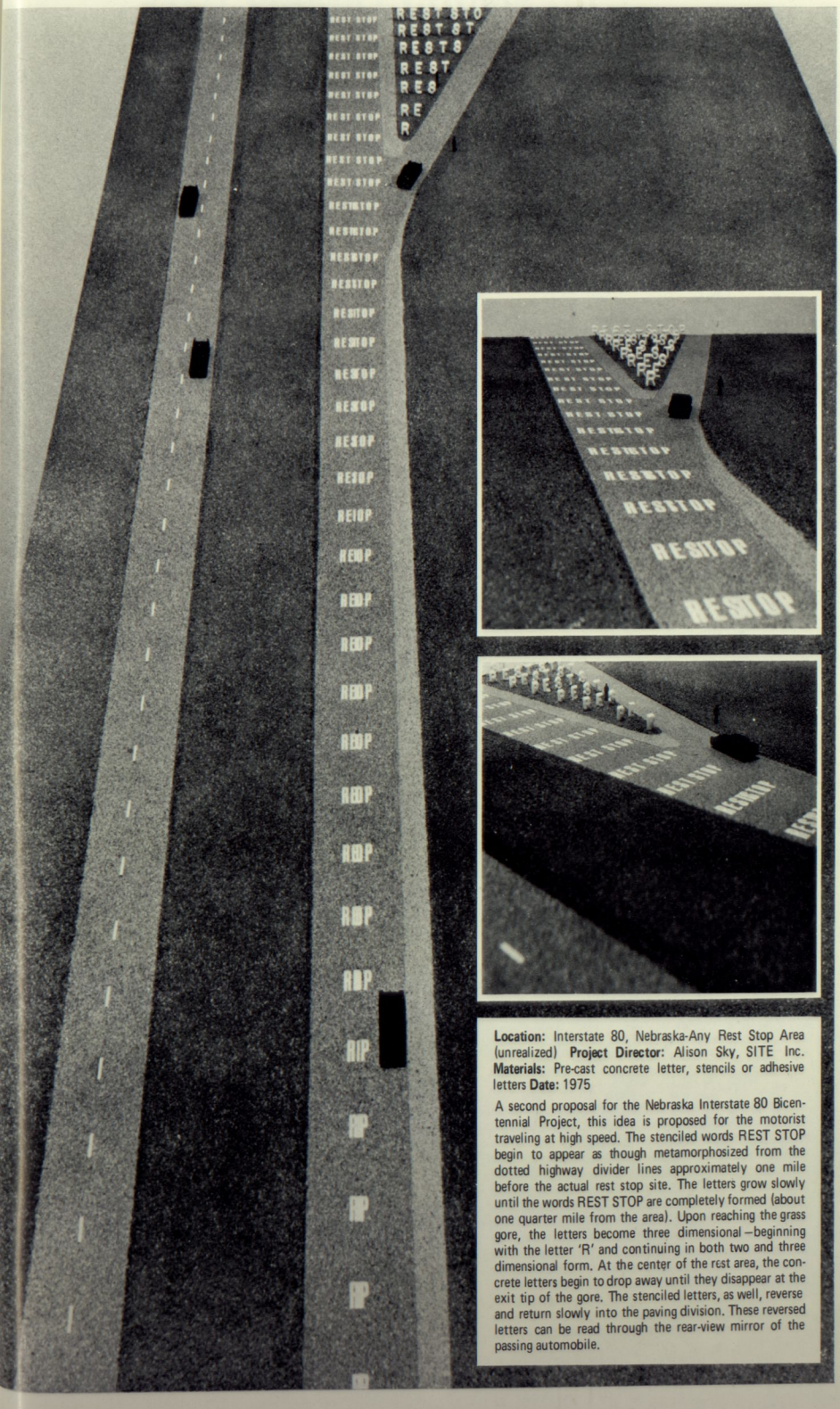
Noel Sheridan





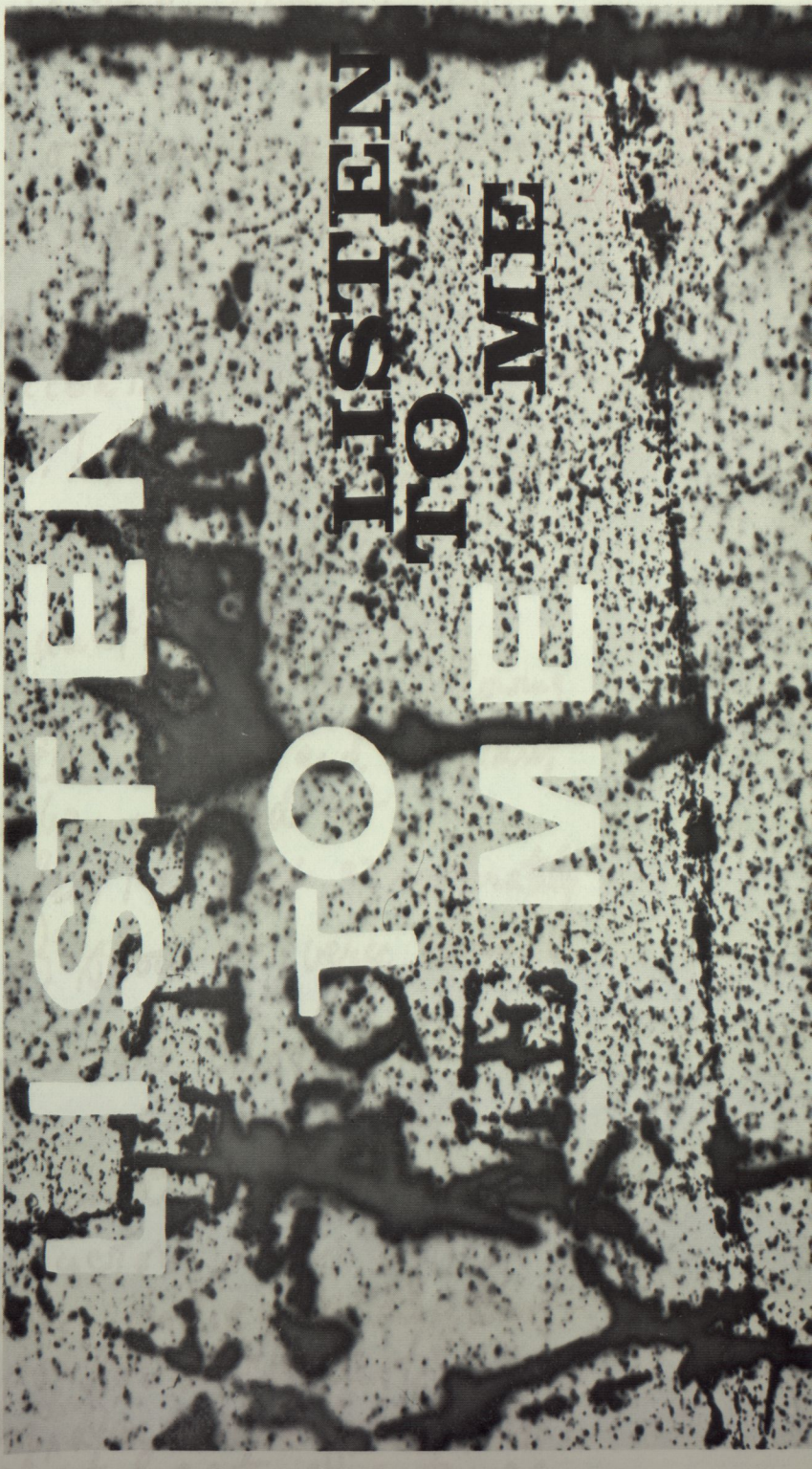


Location: Interstate 80, Nebraska-Any Rest Stop Area (unrealized) **Project Director:** Alison Sky, SITE Inc. **Materials:** Pre-cast concrete letter, stencils or adhesive letters **Date:** 1975

A second proposal for the Nebraska Interstate 80 Bicentennial Project, this idea is proposed for the motorist traveling at high speed. The stenciled words REST STOP begin to appear as though metamorphosized from the dotted highway divider lines approximately one mile before the actual rest stop site. The letters grow slowly until the words REST STOP are completely formed (about one quarter mile from the area). Upon reaching the grass gore, the letters become three dimensional—beginning with the letter 'R' and continuing in both two and three dimensional form. At the center of the rest area, the concrete letters begin to drop away until they disappear at the exit tip of the gore. The stenciled letters, as well, reverse and return slowly into the paving division. These reversed letters can be read through the rear-view mirror of the passing automobile.

LOST MARBLES DUMP

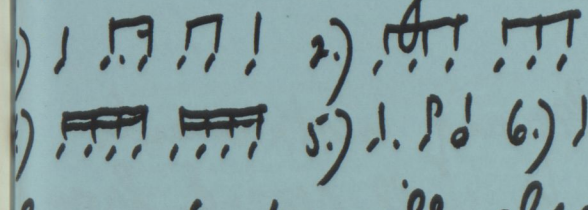
PAULINE SMITH



NEFERTITI

THE LOST QUEEN

number of times before
oing to the next), but
n any octave and with
much octave displacement.
he notes are to be played
n the following rhythms
s indicated by the conductor)



he conductor will also
indicate which of the following
empi the notes and rhythms
re to be played at
) very fast 2.) fast 3.) moderately
fast 4.) slow 5.) very slow
dynamics are chosen by the
olayers, except the ending
which is to be loud.
he conductor starts & stops
he piece, indicates rhythm
& tempo for each instrument,
hanging the directions for each
olayer at least six times.

variations for _____

by e snyder (name of dancer)

this is a sound piece to be performed at the same time as a movement piece by a dancer. no attempt should be made to correlate the two.

the following instruments should be well spaced from one another, but in sight of a conductor. piccolo, contra bassoon, trumpet, violin, cello, and bongo drums. if possible they should be on stage with the dancer, and from time to time slowly change places (while still playing).

the notes to be played are C, A, G, E, in that order (tho one note may be repeated

ASSEMBLING CONTRIBUTORS

BOB AAB won the Nevada state spelling bee in 1958 and again in '61. He has survived since then mainly by working as a stevedore and apprentice sandalmaker. His poems have appeared in such publications as **Partytime Magazine** and **The Mellowfellow Times**. 1720 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19146.

CARLA ADAMS is manager of the Maryland Writers Council Bookstall and lives in Baltimore, Maryland. c/o Maryland Writers Council, 16 W. Franklin St., Balto., Md. 21201.

TOM AHERN—**Kif Stories,** Limestone Press, 1976. **The Strangulation of Dreams**, Burning Deck Press, 1975. 71 Elmgrove Ave., Providence, R.I. 02906.

BLAIR H. ALLEN, (artist/poet/writer/bookmaker/iconoclast) has appeared in several small press lit-mags and in an anthology by G. Crafts (Prentice-Hall), has had showings of his prints and sculptures, and has self-published several small poetry books. 9651 Estacia Court, Cucamonga, Calif. 91730.

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BETH ANDERSON is a composer and text-sound poet. She has co-edited **EAR Magazine** since 1973 and has recently received a NEA grant. 122 Spring St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012.

MARTINE ARENELLA has an M.A. in concrete poetry from the University of Paris and had an exhibit at the "Galeria Marisol" in 1974. 410 Westminster Rd., Bklyn, N.Y. 11218.

ASCHER/STRAUS Collective work in verbal areas across the board, extending and exploring the idea of the text and the book. Part One of **Green Inventory** (5) [**Discovery of the World/Discovery of the World**], just out as a "special issue" from Ghost Dance Press. 176 B. 123 Street, Rockaway Park, N.Y. 11694.

JANE AUGUSTINE, of Westcliffe, Colorado and 50 East First St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003, is a poet, fiction writer, and critic as well as a visual poet.

MARK AXELROD, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

ANNA BANANA, editor & publisher of **Vile** magazine and the Sometimes Yearly **Banana Rag**, went bananas in the summer of 1971. c/o **Vile**, 1183 Church St., SF. CA. 94114.

ALLAN BEALY is a Canadian, currently living in N.Y. making copies of **Cezannes**; editor of **Davinci Magazine**. Mailing address P.O. Box 813, Station A, Montreal, Quebec.

ROY R. BEHRENS (pseudonym of the painter Sienna Nin) was raised in Belfast, and fled from France in the fifties. His larger horizontal wall pieces have been exhibited widely.

JOHN M. BENNET, Head of Luna Bisonte Prods, productor plenty poetry prudoocts, 137 Leland Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43214, the center of the world. 2 books from New Rivers Press, swarming visions, please write us, please submit to **Lost and Found Times.**

HOWARD BERLAND is privately fond of fish. 3044 Kingsbridge Avenue, Bronx, New York 10463.

JEFF BERNER's book, **The Innerspace Project** was published by World. This year, Doubleday brought out his study of photography as visual meditation, **The Photographic Experience.** P.O. Box 503, Mill Valley, Ca. 94941.

DENIS BOYLES, c/o Maryland Writers Council, 16 W. Franklin St., Balto., Md. 21201.

BOBY B. BONBON, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

JOHN BRADLEY/378-1437/Blood type: A + /725 7th Street SE/Apt. H/the Breton/Minneapolis MN/55414.

RICHARD BRONSON, c/o Human Realty, 16 W. Franklin St., Balto., Md. 21201.

DONALD BURGY "The information xeroxed for my page is from the monetary and financial conference articles which contstituted the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. 31 BAtes Rad, 696-9638 Milton, Mass. 02186 U.S.A.

DEB CASEY is part time and celebrating in Pacific Northwest, c/o 512 Morgan St., Petoskey, Michigan 49770.

ALLAN COLEMAN is the founder of ADCO Enterprises, a samizdat publishing venture which has presented two of his books, **Carbon Copy** (1973) and **Confirmation** (1975). Copies of the latter are still available from the author for $3.50; ADCO Enterprises: 465 Van Duzer Street, Staten Island, NY 10304. In his other identity, he is A.D. Coleman, critic and co-director of the Center for Visual Communication, P.O. Box 78, Staten Island, NY 10304.

GEOFFREY COOK: latest book is **Love & Hate: Selected Translations from the Carmina of Galus Valexius Catullus.** 155B Wood Street/San Francisco, California 94118.

JEAN-JACQUES CORY author of **Lists**. c/o Maryland Writers Council, 16 W. Franklin St., Balto., Md. 21201

ROBIN CROZIER, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

JOHN DAHL c/o Someplace Nice Press, 97 E. St. Marks Place, New York, N.Y., 10009.

BOB DAVIS has written **The Fifty Cent Guitar Book**, a guitar instruction comic book published by Music Sales, N.Y. c/o Center for Contemporary Music, Mills College, Oakland, Calif. 94613.

LEE DEJASU, 34 Humboldt Ave., Providence, R.I. 02906.

WALLY DEPEW, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11202.

DR. STRAVOS G. DELYGIORGIS, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Booklyn, N.Y. 11202.

ALBERT & BARBARA DRAKE co-edit **Happiness Holding Tank** and Stone Press. 1790 Grand River, Okemos, Mich. 48864.

JERRY DREVA is Jerry Bonbon in disguise. 629 Madison Avenue, South Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53172.

VERONICA DREW is a "visionary freelance artist whose pig perceptions are unparalleled."—**Rolling Stone**. c/c Peterson 104 Perry St., New York, N.Y., 10014.

GARY ELDER published titles are: **Arnulfsaga** (Dustbooks), **Making Touch** (San Marcos Press) **Grosser Fagott Fugit** (Poetry Newsletter), **A Vulgar Elegance** (Thorp Springs Press), and **The Far Side of the Storm**—New Ranges of Western Fiction (San Marcos). 22 Ardith Lane, Alamo, California 94507.

JOHN W. ENGLISH has been culling news gems from the press for three years. This assortment was picked by registering a five on his laughometer. English, who holds a

Master of Dada degree in his left mitt, is one of the few folks in the south who knows the derivation of the word "funky."

LORIS ESSARY 4319 Airport Blvd., Austin, Texas 78722.

PETER FIORE's name means "stone flower;" he edits **Mushroom** at 3310 Bainbridge Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. 10467.

MANUEL FISHMAN exhibited a 6' x 28' toilet paper poem at Suny Purchase, June 1975. 365 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10024.

BILL GAGLIONE, ADA Daddaland is editor and publisher of (a new) **Dadazine**, is co-editor of **Vile** (Vol. 2 & 3). 1183 Church Street, San Francisco, Cal., 94114.

LIAM O'GALLAGHER is author of **The Blue Planet Notebooks**, Box 8950 Highway 150, Ojai, California 93023.

GUY GAUTHIER, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

DANIELA GIOSEFFI has published her poetry in magazines and anthologies, **Contmeporaries, Rising Tides,** and **We Become New** among them. Her multi-media works, produced by Off-off Broadway Theatres, won her an award grant from CAPS. c/o Elaine Markson, 44 Greenwich Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011.

KLAUS GROH, born 1936 in Neisse (now Nysa/Poland) is founder and promoter of the International Artists Cooperation (IAC) and the **Pocket Museum of Modern Art,** Friedrichsfehn. edress: D-2901 Friedrichsfehn, Roter Steinweg 2 a, Germany.

RICHARD F. HAINES has authored more than 45 scientific articles, holds two U.S. Patents, has produced several technical films, and is a research scientist at Ames Research Center—NASA. 325 Langton Avenue, Los Altos, California 94022.

DAVI DET HOMPSON's product is 99% words these days. "Image making doesn't do what I need done. Sticking very close to the printed page and/or the book." Box 7035, Richmond Virginia USA 21221.

BOB HEMAN edits **Clown War**, 153 Albermarbe Rd., West Babylon, N.Y.

J. HYDER, (1944) post pomes, xerography, rubber stamps, instant-print, etc., P.O. Box 1857, Victoria, British Columbia Canada V8V 2Y3.

JOE JOHNSON, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 11202.

HANS WEMER KALKMANN is a German mail artist currently teaching in Lausanne. He plans to come to the U.S. soon. 40 Sehlemer, D-3207 Bodenburg, West Germany.

TJ KALLSEN is professor of English and dean at Stephen F. Austin State University, Nacogdoches, Texas 75961.

WAYNE KATC , c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

JEROME KLINKOWTIZ teaches at the University of Northern Iowa (Cedar Falls, 50613). His books include **Literary Disruptions/The Making of a Post-Contemporary American Fiction** (Univ. of Illinois Press). 1904 Clay, Cedar Falls, IA 50613.

HENRY KORN's **Proceedings of the National Academy of the Avant Garde** is in late 1975 from Assembling Press. **Muhammad Ali Retrospective** is still looking for a publisher. Box 1967 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

KAREN KORELL's works have appeared in street distributions; mailboxes; Wabash Transit Gallery, Chicago; **Art Folio Rag**; National Research Library, Ottowa; **Pictorial History of the World**, Kansas City Art Institute. Box 88/R.D. 1, Sugar Run, PA 18846.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ - **Language and Structure in North America** Exhibition opens in Toronto in November, 1975. New works include **Modulations Come Here, Openings and Closings,** and **Rains, Rains, Rains**. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

HERBERT KROHN (see Rosenstien contribution) lives in New York City where he is trying to work a personal joining of poetry and music (electric violin). 15 East 11th St., N.Y.C. 10003.

MARK LOEFFLER, 4319 Airport Blvd., Austin, TX 78722. Edits **Interstate** magazine and feigns imagination.

BERTRAND LACHANCE's books include: **Eyes Open, Street Flesh, Cock Tales, Air 13, Yur rivers.** P.O. Box 48688 Station Bentall Vancouver BC V7X IAO.

GERMAINE LANAUX, unadapted, unidentified and unavailable, travels between Husser, Louisiana and Baltimore, Maryland in her search for Quashion equilibrium. 823 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21201.

DAVID LENSON, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

HARLEY LOND edits **Intermedia,** works in automobile supply store called Honest Abe Auto Supply, recluse, fascinated with the reproduction of all media, in love with Becky (an actress). 2431 Echo Park Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

THOMAS MACAULAY of 5510 S. Scarff Road, New Carlisle, Ohio, 45244, has ended his collaboration with the Dayton Daily News.

JOAN MATHEWS works with words, photocopy machines, drawing materials, paint on paper—media that don't require large outlays of money. Box 29, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

BRUCE McALLISTER, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

JIM McDONALD sent a mammoth bio to Assembling in New York, which we here in Baltimore never received. We know, however, that he wanted to pass along his warmest personal regards to his mother. c/o The Maryland Writers Council, 16 W. Franklin St., Balto., Md. 21201.

MEDIA FREE TIMES, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

R. MELTZER is the author of **Krakatoa Kunt, Secret Cigareen** and **17 Insects Can Die in Your Heart.** In 1949 he was the 8th ranked world welterweight contender.

CYRIL MILES's work recently appeared in **Alianza, Orgon,** and **Visual Poetry Anthology** (Utrecht, Holland. 1975). 17711 Hamilton Road, Detroit Michigan 48203.

CLAIRE MOORE had a recent show at the Delaware Art Museum.

JOHN MORGAN (**Twenty Push-ups**) has had work included in a number of anthologies, among them, **The Young American Poets** (Follett) and **An Anthology of Younger Poets** (Ardis). He also writes fiction. RD #2, Richardsville Rd., Carmel, NY 10512.

JOHN MORGAN, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

STEPHEN MORRISSEY edits **what is**, a magazine of experimental/concrete poetry and helped found the **Cold Mountain Revue**, a sound poetry co-operative. 4350 Montclair Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. H4B 2J6.

THOMAS OCKERSE, associate professor at the Rhode Island School of Design, has exhibited his works internationally and participated in numerous anthologies and correspondence projects. Tom Ockerse Editions (TOE) publishes monographs on 'conrete language art.' TOE, 37 Woodbury Street, Providence, RI 02906.

P.J. O'ROURKE is executive editor of **National Lampoon**. His most recent collection, **Our Friend the Vowel**, a portfolio of dactylopoems, was published by the Stone House Project. 50 Commerce Street, NYC 10014.

W.T. OVERGARD just entered a semi-comatose state while typesetting all of these blasted biographies.

MICHAEL JOSEPH PHILLIPS is willing to be interviewed at any time or place. 5103 North Park Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana 46205.

RICHARD PIERSON, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn. N.Y. 11202.

BERN PORTER just left for Mt. Diable and Frig Stream, India. 22 Salmond, Belfast Maine 04915.

DONALD PORTER lives nowhere in the world except at 182 Grand St., 10013. He is not writing any books except a novel and a book about est. The story he is publishing here has not been turned down by every magazine in the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

JOE POTTS, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

STEPHEN PROCUNIAR, painter, photographer and Master-Printmaker is currently assistant professor of Art and adjunct professor of Urban Communications at Rutgers University's Livingston College. 19 Mercer St., New York, New York 10013.

RIVKA RASS, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

ROCHELLE RATNER, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

JOE RIBAR, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

CLIVE ROBERTSON is specifically occupied with: (selected) (performance, music, events, initiations) Box 1758, Main P.O. Calgary, Alta., Canada.

HARRIET ROSENSTEIN lives in Cambridge, Mass., where she she writes fiction and criticism. Currently finishing a study of Sylvia Plath for Knopf. 15 E. 11th St., NYC 10003.

JEROME ROTHENBERG's most recent books are **Poland/1931** (New Directions) and **Revolution of the World: A New Gathering of American Avant Garde Poetry 1914-1945** (Seabury Coninuum Books).

ARLEEN SCHLOSS Is painting director of Ambrose Arts Foundation, 330 Broome St., N.Y., N.Y. 10002.

Composer FRANCIS SCHWARTZ is chairman of the University of Puerto Rico Music Dept. and an active performer of New Music throughout the world. Born in the U.S.A. in 1940, he has published many musical compositions and has also worked in the field of Sound Poetry, video, and cultural criticism. Chairman U. of Puerto Rico, Music Dept. Box AL, Peio Piedras, Puerto Rico 00931.

MR. SENSITIVE is also called D.C. Landies. He is co-editor of the **Lost and Found Times**. Columbus, Ohio, 118 E. Longview Ave. 43202.

DEE SHAPIRO, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

MICHAEL SHERIDAN Mich-ael (Archangel) c/o Snow, 5101 9th St., No., St. Pete., FLA., 33703.

NOEL SHERIDAN is director of Experimental Art Foundation, the Jam Factory, St. Peters Adelaide, South Australia 5069.

BRIAN SHERMAN is a sociologist. 255 West 108 St., 3-D-1 New York, New York 10025.

ALISON SKY, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

PAULINE SMITH, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

ELLSWORTH SNYDER, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

EDWARD STANTON: (With Frank Burke, William Robinson and Richard Sugg) author of **Antonioni's Major Films**. Department of Spanish and Italian, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 40506.

JAMES TARANTO is a Cleveland poet. 2633 E. 115th St., Cleveland, Ohio 44104.

MICHAEL TATE is Poet-In-Residence at St. Martin's College, Olympia, Wn. "So it's all come to this!" (Lew Welch). Rt. 8, Box 383 D/Delphy Valley Roadhouse/ Olympia, Wn. 98502.

LEW THOMAS is publisher **8 x 10**, a book of structural photographs. 243 Grand View Avenue, San Francisco, California 94114.

R.T. THOMAS c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

HELEN THORINGTON is co-editor of **Bag Balm.** 5'7", near sighted, susceptible to cold feet. Living and working in Sugar Run, Pa. 18846.

MARK TOMLINSON is president of Tomlinson Motor Company which specializes in viscous segments of brain wave trails. TMC has exhibited its work nationwide and has its corporate headquarters in Columbus, Ohio. 80 Amazon Place, Columbus, Ohio 43214.

LEONARD TRAWICK's book of emblems, **Beast Forms**, was published by The Poetry Center, Cleveland State University, Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

FRED TRUCK is a pressman for the Indianola, Iowa newspaper, the Record-Herald Indianola Tribune. He

writes, prints, publishes under the Cookie Press Logo, & is currently involved in hieroglyphic language, chance, pyramid building, and music. 4225 University, Des Moines, Iowa 50311. Lorna and Bozo.

TIM ULRICHS, c/o Assembling Press, P.O. Box 1967, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

CRAIG WATSON is the manager for experimental theatre programs at the Hartford Stage Company in Connecticut. 16 Atwater Road, Collinsville, Connecticut 06022.

STEVE WIEST, Director of Stone House Project, c/o Maryland Writers Council, 16 W. Franklin St., Balto., Md. 21201

SYNTHONY WOPCOCK is a semi-retired concert pianist and historian of music. He has written more than 300 monographs on the Baroque Period. 519 Sheridan Rd., Evanston, Ill. 60202.

BRUCE WOHL's pieces were done in 1972, and 1974, respectively. Address: 29 John Street, NYC, NY 10038.

RON WRAY is poet-in-residence at the Indianapolis Museum of Art & he edits **Naptown Tremors**, 1st # out soon. 502 E. 38th St. #14F, Indianapolis, Ind. 46205.

JOANN YOUNG isn't doing anything special. 5610 Waterbury Circle, Des Moines, Iowa 50312.

KARL YOUNG P.O. Box 11601—Shorewood Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211.

ARLENE ZEKOWSKI and STANLEY BERNE have been publishing their post-modern Neo-Narrative **Grammarless Language** multi-media poetry-prose novels poems short stories plays operas and essays since 1954. Drawer 2078, Portales, New Mexico 88130 U.S.A.

PAUL ZELEVANSKY's **The Book of Takes** will be published by Zartscorp, Ink Books in Spring 1976. 267 W. 89th, New York, N.Y. 10024.

ADDITIONS

PETER COSGROVE is graphic artist-in-residence at the Antioch International Writing Programs. He is the author of **War Games**. c/o 1700 Bolton St., Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

CHARLES PLYMELL is the author of **Blue Orchid Numero Uno** and several other volumes, and the publisher of Cherry Valley Editions. 211 W. Madison St., Baltimore, Maryland 21206.

TOM MARTIN is the Emerald City Pressman. c/o Maryland Writers Council, 16 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

JAMES GRANERHOTZ is the publisher of **City Moon** and the author of **Rusty Jack**. c/o Maryland Writers Council, 16 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

DAVID FRANKS is America. Maryland Institute College of Art, 1300 W. Mt. Royal Ave., Balto., Md. 21217.

ERNEST "WHITE MAN" YEARNING & "BEEFALO" BOB FRIEDMAN: Originally joined at birth by a piece of skin connecting the ankles and separated for years by an accident of fate, were recently reunited at a demolition derby. They presently do the Lords automotive bidding Gods Garage. Gods Garage, Rd. 1, Box 158, New Freedom, Pa. 17349.